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March, 1955

Vol. XXXVII — No. 1

*The*

*Historical Society of Southern California*

# QUARTERLY

## The City's Honored Guest



GENERAL OF THE ARMY DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

See "Los Angeles Pays Tribute to General Douglas MacArthur"—Page 3



THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA was organized in 1883, and has enjoyed a record of continuous activity for over half a century. Commencing in 1886, and each year until 1935, the Society issued an Annual Publication. In 1935 this *Quarterly* was initiated. It is published at Los Angeles, California, each March, June, September and December.

The purposes of this Society are to preserve and protect the archives and historic sites of the Southwest, with particular stress on Southern California; to publish material of permanent historic interest and significance; to assist and encourage all persons and organizations engaged in similar activities; to hold regular monthly meetings in Los Angeles, except during the summer months, and at least once a year to gather in a pilgrimage to some spot of historic significance.

The Society welcomes to its membership all persons who are in sympathy with its aims. It derives its entire income from the dues and gifts of members, and all regular publications are offered to members without further charge.

It is the aim of the Editorial Board to render this *Quarterly* a publication of general historical interest. Suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed, and all persons, whether members of the Society or not, are invited to submit for the consideration of the editors original articles, old letters, documents, maps and other material bearing upon the history and development of this region.

\* \* \* \* \*

Address articles, stories, books for review, and all material to appear in the QUARTERLY, and general Society correspondence to:

THE SECRETARY,  
THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA  
2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California



*The*  
*Historical Society of Southern California*

# **QUARTERLY**

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The  
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY

VOLUME XXXVII

MARCH, 1955

NUMBER 1

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# The Historical Society of Southern California

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 1, 1883

1955

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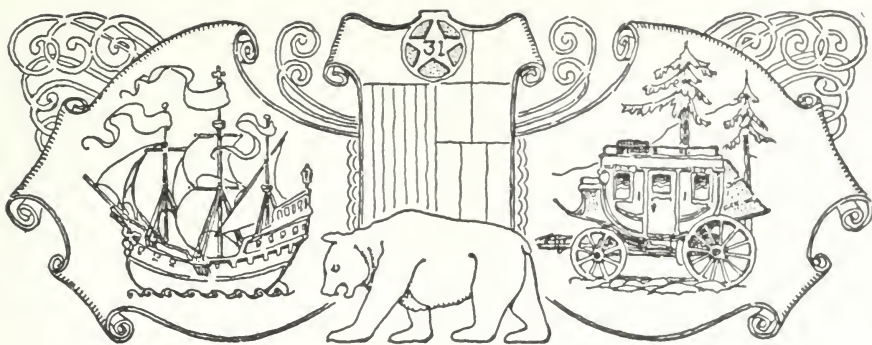
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*The Historical Society of Southern California* QUARTERLY for March, 1955

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## Los Angeles Pays Tribute *to* General Douglas MacArthur

**T**ODAY'S EVENTS ARE TOMORROW'S HISTORY. This publication, dedicated to the preservation of the history of Southern California, therefore records in words and pictures the memorable incidents of January 26, 1955, the seventy-fifth birthday of General Douglas MacArthur, and the dedication of his statue in the park that bears his name.

The great soldier and statesman arrived in Los Angeles by airplane on the evening of January 25 in a dense fog that made landing difficult. On the following day three major assemblies took place: the formal dedication of the statue in MacArthur Park; a luncheon meeting of delegates to the Sixtieth Annual Convention of the Episcopal Diocese at the Biltmore Bowl; and a civic banquet sponsored by the Los Angeles County Council of the American Legion at the Ambassador Hotel.

At each of these events the General made speeches of major significance. All three of these are here recorded for posterity, along with the address by Dr. Clark G. Kuebler, Provost of the Santa Barbara College of the University of California, at the luncheon meeting.

### GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR SPEAKS:

Your Honor, Judge Pfaff, and all in this distinguished assemblage in the famous community of Los Angeles. I have listened with deep emotion to these solemn procedures. My heart is too full for

my lips to express adequately my thanks and appreciation for the extraordinary honor given to me.

Even so, I understand full well that this memorial is intended to commemorate an epoch rather than an individual, an armed force rather than its commander, a nation rather than its servants, an ideal rather than a personality. But this only increases my pride that my name has been the one chosen as the symbol of an epic struggle and victory by millions of unnamed others.

It is their heroism, their sacrifice, their success that you honor today in so unforgettable a manner. I, and this statue, and this park are but the selected reminders of their grandeur.

Most of them were citizen soldiers, sailors or airmen — men from the farm, the city, from the schools, from the college campuses — men not dedicated to the profession of arms — men not primarily skilled in the art of war — men most amazingly like the men you see and meet and know each day of your life, but men inspired, animated and ennobled by the sublime cause for the defense of their country, of their native land, their very hearths.

The most divine of all human sentiment and impulses guided them, the spirit and willingness to sacrifice. These who dared to die, to lay their lives on the altar of the nation's needs, are beyond doubt the noblest development of mankind. They become closest to the image of the Creator who died on the Cross that the human soul might live.

These men were my comrades in arms. With me they knew the far calls of the bugles at reveille, the distant roll of the drums at nightfall, the endless tramp of marching feet, the incessant whine of sniper bullets, the ceaseless rustle of sputtering machine guns, the sinister wail of air fighting, the deafening blast of crashing bombs, the stealthy stroke of hidden torpedoes, the amphibious lurch over perilous waves, the dark majesty of fighting ships, the mad din of battle and all the tense and ghastly horror and savage destruction of a stricken area of war.

They suffered hunger and thirst, the broiling sun and relentless heat, the torrential rains of tropical storms, the loneliness and utter desolation of jungle trails, the bitterness of separation from those they loved and cherished.

They went on and on and on when everything within them

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seemed to stop and die. They grew old in youth, they burned out in searing minutes, although life owed them tranquil years. When I think of their patience under adversity, of their courage under fire, of their modesty in victory, I am filled with an emotion I cannot express.

Many of them trod the tragic path of unknown fame that led to a stark white cross above a lonely grave and from their parched, taut, dying lips, with the dreadful gurgle of the death rattle in their throats, always came the same gasping prayer that we, who were left, would go on to victory. I do not know the dignity of their birth, but I do know the glory of their death and I am sure that the merciful God has taken them unto Himself.

In these troublesome times of confused and bewildered and international sophistication, let no man misunderstand why they did that which they did. These were patriots, pure in flesh. These were men who fought and, perchance, died for one reason only—for their country—for America.

No complex philosophies of world intrigue and conspiracy dominated their thoughts. No exploitation or extravagance of propaganda dimmed their sensibilities — just the simple fact, their country called. Just the devoted doctrine of Stephen Decatur when he said, "My country. May she always be right, but right or wrong, my country." Be not deceived by strange voices heard across the land, decrying this old and proven concept of patriotism.

Although, from the very beginning, it has been the main bulwark of our national strength and integrity, seductive murmurs are arising that it is now outmoded by some more comprehensive and all-embracing philosophy, that we are provincial and immature or reactionary and stupid when we idealize our own country; that there is a higher destiny for us under another and more general flag; that no longer when we send our sons and daughters to the battlefields must we see them through all the way to victory; that we can call upon them to fight and even to die in some half-hearted and indecisive war; that we can plunge them recklessly into war and then suddenly decide that it is a wrong war or in a wrong place or at a wrong time, or even that we can call it not a war at all by some more euphemistic and gentler name; that we can treat them as expendable, although they are our own flesh and blood.

And even in times of peace, for some romantic reason, they must share, not as an act of generosity but as a bounden duty, their national blessings and goods, built from nothing to a height never before reached by man, with others because — whether through neglect or not — they have not fared so well; that we, the strongest nation in the world, have suddenly become dependent upon others for our security and even our welfare.

Listen not to these voices, be they from the one political party or from the other. Be they from the high and the mighty or the lowly and forgotten, heed them not!

Visit upon them a righteous scorn, born of the past sacrifices of your fighting sons and daughters. Repudiate them in the market place, on platforms, from the pulpit. Those who are our friends will understand. Those who are not we can pass by. It is fine to be called patriots or nationalists, or what you will, if it means that you love your country above all else and will place your life, if need be, at the service of your Flag.

I wish again to express to the citizens of this community my gratitude for their generosity in creating this memorial, and my thanks and appreciation to all those gathered here today. You have etched for me an indelible memory of patriotic friendship and sympathetic understanding. You have made me feel far greater than my just deserts and yet more humble than I would care to admit.

\* \* \*

ADDRESS BY DR. CLARK G. KUEBLER

This is a very happy time for all of us here because we have an opportunity today to express our gratitude, our respect and our affection to one of the truly great men of our time. It seems to me that one of the best ways in which we can show General MacArthur how much we respect him and appreciate his life, is for us to think about some of the things to which he has dedicated himself, which he believes in thoroughly, and which actually are at the core of his being.

There are many who could come before you to talk about General MacArthur's contribution to military strategy. I am not competent to do that. There are many who could come before you who are better able than I to speak about the General's wisdom on matters of Far Eastern policy. I am not competent to do that. I want



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this noon, in the little time that I have at my disposal, to talk with you about the things to which there has already been allusion, things which you and I believe in as witnessed by our presence at this luncheon. When the Japanese surrendered, the General said, "The struggle for our survival and our growth as a free people must be of the spirit if we are to save the flesh." Those are truly prophetic words.

Just a year ago I was again in Athens, and, because there was a full moon, some of us went up on the Acropolis the first night to sit in front of the Parthenon and to look down on the city of Athens. In a certain sense we were looking down on the modern world from the vantage point of the ancient. Because Athens now has neon lights and all the other appurtenances of modern technological civilization, in a very real sense it seems to typify the modern world.

As we walked down from the Acropolis, a brilliant and incisive minded Greek attorney said to me, "As a classicist, you must have let your mind go back to the days of Pericles, and before him. What would you say characterizes the day in which we live as contrasted with the days that have come and gone since then?"

After some thought I told him that this was, of all the times in recorded history, the most apprehensive. I know no period when so many men and women on the face of the earth have been so apprehensive about tomorrow and the day after tomorrow.

And well may we be. We have been learning once again that although it is difficult and costly to win a war, it is infinitely more difficult and more costly to win a peace. The assignment is more subtle and less dramatic in some ways, but very difficult. In the second place, we find ourselves, as we meet here this noon, threatened by totalitarianism in several guises, from the right and from the left, from within and without. If we are at all thoughtful and perspicacious we realize that our civilization is in a precarious state. In fact, it is threatened now as it hasn't been since the 14th century.

I hope that you will not think from any of these observations that I am a pessimist. Quite the contrary. I am an incorrigible optimist. But I hope I'm a realist. These are days for apprehension. If we are at all thoughtful, we can see increasingly that the basic problem in society is not political or economic or sociological, al-

though it looks to be. The political, economic and sociological factors are real, but they are superficial and peripheral.

The basic problem in society is what it has always been; and that is man himself. We have made a progressive triumph over nature through our discoveries in science and technology, but we have made no comparable triumph over human nature; and that should give us pause. If we are to grow in freedom, if we are to remain civilized, then certainly we must be very careful *really* to take inventory to see what the basic problems are, so that we may conceivably meet them.

Our civilization in the Western world is based upon two simple, fundamental ideas. The first one is this, that every human being, unless mentally ill, has the capacity to reason his way to the truth. And because each of us has that capacity, he should have something to say about his destiny.

The Greeks were the first to articulate that idea. Aristotle said that man is a reasonable being. Because the Greeks really believed it, they advanced more, intellectually, in a certain length of time than any nation on the face of the earth has since. If the day should ever come when we lose that concept, we shall have become a slave people.

In the second instance, our civilization is built upon another postulate; namely, that every man and woman here this noon is infinitely precious because made in the image of God. That is not a Greek idea; that's Judæo-Christian. And I might say in passing that that is one of the reasons why both Judaism and Christianity have been anathema to every modern totalitarian government. You cannot possibly believe that every man is infinitely precious, because made in the image of God, and be a totalitarian.

There are some in our midst who might dismiss that as rhetorical abracadabra, or say that they had grown beyond it intellectually. I say to them, "Be very careful." They may discover that that is our last bulwark of defense; and our totalitarian enemies know it. In this country we give lip service to our Judæo-Christian inheritance but too few of us have any real convictions about it. If it is really to help us to survive and to grow, we must believe it. That is what I want very briefly this noon to talk about.

If you will go through Holy Scripture, you will see that there





Photo Courtesy Los Angeles Examiner

### THE SPEAKERS' PLATFORM AT MONUMENT DEDICATION

*Los Angeles notables who participated in General of the Army Douglas MacArthur's Seventy-fifth birthday celebration were, left to right: Rabbi Edgar F. Maginn, His Eminence James Francis Cardinal Machuyre, California Governor Goodwin J. Knight, General and Mrs. MacArthur, Los Angeles Mayor Norris Poulson and the Right Reverend Donald J. Campbell.*





## SOLDIER

"BATTLES ARE NOT WON BY ARMS ALONE.  
THERE MUST EXIST ABOVE ALL ELSE A  
SPIRITUAL IMPULSE—A WILL TO VICTORY.  
IN WAR THERE CAN BE NO SUBSTITUTE  
FOR VICTORY"







—Newton Berlin Photo Courtesy Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce



—Photo Courtesy Los Angeles Examiner

**DR. CLARK G. KUEBLER**

*Provost, University of California, Santa Barbara Campus,  
delivers the Introductory for General MacArthur's ad-  
dress at the Biltmore Hotel Episcopalian luncheon.*



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is a demand for decisive challenge which runs through the whole of the Bible, and that it rings out as clear as a bell. When Moses found his people worshiping the golden calf instead of the true God, what did he do? Did he stand up and say, "Ladies and gentlemen, this isn't very nice. I wish you wouldn't do it."? He did not. He took long steps to the gate of the camp, and I can see him as he strode. When he got there he stood and said, "Who's on the Lord's side? Let him come unto me." What was he doing? He was forcing his people to declare their allegiance.

Again, in the time of Elijah when Ahab had called together all the tribes of Israel, you will find Elijah standing in the middle of the great assembly saying, "Choose this day whom ye will serve. If God be God, serve Him; and if Baal be Baal, serve him." What was he doing? Precisely the same thing.

What about our blessed Lord, Himself? Was He vague on this subject? He was never vague on any subject. If He had been, He wouldn't have been crucified. He said, "No man can serve two masters. Either he will love one and hate the other or cleave to one and despise the other." That is unequivocal, isn't it? That is clear. That is indubitable.

Then the best of all the illustrations I know is one in the Revelation of St. John the Divine, the last book of the Bible. You will remember that there were some churches that had chosen the good and some that had chosen the bad, and one that hadn't chosen either. And then the Spirit spoke in rebuke; and who got rebuked? The churches that had chosen the bad? Interestingly enough, no. It was the indecisive church of Laodicae that got rebuked. And what did the Spirit say? The Spirit said, "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

That is what ails most of us in the modern, free world. We are lukewarm about the things that are of primary importance. I hope that all of us who are here at this luncheon will resolve not to be lukewarm about the most precious of all our inheritances. If we are, we'll nullify everything that General MacArthur and people like him have done to keep us free. Nobody here this noon knows what lies ahead of us. The day may come when we shall be catapulted into a war against Russia and her satellites. I hope not, but it could come.

If such a conflict did emerge, I am reasonably certain for several reasons that we would win it. I am not so sure that we would win the peace that would come in its wake. We would win it, certainly, if we dedicate ourselves to that to which we are bearing witness this noon. This is not just a function. This is a great service for witness, in my eyes. This is a chance for us to come together to express our love and devotion to General MacArthur by expressing also the same kinds of convictions which he has.

Now I am not discouraged. I am very much encouraged, as a matter of fact, because I sense everywhere I go an increasing awareness of what the basic problems are and a willingness to really face them head on. That is in itself salutary and encouraging.

There was a day not very long ago when it was fashionable for all intellectual people to sit on Mount Parnassus and sneer at the universe. It is not so now. All you need to do is go to any college or university campus and you will find a very different spirit. We have been humbled and we have been brought face to face with inescapable reality. That in itself is good, a symptom of what is happening in the whole of the free world.

This isn't the first time civilization has been tested, and it won't be the last time. But I am increasingly convinced that we will meet the test provided we dedicate ourselves to that which is of the first importance, our holy and revealed religion.

Do you and I this noon really believe what we profess? Is our religion merely a kind of politeness towards possibilities? A formulary on Sunday and a fiction the rest of the week? I hope not. I am not asking that you become professionally pious. I'd be afraid of you if you were. You know the people I'm talking about, who have their lips in a thin line and their noses pinched and their eyes rolled up to heaven. They make me very uncomfortable. I am talking about people who really have the Faith. It gives them strength, and courage, and happiness—a certain radiance that you can't get any other way.

When I left home yesterday, I went to visit in the hospital a young member of my faculty who was dying of leukemia. I doubt seriously that he will live out the week. He is leaving a wife and four lovely children. When he said good-bye to me he said, "You know, you and I hold the Faith. I can meet anything because I do



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hold it." And he said it with just that much vigor although he's on his death bed. Is he afraid? No. Has he been able to meet what has come his way? Yes. That is the only way that I know that you can have health and sanity. Let us have the Faith. Let us really believe it.

Either our blessed Lord was an imposter, was insane, or He was what He said He was. And He made the most extravagant claims recorded in history. He said, "I and the Father are one. Whosoever hath seen me hath seen the Father. Before Abraham was, I am. Heaven and earth shall pass away but my word shall never pass away." Extravagant, you say? Yes. They could be extravagant claims because He was, as He said, the Son of God.

I am saying to General MacArthur this noon, and to you, and to myself, that our hope lies in our having faith in God as He is revealed in His blessed Son, Jesus Christ. If we have that Faith, we need not worry about today and tomorrow and the day after tomorrow. They will take care of themselves.

I want to close these remarks with a quotation from the book of Isaiah in the Old Testament. As I do that, I remind you that we Christians and Jews share a great inheritance together. If the day ever comes when our synagogues and temples in this country are razed, it will not be long before our churches are, and *vice versa*.

What did Isaiah say to you and to me that we should keep in our hearts on this great and memorable occasion? He said, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles. They shall run and not be weary. They shall walk and not faint."

If you and I will resolve *really* to wait upon the Lord—to have faith in God, and to trust Him we, too, shall be able to run and not be weary, to walk and not faint!

\* \* \*

GENERAL MACARTHUR'S ADDRESS BEFORE CONVENTION  
OF THE EPISCOPAL DIOCESE

Your Honor, your Grace and all in reverent attendance at this convention:

I cannot begin to express adequately my thanks and appreciation for the signal honor you have conferred upon me. It creates an

unforgettable sense of distinction far in excess of any just merit and arouses a feeling of gratitude that is indelible.

Much of my life has been dedicated to the profession of arms. Much of my experience has been in the practice of the art of war. For such a one it is a rare privilege, indeed, when an occasion arises permitting construction rather than destruction; to build, not to destroy.

Such was the unusual and unique opportunity presenting itself in the field of religion when our victorious soldiers entered Japan. Those were veteran troops, troops who had come from behind, soldiers constantly outnumbered and, consequently, operating in the shadow of death. Now they had come through against all odds and were duly thankful to a merciful God. They were spiritual to the highest degree, the most spiritual army of modern times. They were men who prayed before they fought, men who built their churches even before they built their hospitals.

Japan itself was in a state of utter collapse. It was completely exhausted, its long war effort had reduced its industrial output to almost nothing. Its military defeat had not only destroyed its sense of self-reliance but its sense of self-respect. The religious disintegration was even worse. It was universal and absolute.

In this vacuum, social and spiritual, the occupation began. Three concepts of divinity existed in Japan prior to the war: *Shintoism*, bred to the native culture of the Japanese; *Buddhism*, introduced from the Asiatic mainland; *Christianity*, an Occidental importation, a poor third. The latter influence became negligible during the war.

The first two were practically taken over by the government as a means of regimentation of the masses. The priesthood represented one of the most cultured, influential and intellectual segments of society but was dominated by the state. The temples were supported by national funds and the priests themselves were but agents of those in political power.

Under government tutelage the people had been thoroughly indoctrinated with a belief of the invincible character of their armed forces. The propaganda was complete and up to the very end no Japanese dreamed of anything but victory. The shock of sudden defeat was thus enormously increased and left the populace doubtful

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and resentful, not only of their military and political leaders but of their religions as well.

I am a Christian and an Episcopalian, but I believe in all religions. They may differ in form and ritual, but all recognize a Divine Creator, a Superior Power that transcends all that is mortal. I, therefore, felt that it became my duty as a soldier of God to attempt to restore and revive religion in Japan to fill this moral vacuum; just as it was my duty as a soldier of the republic to revitalize the material well-being of the country; that to fulfill my obligations it must be of the spiritual as well as of the flesh. But the problem was how.

Should I, with my full military power, arbitrarily decree the adoption of the Christian faith as a national religion? Like all men of human frailty in their hour of defeat and despairing agony I knew they must turn to some higher spiritual power for moral comfort and support. Would not this be the moment to order them to abandon their own, and turn to our God?

Their utter helplessness, their dire necessity, born of complete disaster and dependence, would perhaps have forced an outward compliance but it would have been only a fictitious and superficial sham and surely would have defeated the very purpose I had in mind.

The solution I adopted, I believe you would have approved. It was to permit complete freedom of religious worship as individuals might choose, to free all creeds, Shinto, Buddhist and Christian, from any government control, to stop all proselyting of the church by national subsidy, to return to the temples their fundamental obligation of religious tutelage, to make the priest no longer an agent of political coercion or espionage activity. In short, to render unto God that which is His and not unto Caesar that which he would.

It worked like a charm. The priesthood responded to their release from governmental dominance with a spiritual fervor that swept all before it. No slave passing to freedom ever exceeded this buoyant reaction. The religious vacuum disappeared and because I was a Christian, and had acted so, it aroused among the Shintoists and Buddhists a great curiosity of the religion which had dictated my decision.

Their own creeds, good in part as they were, were based to

some extent on a *quid pro quo* concept that one should do good in this life because he would profit from it in the life to come; that he would get back more than he put in as a reward in another world was a main incentive. The concept of faith, the concept of Christ, that man should do what is right, even if it entailed personal sacrifice, that the urge of conscience was greater than any material reward were something new and novel.

It seemed to me that the great opportunity was to guide Shintoism and Buddhism toward this basic concept of religious faith rather than the impossible task of replacement by a conqueror's own creed.

If the lesson of the Scriptures, of the Sermon on the Mount could be integrated and welded into their own religious cultures its basic spirituality would be common to all, it would mean little whether a Japanese were a Buddhist, a Shintoist or a Christian.

I called upon America for Bibles and over 100,000 were raised with an ultimate figure of three times that number, and that is the story up until now.

I am not trained in ecclesiastical methods, nor am I skilled in theological lore, but I want you to know with such frail personal equipment as was mine I did my best and that no phase of the occupation, with its many attempted military, political, social and economic reforms, has left me with a greater sense of personal satisfaction than my spiritual stewardship.

Although I am of Cæsar, I did try to render unto God that which was His. And I even dare hope that through this resurgence of religion, Japan will, in the struggle that lies ahead, be indissolubly confirmed against any whose doctrines embrace the deadly poison of atheism. It might prove more potent than bullets, or ballots, or even bread.

\* \* \*

GENERAL MACARTHUR'S ADDRESS AT CIVIC BANQUET  
SPONSORED BY THE AMERICAN LEGION:

Your Excellency, Your Honor, Judge Pfaff, Commander Goshaw, and all those present tonight in this distinguished assemblage: Seldom in history has living man been honored as this famous



## *Los Angeles Pays Tribute to General Douglas MacArthur*

community of Los Angeles has honored me today. You have etched in my heart an unforgettable memory of patriotic fervor and national devotion. You have aroused an indelible emotion of gratitude that I am unable to express adequately in words. Yet the reality of life enables me to apply an appraising perspective; to understand that your action springs not so much from a desire to memorialize a personality as to proclaim a people's adherence to ideals long ago fabricated into the warp and woof of what we call the American way of life.

That you have chosen me to symbolize this rich heritage of principles is an honor which makes me feel far greater than any just merit; that my name should stand for the millions of unnamed others whose faith and courage built the immortal way from which was fashioned the true greatness of our country creates within me a feeling of humility far in excess of all possible pride. It makes me revere the stars in our Flag far more than any stars on my shoulders.

I am so grateful to all who have wished me birthday greetings. I know such expressions of goodwill would have brightened the eyes of that gentle Virginia lady, my mother, on this, her day. Thank you—thank you in her name again and again—and, as “old soldiers never die,” I promise to keep on living as though I expected to live forever.

That famous barracks-room ballad apparently counts on us, those old soldiers who have escaped the carnage of the battlefield, to find the fountain of youth. And, indeed, we might if we only understood what the poet said, that youth is not entirely a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not wholly a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips or supple knees. It is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions, a freshness of the deep springs of life. It means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of an appetite for adventure over love of ease.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up interest wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whatever your years, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing child-

like appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair. In the central place of every heart there is a recording chamber; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer and courage, so long are you young. When the wires are all down and your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then, and then only, are you grown old—and then, indeed, as the ballad says, you just fade away.

Many in this brilliant audience were my comrades in arms in the days of used-to-be. They have known war in all its horror and, as veterans, hope against its recurrence. How, we ask ourselves, did such an institution become so integrated with man's life and civilization? How has it grown to be the most vital factor in our existence? It started in a modest enough way as a sort of gladiatorial method of settling disputes between conflicting tribes.

One of the oldest and most classical examples is the Biblical story of David and Goliath. Each of the two contesting groups selected its champion. They fought and, based upon the outcome, an agreement resulted. Then, as time went on, small professional groups known as armies replaced the individual champions. And these groups fought in some obscure corner of the world and victory or defeat was accepted as the basis of an ensuing peace.

And from then on, down through the ages, the constant record is an increase in the character and strength of the forces with the rate of increase always accelerating. From a small percentage of the populace it finally engulfed all. It is now the nation in arms.

Within the span of my own life I have witnessed this evolution. At the turn of the century, when I joined the Army, the target was one enemy casualty at the end of a rifle or bayonet or sword. Then came the machine gun designed to kill by the dozen. After that, the heavy artillery raining death upon the hundreds. Then the aerial bomb to strike by the thousands—followed by the atom explosion to reach the hundreds of thousands.

Now, electronics and other processes of science have raised the destructive potential to encompass millions. And with restless hands we work feverishly in dark laboratories to find the means to destroy all at one blow.



*-Photo Courtesy Los Angeles Examiner*

### MACARTHUR AND POULSON

*Mayor Poulson presents official City of Los Angeles  
Proclamation honoring General MacArthur on  
his seventy-fifth birthday.*





## *Los Angeles Pays Tribute to General Douglas MacArthur*

But this very triumph of scientific annihilation—this very success of invention—has destroyed the possibility of war being a medium of practical settlement of international differences. The enormous destruction to both sides of closely matched opponents makes it impossible for the winner to translate in into anything but his own disaster.

The Second World War, even with its now antiquated armaments, clearly demonstrated that the victor had to bear in large part the very injuries inflicted on his foe. Our own country spent billions of dollars and untold energies to heal the wounds of Germany and Japan. War has become a Frankenstein to destroy both sides. No longer is it the weapon of adventure whereby a short cut to international power and wealth—a place in the sun—can be gained. If you lose, you are annihilated. If you win, you stand only to lose. No longer does it possess the chance of the winner of a duel—it contains now the germs of double suicide. Science has clearly outmoded it as a feasible arbiter.

The great question is—does this mean that war can now be outlawed from the world?

If so, it would mark the greatest advance in civilization since the Sermon on the Mount. It would lift at one stroke the darkest shadow which has engulfed mankind from the beginning. It would not only remove fear and bring security—it would not only create new moral and spiritual values—it would produce an economic wave of prosperity that would raise the world's standard of living beyond anything ever dreamed of by man.

The hundreds of billions of dollars now spent in mutual preparedness could conceivably abolish poverty from the face of the globe. It would accomplish even more than this; it would at one stroke reduce the international tensions that seem to be insurmountable now to matters of more probable solution.

For instance, the complex problems of German rearmament, of preventive war, of satellite dominance by major powers, of universal military service, of unconscionable taxation, of nuclear development for industry, of freer exchange of goods and people, of foreign aid and, indeed, of all issues involving the application of armed forces.

It would have equally potent political effects. It would reduce immeasurably the power of leaders of government and thus render more precarious totalitarian or autocratic rule. The growing and dangerous control by an individual over the masses—the Socialistic and paternal trends resulting therefrom—is largely by virtue of his influence to induce war or to maintain peace. Abolish this threat and the position of chief magistrate falls into a more proper civic perspective.

You will say at once that although the abolition of war has been the dream of man for centuries every proposition to that end has been promptly discarded as impossible and fantastic. Every cynic, every pessimist, every adventurer, every swashbuckler in the world has always disclaimed its feasibility. But that was before the science of the past decade made mass destruction a reality.

The argument then was along spiritual and moral lines, and lost. It is a sad truth that human character has never reached a theological development which would permit the application of pure idealism. In the last 2,000 years its rate of change has been deplorably slow compared to that of arts and the sciences. But now the tremendous and present evolution of nuclear and other potentials of destruction has suddenly taken the problem away from its primary consideration as a moral and spiritual question and brought it abreast of scientific realism.

It is no longer an ethical equation to be pondered solely by learned philosophers and ecclesiastics but a hard-core one for the decision of the masses whose survival is the issue.

This is as true of the Soviet side of the world as of the free side—as true behind the Iron Curtain as in front of it. The ordinary people of the world, whether free or slave, are all in agreement on this solution; and this perhaps is the only thing in the world they do agree upon, but it is the most vital and determinate of all.

The leaders are the laggards. The disease of power seems to confuse and befuddle them. They have not even approached the basic problem much less evolved a working formula to implement this public demand. They debate and turmoil over a hundred issues—they bring us to the verge of despair or raise our hopes to Utopian heights over the corollary misunderstandings that stem from the threat of war—but never in the chancelleries of the world or the



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halls of the United Nations is the real problem raised. Never do they dare to state the bald truth, that evolution of civilization cannot take place until war is abolished.

It may take another cataclysm of destruction to prove to them this simple truth. But, strange as it may seem, it is known now by all common men. It is the one issue upon which both sides can agree, for it is the one issue upon which both sides will profit equally. It is the one issue—and the only decisive one—in which the interests of both are completely parallel. It is the one issue which, if settled, might settle all others.

Time has shown that agreements between modern nations are generally no longer honored as valid unless both profit therefrom. But both sides can be trusted when both do profit. It becomes then no longer a problem based upon relative integrity. It is now no longer convincing to argue, even if true, that we cannot trust the other side—that one maverick can destroy the herd. It would no longer be a matter depending upon trust—the self-interest of each nation outlawing war would keep it true to itself. And there is no influence so potent and powerful as self-interest.

It would not necessarily require international inspection of relative armaments—the public opinion of every part of the world would be the great denominator which would insure the issue—each nation would so profit that it could not fail eventually to comply.

This would not, of course, mean the abandonment of all armed forces, but it would reduce them to the simpler problems of internal order and international police.

It would not mean Utopia at one fell stroke, but it would mean that the great roadblock now existing to the development of the human race would have been cleared.

The present tensions with their threat of national annihilation are kept alive by two great illusions. The one, a complete belief on the part of the Soviet world that the capitalist countries are preparing to attack them; that sooner or later we intend to strike. And the other, a complete belief on the part of the capitalistic countries that the Soviets are preparing to attack us; that sooner or later they intend to strike.

Both are wrong. Each side, so far as the masses are concerned,

is equally desirous of peace. For either side war with the other would mean nothing but disaster. Both equally dread it. But the constant acceleration of preparation may well, without specific intent, ultimately produce a spontaneous combustion.

I am sure that every pundit in the world, every cynic and hypocrite, every paid brainwasher, every egotist, every trouble-maker, and many others of entirely different mold, will tell you with mockery and ridicule that this can be only a dream—that is but the vague imaginings of a visionary. But, as David Lloyd George once said in Commons at the crisis of the first World War, "We must go on or we will go under."

And the great criticism we can make of the world's leaders is their lack of a plan which will enable us "to go on." All they propose merely gravitates around but dares not face the real problem. They increase preparedness by alliances, by distributing resources throughout the world, by feverish activity in developing new and deadlier weapons, by applying conscription in times of peace—all of which is instantly matched by the prospective opponent.

We are told that this increases the chances of peace—which is doubtful—and increases the chances of victory if war comes—which would be incontestable if the other side did not increase in like proportion.

Actually, the truth is that the relative strengths of the two change little with the years. Action by one is promptly matched by reaction from the other.

We are told we must go on indefinitely as at present—some say 50 years or more. With what at the end? None say—there is no definite objective. They but pass along to those that follow the search for a final solution. And, at the end, the problem will be exactly the same as that which we face now.

Must we live for generations under the killing punishment of accelerating preparedness without an announced final purpose or, as an alternative, suicidal war; and trifle in the meanwhile with corollary and indeterminate thesis—such as limitation of armament, restriction on the use of nuclear power, adoption of new legal standards as propounded at Nuernberg—all of which are but palliatives and all of which in varying form have been tried in the past with negligible results?

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Dangerous doctrines, too, appear—doctrines which might result in actual defeat; such doctrines as a limited war, of enemy sanctuary, of failure to protect our fighting men when captured, of national subversive and sabotage agencies, of a substitute for victory on the battlefield—all in the name of peace.

Peace, indeed, can be obtained at least temporarily by any nation if it is prepared to yield its freedom principles. But peace at any price—peace with appeasement—peace which passes the dreadful finality to future generations—is a peace of sham and shame which can end only in war or slavery.

I recall so vividly this problem when it faced the Japanese in their new constitution. They are realists; and they are the only ones that know by dread experience the fearful effect of mass annihilation. They realize in their limited geographical area, caught up as a sort of no man's land between two great ideologies, that to engage in another war, whether on the winning or the losing side, would spell the probable doom of their race.

And their wise old Prime Minister, Shidehara, came to me and urged that to save themselves they should abolish war as an international instrument. When I agreed, he turned to me and said, "The world will laugh and mock us as impractical visionaries, but 100 years from now we will be called prophets."

Sooner or later the world, if it is to survive, must reach this decision. The only question is, when? Must we fight again before we learn? When will some great figure in power have sufficient imagination and moral courage to translate this universal wish—which is rapidly becoming a universal necessity—into actuality?

We are in a new era. The old methods and solutions no longer suffice. We must have new thoughts, new ideas, new concepts, just as did our venerated forefathers when they faced a new world. We must break out of the strait jacket of the past. There must always be one to lead and we should be that one. We should now proclaim our readiness to abolish war in concert with the great powers of the world. The result might be magical.

This may sound somewhat academic in view of the acuteness of the situation in the Far East. Strategically, the problem there has developed along classical lines—the familiar case of a concentrated enemy in a central position deployed against scattered allies.



Red China, inherently weak in industrial output for modern war but strong in manpower, engaged on three fronts—Korea, Indo-China and in civil war with Nationalist China. Fighting on all three simultaneously meant defeat, but individually the chances were excellent. The hope for victory depended on getting a cease-fire on some fronts so that the full potential of its limited military might could be thrown against the remaining ones. That is what has happened and is happening.

First was the cessation of the civil war action by the isolation in the Formosa area which practically immobilized National China, one of the allies. Red China then concentrated against Korea and Indo-China.

But even the double front was too much for its strained resources, so a cease-fire was obtained in Korea. This immobilized the so-called United Nations forces and the South Koreans and left Red China free to concentrate on the third front—Indo-China and the French.

Successful there, the Reds now turn back to the old first front located in Formosa. As Napoleon Bonaparte once said: "Give me allies as an enemy so that I can defeat them one by one."

Militarily the situation demonstrates the inherent weakness of the theory of collective security—the chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and what is even more vital—its full power can only be utilized when all links are brought simultaneously into action. The diverse interests of allies always tend toward separation rather than unity.


Whatever betides the ultimate fate of the Far East—and indeed of the world—will not be settled by force of arms. We may all be practically annihilated—but war can no longer be an arbiter of survival.

I cannot close without once more thanking this beautiful city of Los Angeles for its gracious hospitality; it has been an inspiration to be here, where missions once stood as lonely outposts in the advance of our Christian civilization, but here this great metropolis now stands, a monument to American industry and adventure—a symbolic reminder of California strength and fortitude. I hate to leave—but, as I once pledged under very different circumstances, *I shall return.*

# Sud-Pacifico: *Postscript on a Railroad*

By Rufus Kay Wyllys

ARIZONA STATE COLLEGE

N THE AUTUMN OF 1953 A DISPATCH CAME over the wires from Guadalajara, Mexico, to Tucson, Arizona. It was to the effect that no longer would the locomotives and rolling stock of Mexico's West Coast railroad be sent to the Southern Pacific railway shops at Tucson for repairs. Henceforth repairs would be made in the shops of the Mexican National Railways at Guadalajara.

In this fashion was practically written *finis* to an old relationship between Yankee and Mexican capitalists and railroaders. This railway had been, from Nogales to Guadalajara, the longest adventure in railway construction conducted under frankly Yankee auspices in Mexico. It was also virtually the last bit of Yankee-built trackage to be expropriated by the Mexican government. A considerable number of people in the Southwest, including an ex-governor of Arizona, still recall their share in the building and operation of this railway.

The most evident recognition that could have been granted to the strategic importance of Mexico's "West Coast Corridor" was the building of the Southern Pacific's railway line. Highways and airplanes have still to prove their influence upon the West Coast. But the railroad, over the seventy years of its construction and operation, has actually done more than anything else to change the social, cultural and economic life of Mexico's Pacific littoral. It was and is the proper opening and introduction from the Mexican Mesa to these shore lands of Nayarit, Sinaloa, and Sonora.<sup>1</sup>

The mere story of the building of the 1103-mile main line of the Southern Pacific of Mexico is something of a romance in itself. It should begin north of the border, with the lively competition of

late nineteenth-century Yankee railroaders. In the 1880's the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company was blocked in its westward building at Colorado's Royal Gorge by the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railway. Its owners then began probing at various Rocky Mountain passes in an effort to find a way to the Pacific Coast and California. Through the territories of Arizona and New Mexico there appeared to be possibilities of such a route. But therein the Santa Fe lines met the powerful opposition of the Southern Pacific Railway lines owned by California's "Big Four," or their heirs. The Southern Pacific had already built its line eastward through the southern part of the territories, almost along the Mexican border, to connect in 1883 with the Texas Pacific Railway at Sierra Blanca in Texas. In southwestern New Mexico, where water was scarce, the Santa Fe, building south from Albuquerque to El Paso, in 1881 sent a branch line southwest to the town of Deming and a junction with the Southern Pacific line at the Rio Mimbres.

The junction at Deming was not wholly satisfactory to either corporation, and the ideas of the Santa Fe officials were already well ahead of a mere dependence upon the Southern Pacific in New Mexico. William B. Strong, general manager of the Santa Fe Company, hoped to cross the Southern Pacific line at Deming and build a railway for his company southwest through Sonora by way of Fronteras and Arizpe to Hermosillo and thence down to the Gulf of California at Guaymas, a harbor which might be closer to the orient by trans-Pacific steamer lines than any California port. One of the Santa Fe's locating engineers, however, convinced his superiors that a better Sonora route lay farther west, 262 miles north from Guaymas through Hermosillo and Magdalena to the trading post of Jacob Isaacson in strategic Nogales Pass on the old Spanish *Camino Real* as it crossed the Arizona border out of Sonora. Thence a short line could be built to connect with the Southern Pacific at Benson or Tucson in Arizona Territory.

William Strong made a personal journey to Mexico City for protracted interviews with the government bossed by Porfirio Díaz. The resultant agreement was of the customary type that involved a cash bond by the Santa Fe Company and a construction subsidy from the Mexican government. It was the usual cagey concession made by the cautious dictator in a day when Yankees were begin-



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ning to build most of Mexico's trunk-line railways—and for the most part to build them better and more durably than were some ramshackle British or other European lines in several parts of Hispanic America.

The Santa Fe construction engineers worked fast, and the Sonora Railway Company soon had a wharf and base of operations at Guaymas, built with materials brought around Cape Horn. Before the close of 1880, a railroad was graded to Hermosillo and thirty miles of track extended out from Guaymas. A year later the line was in operation to Hermosillo and the company was theoretically earning nearly enough in promised construction subsidies to balance the costs of building, although the Mexican government was noticeably slow about payments. A line through southern Arizona from Benson was more easily constructed to Nogales, and after only nine months of building through the hills reached that small town on September 26, 1882, just about a month before the Sonora railroad was completed up from Guaymas.

Thus the Santa Fe company's business reached from Kansas City to the Gulf of California by the use of the Southern Pacific's Deming-Benson main line. Possibly one reason for the delay of Mexico's government in paying the subsidies to the Santa Fe was a suspicion, well-founded on unhappy experience, that this seemingly harmless commercial penetration of Sonora by *gringos* was a prelude to continued efforts to acquire all or part of Sonora for ultimate annexation to the United States. A project of this sort had certainly been promoted in the past by several American adventurers, such as William Walker, Henry A. Crabb, William M. Gwin, and Charles P. Stone, sometimes as far back as pre-Civil War days; and some Americans were still known to be complaining about the lack of Yankee access by land to the supposed commercial advantages of the Gulf of California.

Meanwhile, other events shaped the destiny of railroad enterprise in western Mexico. The Santa Fe Company had built a new line across northern New Mexico and Arizona to the town of Needles on the Colorado River in 1883. Next year it leased the Southern Pacific's Needles-Mojave railway line in Southern California. It had also bought or built a competing railway from San Diego by way of San Bernardino and Cajon Pass to connect with the Mojave-

Needles line at Barstow. The railway business was thickening in California and both big rival corporations realized the fact. Eventually, in May of 1887, there was an exchange of leases between the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific, whereby the former acquired a delayed title to the Needles-Mojave railway, and the latter took over a lease of the Benson (later Tucson)-Nogales-Guaymas line, which south of the border became known as the Southern Pacific of Mexico (*Sud-Pacífico de México*), after its final sale in 1911.<sup>2</sup>

At the time, and for many years afterward, it was generally believed that the Southern Pacific lost by this deal, since the Nogales-Guaymas road then led nowhere, paid little in the way of freight or passenger traffic, and had to face many troubles during the panic of 1907 and in the early years of the Mexican Revolution. Moreover, this bargain of 1887 meant that the Santa Fe could build on through to California to San Francisco and provide competition to the Southern Pacific in the trade of the Central Valley. Be that as it may, Mexico's West Coast railway line had a beginning, and it was clearly the product of financial rivalries in the American Southwest. It had firm Yankee roots and was bound to grow from them. In the meantime, foreshadowing future events, the Mexican National Railways had been slowly building west from Mexico City, and in 1888 the capital city was connected by rail with Guadalajara, the entry point to Mexico's west country.

There was only a slow southward advance of the *Sud-Pacífico* at the turn of the century. But in 1905, as the energetic Edward H. Harriman took charge of the Southern Pacific system, active construction was renewed. In that year, despite a growing Latin-American distrust of "dollar diplomacy," The Southern Pacific Company secured a Mexican concession for a railroad from its southern terminus at Guaymas to Guadalajara, by way of Mazatlán. Then, under the driving guidance of Colonel Epes Randolph, construction southward from Guaymas in 1905 was matched and met by builders working north from Mazatlán after 1907. South of Mazatlán, in swamps and steaming jungles beyond the Tropic of Cancer, the work was complicated by the climate but little or no mountain country had to be overcome.

Construction on the whole was pushed south vigorously enough until 1912, when 669 miles of track were in use from Guaymas to

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Tepic. Work then simply had to halt from time to time because of increasing political chaos in western Mexico. "Estamos en revolución," sighed the West Coast native business men resignedly, as they put up the heavy wooden, bullet-proof shutters in front of their shops, implying that the *Yanquis* might as well do likewise with their railroad. Railroad construction paused in the face of sieges like that sustained by Guaymas when held by the Huertistas against investing forces of Yaqui and Mayo Indian Constitucionalistas. Railroad men were sometimes ambushed, and the property damage suffered by the company was discouraging. In one period of sixty days some 200 bridges were burned along the right-of-way, and in 1912 alone, from February to July, no less than twenty-seven long wooden trestles on the stretch between Empalme (the junction point near Guaymas) and Tepic, were burned or blown up by so-called "insurrectos." In reality it was sometimes hard to determine whether the destroyers of property belonged to one side or the other in the fighting, or were simply *bandidos* or hungry, resentful *peones*. Between 1910 and 1920, at all events the railroad lost some billions of dollars in property destroyed along its coastal line as a result of war, banditry, vandalism, and deterioration through sheer lack of use.

In 1920, just as it seemed to many people that six years of President Venustiano Carranza's rule had restored sufficient peace so that construction might be resumed, there came more troubles. Carranza himself threatened to order the seizure of the entire railway property because its Mexican employees proposed to go on strike. This threat was not carried out, but the governor of Sonora, Adolfo de la Huerta, also threatened by Carranza, was foresighted enough to seize the railway in that state himself, as part of an abortive effort to declare Sonora seceded from Mexico. These events of the year 1920 were parts of the beginning of the so-called Revindicating Revolution which swept down the West Coast to help overthrow the Carranza régime and put the one-armed west-country ranchero, Alvaro Obregón, in the presidential suite of the National Palace in Mexico City. On the West Coast during this last successful Mexican revolution of the period, there were train-wreckings, snipings from the *chaparral* into train windows, murders of passengers, crews, and track-workers occasionally, but few important military



operations. It was not until 1923, when, perhaps as President Obregón jested, the bandits had left the West Coast country districts and followed him into fine offices in Mexico City, that construction could be effectively taken up once more on the coastal railway line.<sup>3</sup>

By the early 1920's, however the *Sud-Pacifico* had patiently and painfully built its tracks all the way from Guaymas down into Nayarit. Beyond Tepic still stretched 102 miles of unconstructed route up to La Quemada in the Jalisco highlands, where the company had built a short line out from Guadalajara. And yet, from 1911 to 1920, for 105 miles north of Tepic there had been only occasional operation of trains because of revolutionary or *bandido* disturbances. As late as 1926, also, the Yaqui Indians frequently showed themselves to be actively hostile toward the railroad workers up in Sonora. But eventually they, as well as many *politicos*, came to have a hearty respect for the railway superintendent, J. A. Small, who later became president of the line and had a knack of getting along with influential people.

The labor question was by no means the least of the railway-builders' troubles. In pre-revolutionary days the great landed families of Tepic Territory constituted a powerful feudal aristocracy. Although it used to be said of them that because of antiquated agricultural methods they raised little except mortgages on their lands, they were exceedingly sensitive about their rights over the *peones* who worked for them. Ten years of revolutionary threats did not make them less nervous about either present or future. These land barons were especially jealous about labor, as was natural enough considering that most of the work on their estates had to be done by hand. Seldom did a week pass when the railway camps in Tepic Territory (later Nayarit) were not searched by overseers from nearby haciendas, pursuing runaway *peones* who had been attracted by the railroad's scale of wages. The railroaders could not afford to offend the *hacendados* by protecting such workmen, for these holders of land rights-of-way were not very friendly to the coming of the railway and could be formidable enemies. A different problem grew up with the Revolution. The landowners suffered the loss of much of their property or were faced with ruin because of inability to work the lands. They were partly succeeded, as a ruling class, by Yankee planters and business men, some of whom were

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fully as arrogant. But the working people were being grouped into unions whose new ideas of what the wages and conditions of labor should be, often paralyzed or at least delayed the work of railroad construction.<sup>4</sup>

Still, if Yankee railroaders were *simpático*, they could usually get along with the rural Mexicans of this coastland, whether aristocrats or *paisanos*. When a section of line was completed into almost any obscure country town, there was likely to be a celebration of the arrival of the first *tren*, with much oratory, music, banners, *abrazos*, liquid refreshment of varying potency, and shouts of "*Viva el ferrocarril! Viva el progreso!*" In the evenings, especially on payday, there might be *bailes* in such little towns, by the light of the moon or railway lanterns and kerosene lamps; and the *Yanquis* were invited and expected to share the fun, which although usually harmless, sometimes got out of hand, with knifings and shootings. Such occasions helped to make the hard-working, siesta-foregoing *peones* forget their grievances as they did the actual moving and placing of soil, rocks, cross-ties, and rails, at what they thought munificent wages ranging from thirty to seventy-five cents for each ten or twelve-hour day.

The problem of financing the line was mainly met through the investments of American capitalists, but the Mexican government and some Mexican investors had a sizable share. Most of the immediate profits went to the construction companies and workers, partly in the shape of American-standard wages for the more highly skilled among them. In the long run, probably the entire West Coast population profited more than any other group of people, despite the early suspicion which had often been shown toward the builders of the line.

Finally there remained the defiant obstacle of the vast, tortuous *barrancas* to be overcome between Ixtlán del Rio and La Quemada. Sixty miles, then thirty miles of them faced the engineers in the middle years of the 1920's. It was estimated in 1921 that it would cost nearly a million dollars a mile to build through the *barrancas* to La Quemada at the end of the short line out from Guadalajara. Actually, according to the company records, the total cost through the *barrancas* was \$14,000,000. Here occurred some of the most intricate, ingenious and difficult railroad building on this con-

tainent, through a period of four years and a region of canyons created about equally by erosion and volcanic action. No less than thirty-two tunnels had to be drilled through rock, sand, and lava, and still more bridges and trestles had to be built to span ravines that broke the mountain sides a full thousand feet above the canyon bottoms through which ran mountain torrents. Tradition says that due to a scarcity of more appropriate timber, solid mahogany was used to cross-tie some fifteen miles of track through this region. The long, nerve-wracking but adventurous construction job was officially completed on April 17, 1927, as the first trains moved into Guadalajara. But so much remained to be done that for some years passengers and freight had to be shunted out and back again on spurs to get around unfinished caved-in tunnels or collapsed bridges and trestles. Yet trains could operate after a fashion through the *barrancas* and quite efficiently elsewhere along the entire line. By the end of 1930 the great railway was in continuous operation.

The *Sud-Pacífico de Mexico* endeared itself to the West Coast Mexicans. In a rather intimate way, although *gringo*-built and owned, it was *their* railroad, and they took it to their hearts. They loved to ride *los carros* over its bumpy roadbed, fully as much as Yankee boys and adults were thrilled by American railway travel a century ago. Daily, *el tren*, whether on schedule or not, with its good sonorous, throaty Yankee whistle, brought the Mexican women to attention, from their washing in the ditches and creeks, or from the doorways of huts and crumbling adobe houses. More or less quaint stations along the entire line, from the ornate, clock-towered *aduana* at Mexican Nogales to the handsome structure in Guadalajara; and often these buildings were the pride of the small towns. Discarded box-cars provided homes for unnumbered families, and a broken-down locomotive was the joy of small boys and the treasure trove of amateur mechanics. Incidentally, the *Sud-Pacífico* had a goodly share of old and nearly worn-out equipment, since it has generally been the custom to send such rolling stock to Mexico, not only along the West Coast but elsewhere. It has had, too, its full share of disasters and accidents. Not least of its troubles have been the unpredictable storms and flash floods down the short West Coast river valleys, which have all too often swept away bridges and sections of railroad. But always the repairs are made



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and the trains roll on. The traffic's the thing along the *Sud-Pacifico*.

Unfortunately, the West Coast line was completed just in time to face the depression years of the 1930's. Although Mexico was hit less hard than the United States, conditions north of the border necessarily affected the *Sud-Pacífico*. Its service became less regular, with only two or three trains a week at times, as the Southern Pacific saw its income cut in half by depression conditions. After the oilfield expropriations by the Mexican government in 1938, President Lázaro Cardenas and his advisors looked calculatingly at the few remaining foreign-owned railways in Mexico, and soon they began to be expropriated also. The *Sud-Pacífico* held out for more than a decade against this process; demanding, when it appeared that expropriation was inevitable, at least \$17,000,000 for its properties. By that time, with some branch lines, chiefly in Sonora, the trackage of the West Coast railway was 1,227 miles. Notable among branches was the federally built line running 330 miles west from Santa Ana to Mexicali, through the hot desert country along the once famous *Camino del Diablo*. But there had to be a yielding, and on December 24, 1951, the official announcement was made that for \$12,000,000 (three millions in cash and the rest in special Mexican government bonds), the entire West Coast line had been sold to the Republic. It is probable that motor highways on the West Coast will provide competition to prevent any further expansion of the mainland Pacific railroad. In January of 1955 a new 1,600 mile motor highway to Mexico City was officially dedicated in Nogales, Sonora.

What this railway meant to the some 3,000,000 people of the four northern West Coast States from Sonora to Jalisco, can scarcely be estimated. Here had been a sunny land of almost untapped wealth, in grain, cotton, sugar, tobacco, vegetables, fruits, fish, copper, gold, silver, lead and timber. At the Midas touch from the north, this long, narrow country between the sea and the Mesa awoke to greater activity in commerce and to many a social change. Out of Mexico northward went a wide variety of regional products, chiefly mineral and vegetable, to new and receptive markets. Into Mexico southward came a steady stream of American exports: machinery for mills and mines, drugs, motor cars, textiles, settlers, tourists, and strange new ideas and customs, whose adoption was sometimes regrettable.<sup>5</sup>


So an epic of Yankee enterprise had ended south of the border. Friends of unregulated capitalism and rugged individualism might weep over the demise of the old *Sud-Pacífico*; their tears were likely to be quite useless. And on the other side of the picture, for better or worse, the Republic now literally and completely owned the chief artery of trade for the whole West Coast, the carrier which had done most to arouse the productivity and open the markets of all the country along the old *Camino Real* from Jalisco to Arizona.

# NOTES

1. See Rippy, J. F., *Latin American and the Industrial Age*, (New York, 1944), chaps. 14-15, and authorities cited therein; for a general discussion of the Southern Pacific of Mexico. Also see Howard F. Cline, *The United States and Mexico*, (Cambridge 1954), *passim*.
2. Marshall, James, *Santa Fe*, (New York, 1945), *passim*, has some comments of interest giving sidelights on these phases of the early Sonora railway.
3. Turner, T. G., *Bullets, Bottles and Gardenias*, (Dallas, 1935), gives some amusing accounts of the use of the railway during the revolutionary movements along the West Coast.
4. See Wallace, Dillon, *Beyond the Mexican Sierras*, (Chicago, 1910), pp. 254, 273-4, for contemporary descriptions.
5. For fairly recent estimates of the conditions and prospects of Mexican railways today, see Report of the Combined Mexican Working Party, *The Economic Development of Mexico*, (Baltimore, 1953), pp. 89-93, and tables 96-103.

# A President Visits Los Angeles: *Rutherford B. Hayes' Tour of 1880*

*By John E. Baur*

 HIS YEAR MARKS THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY of the first presidential visit to the Pacific Coast. The event was symbolic of the growing political, economic, and social importance of the Far West, and particularly of California. It was also a typical gesture of an unfortunately controversial man whose administration was the turning point in Southern Reconstruction and national reunification. This was Rutherford B. Hayes, and his tour was a further advancement of American unity. Yet, the visit would have its shortcomings and stir up a minor controversy of its own.

Although the transcontinental railroad had united the Atlantic and Pacific in May, 1869, President Ulysses S. Grant had been unable during his term to set a precedent by visiting the West beyond the Rockies. Grant, however, knew California well. As a soldier shortly after the Mexican War, he had been stationed in the new state. Again, in the fall of 1879 at the conclusion of his successful world tour, Grant sailed within the Golden Gate. But by then he had not been chief executive for over two years.

Rutherford B. Hayes had never seen the Far West. This Ohio-born statesman's early administration had been filled with political issues. His extremely narrow selection in 1876-77 by an Electoral Commission as president over the popular favorite, Samuel J. Tilden, had made him a minority president whom many felt a usurper. Finally, by 1879, national affairs seemed comparatively quiet, and he began planning a visit to the Pacific Coast. It should be that summer, Hayes thought.<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately, the annoyance that plagues every politician, a prolonged Congressional session,



put an end to contemplation, and the trip was postponed until the next summer. And that next year, 1880, was a presidential election year, with all the passions and purposes that meant.

Had Hayes held office in the twentieth century, it would have been considered both shrewd and appropriate to "stump" the country only a few weeks before the election, for ideas have changed since the 'eighties. Hayes, however, considered it beneath the dignity of his office to campaign for his Republican successor, James A. Garfield. A president, he felt, should keep aloof from partisan issues when a guest of his fellow citizens. Hayes had not been pushed forward for a second term. He was now virtually a "lame duck," and some saw this "flight" to the Far West as an abandonment of Garfield and the party. Hayes, they said, had not even contributed to the Garfield campaign chest.<sup>2</sup> On the other hand, Democrats began condemning the trip as an evasion of his presidential duties in Washington.

Undisturbed by the ever-present critics of both camps, with his wife, his sons Birchard and Rutherford, General William T. Sherman and his daughter, and General John G. Mitchell, he set out from Washington on the evening of August 26, 1880.<sup>3</sup> At Omaha, the party was joined by Secretary of War Alexander Ramsey. For the next fortnight, the presidential train stopped at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and then went on to the "City of the Saints," or Salt Lake City, where the Hayeses could marvel at Mormon progress. In fabulous Nevada they all donned miners' gear and descended into the rich vaults of the Comstock Lode. By the time they had visited each of these colorful attractions of the Old West, the Hayes party had traveled in nearly every type of conveyance known to the nineteenth century and had been greeted by parades, receptions, banquets and balls. Now they were at the threshold of California and about to receive the biggest welcome of all.

Hayes later mused that he entered the Golden State not *via* the Isthmus of Panama or around Cape Horn, nor even by a pair of iron rails, but floated over the mountain tops! He had taken a steamer across Lake Tahoe.<sup>4</sup> Then, appropriately enough, on California's biggest holiday, Admission Day, September 9, the Hayes

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party arrived at Oakland where a giant reception greeted them. Caroline H. Dall, one of Mrs. Hayes' bevy of hostesses, noted that she seemed tired from her trip and still wore mourning for her brother, yet "she is not *civil*, but cordial; not *attentive*, but interested."<sup>5</sup> Others praised the couple's natural charm and common sense. At four o'clock that afternoon, the presidential party reached San Francisco and was welcomed by Governor George C. Perkins. They moved from the Oakland ferry up Market Street to California, then to Sansome, to Sutter, to Montgomery, to Washington, to Kearny, to Market, to Sixth, and then countermarched to New Montgomery.<sup>6</sup> The visitors were able to rest a few days in the Bay City, but by September 15 were at San José where Lucy Hayes was especially honored. A committee of ladies lauded her for establishing temperance in the White House and thus driving out "the army of wine guzzling leeches that have swarmed in and around it." Whereupon, she was presented by the W.C.T.U. with a silk banner bearing the legend "She Hath Done What She Could."<sup>7</sup>

Meanwhile, Hayes congratulated local residents upon their scenery and joked admiringly of the bracing weather, "I know they have as much climate to the hour as any place I ever was in." Afterwards, General Sherman recalled the San José of the thirty years earlier when there was little but mustard plants and cottages festooned with red peppers. As it was with all members of the distinguished party, his keynote was national unity. Of Hayes, Sherman said, "No longer President of the Atlantic States, or of the Mississippi States, but of all States, and which are one, and will be forever and forever."<sup>8</sup>

Hayes' biographer believes that his most important speech of the trip was on the steps of the capitol at Sacramento, where he spoke of California's future responsibilities as destiny moved westward.<sup>9</sup> After that, Monterey, Gilroy, San Juan, the Pajaro country, and the Salinas Valley were on their itinerary. Later they moved up the coast into the Pacific Northwest, stopping at Portland and Seattle, visiting long lines of school children at Astoria on October 15, and seeing such landmarks as lighthouses and Fort Stevens.<sup>10</sup> Now, the farthest point of this record-making journey had been

reached, and the presidential entourage began its slow way home, turning south again through California.

In Los Angeles, excitement had been mounting since July when the trip had first been made public and Hayes' intention of visiting the former "Queen of the Cow Counties" became known. If there was one characteristic of the whole project that Angelenos would remember it was the lack of detailed organization of the tour. Its itinerary was often changed, dates altered, and side trips improvised, so that Los Angeles did not know from one day until the next just when the famous traveler would come.

Immediately upon his arrival in California, September 9, a Citizens' Committee wrote the President, extending the freedom of Los Angeles to his party. The president of the Horticultural Society, noting that Hayes would arrive as the annual fair was under way, invited him to be its honored guest. From San Francisco on September 13 came an autographed letter from Hayes accepting the invitations with thanks.<sup>11</sup> Of course, not all citizens were willing to welcome the candidate who had carried California in 1876 by less than 4,000 votes. One disgruntled Angeleno, angered because his neighbors were preparing to "hurrah for Hayes," urged:

If we are true to ourselves and our principles we will banquet Mr. Hayes on cold shoulder, and thereby give him to understand we have not forgotten nor are likely to forget his official misdeeds; that we have manhood enough left to refuse to kiss the hand that smote us, and that in this country true merit, not official position, is the only road to honor.<sup>12</sup>

This complainant, who signed himself "B," was aroused because Hayes had vetoed the Silver Bill against the wishes of a good many Westerners, and also the Fifteen Passenger Act.

On the other side, however, the President had his defenders, equally eloquent; said one:

President Hayes is a modest, brave, honest, intelligent gentleman, intensely devoted to the material development of the American Union, and upon whose pure and honorable life the tongue of slander is forever silent.<sup>13</sup>

As suspense mounted, the presidential train moved southward, leaving the Bay region on October 18 for Yosemite. This side trip would make Hayes several days later than had been originally



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scheduled.<sup>14</sup> When the train reached Merced, Hayes was still asleep, but a brass band and a crowd of shouting townspeople caused him to dress hastily, come out, and shake a dozen or so hands while the animated citizenry congratulated the sleepy chief executive.<sup>15</sup>

In Los Angeles, still primarily an agricultural center, it was being arranged so that the fairs of the county Agricultural Society and of the Southern California Horticultural Society would be held simultaneously, the former at Agricultural (now Exposition) Park, and the latter at the large Pavilion which had been erected on Temple Street just two years earlier.<sup>16</sup> These lavish displays of the region's chief crops would see to it that Hayes would "not leave us without having formed a conception—faint though it may be—of the magnificent heritage nature has left to our people."<sup>17</sup>

Meanwhile, the Joint Committee of the City Council and Citizens met with Mayor J. R. Toberman. It included William H. Workman, Lieutenant Governor John Mansfield, former Governor John G. Downey, J. E. Hollenbeck, J. M. Griffith, and Colonel R. S. Baker. They planned to meet their celebrated guests at the Old Depot and escort them to the Cosmopolitan Hotel on Main Street. While the Horticultural Society offered a band to greet them at the depot and serenade the Hayes retinue at the hotel, the civic and military companies of San Bernardino and Wilmington were also invited to join the grand procession. The City Council had raised a paltry sum for the entertainment, but J. M. Griffith of the Finance Committee announced the collection of \$425 for the formal reception. "It is expected," the *Herald* reported, "that the San Bernardino Cavalry, Brigadier General Boyer and staff, Gen. O. B. Wilcox and staff of Arizona, and the San Bernardino, Anaheim, and Wilmington fire companies, the Los Angeles Guard, the Mexican War Veterans and such other organizations as choose will unite in the demonstration."<sup>18</sup> Hayes's delay in arriving defeated some of these plans but helped increase the excitement of expectancy. Business being always business, one wide-awake merchant captured the spirit of the moment and advertised, "Important dispatch just received from President Hayes—The best boots and shoes are for sale by D. Nagle, 88 Main Street. Call and examine his new goods just received."<sup>19</sup>

While Hayes was enjoying the magnificence of Yosemite and Angelenos were becoming increasingly impatient, since the President might miss the two fairs entirely, General Sherman arrived in town and announced himself the forerunner of the chief executive. It was October 22. The tactful hero of the March through Georgia caught the imagination of this one-time hotbed of Secessionists. With good humor that evening, he joined Lieutenant Governor John Mansfield and Mayor Toberman at the Horticultural Pavilion and in the same vein of a diplomatist he had earlier used at San Jose, Sherman recalled an earlier Los Angeles:

I was here thirty years ago. I now trace merely the vestige of the adobe village then here. I now find the results of enterprise in a beautiful city . . . . Your city and region are the most beautiful and attractive in the world. It must become more and more sought, both as a place of popular resort and as a place of residence.

Then he compared the province of a few thousand he had known to the present State of nearly a million. Transportation had advanced during his absence. At mid-century, Sherman noted, it took 198 days to reach Washington from Los Angeles, but with the Hayes party he would reach the capital in about eight.<sup>20</sup>

While in Los Angeles, Sherman paid his respects to his charming hostess of long before, Doña Refugia Bandini, who had entertained him at San Diego in 1847. Another important local banquet for him was at the New England Kitchen, the fair's popular restaurant, and in a straw poll set up there for charity, he cast \$3.00 worth of votes for Garfield. It was the height of the election "season," and the city had just witnessed a series of party parades. Though hardly politicking, Sherman did induce one of the ladies at the bazaar to vote five times for his favorite, though she was a life-long Democrat. At it was still a custom in the 'eighties, when the General retired for the night at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, the San Bernardino Cavalry and the Los Angeles Guards serenaded him.

Indeed, the Los Angeles Hayes would first see the next morning had been transformed from the Mexican pueblo of 1,610 in 1850; at the federal census just taken, the little city numbered 11,183 inhabitants, and it was just entering a decade of transition, the era of the "Great Boom" when population would quintuple by 1890.

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Sherman himself sounded like a precursor of the boom as much as a courier for Hayes. Certainly this distinguished group saw the first evidences of genuine metropolitan growth, such as the first cement pavement in town, laid that year on Main Street, though they could not observe California's first pipe line, opened in 1880 from Pico Canyon to Newhall.<sup>21</sup>

Even if Hayes was only part-prophet, at seven o'clock on the hazy morning of October 23, 1880, he was fully aware that he had entered a lively, expanding town full of optimistic — and fully awake — Americans.<sup>22</sup> Because of the shortness of his formal visit, a mere six hours, the military parade and fire department procession had to be cancelled, and no students would exercise, but within the limits allowed, a fine demonstration took place. Hayes had arrived quite a bit too early for his official hosts. If his itinerary had been badly timed, the city's was not. Promptly at its set hour, 9 A.M., the reception committee, consisting of Messrs. Toberman, Lawlor, Buck, Buchanan, and Workman, former Governor Downey, C. Wiley Wells, and the agriculturist and local booster, L. J. Rose, drove up in carriages and entered the private car. For two hours a large crowd had been gathering and kept up a hearty cheer until President Hayes at last appeared. Then they were accompanied by the whistles of Lankershim's mill and Perry Woodworth & Company's factory. Los Angeles' incipient industrialism was saluting the chief magistrate. Appropriately, too, the first man to shake hands with Hayes was an old *Californio*, Don Manuel Requena, for half a century a prominent citizen and an acquaintance of Sherman a generation before. Requena accompanied the party in its ride about the city.<sup>23</sup>

Now, the presidential procession commenced, headed by Consterman's bandwagon and a squad of mounted policemen. Next came the carriage of J. S. Slauson, Judge W. B. Lawlor, S. H. Buchanan, and S. J. Buck, and behind it the four-in-hand barouch with President and Mrs. Hayes and Mayor Toberman. The barouch was drawn by four fine bays, on which Johnny Wilson, a very proud Angeleno that morning, smartly held rein. Then followed the carriage of General Sherman and Lieutenant Governor Mans-



field. Last of all came Secretary Ramsey, his wife and son, and John G. Downey.

The streets were lined with people from all over the county, the men doffing their hats and the ladies waving handkerchiefs. Slowly the procession moved from the depot up Alameda, Aliso, and Arcada streets to Main, where a large crowd had assembled. On passing the Cosmopolitan Hotel, where Andrew H. Denker had taken rooms for them, Hayes was received by three rousing cheers. He stood bareheaded in the carriage and bowed his thanks to the crowd while Mrs. Hayes smiled and waved. At First Street, the orderly procession went out to San Pedro Street and then to the rural outskirts of town to view Wolfskill's orchards and other ranches.<sup>24</sup> Democrats later gloated that the first orange grove visited was that of a distant relative, Councilman O. H. Bliss, a stalwart Democrat.<sup>25</sup> James Wolfskill had erected at the entrance of his suburban estate an arch of evergreens with the monogram "H"; on either side of the long avenue leading from his house to the main groves were small flags attached to citrus branches. The visitors got a thrill common to later tourists when their barouch was driven close to a large orange tree so that they personally could pick the golden fruit from their carriage. James Wolfskill's brother-in-law, the civic leader and teacher, Henry D. Barrows, took Wolfskill's two little girls, "Chene" (Inocente) and "Toode" (Elena) to present Mrs. Hayes with two bouquets. When they bashfully hesitated, Lucy Hayes, who had eight children of her own, urged them on with "Come, little darlings." Meanwhile, the leading ranchers sent boxes of their fruit to the presidential train, and in each of them one grower remembered to put a copy of the *Centennial History of Los Angeles*, rather scholarly booster literature, to help the chief executive learn about this area which no president had seen before.<sup>26</sup>

As the morning was growing late, the party returned to the city, and at 10:30 reached Agricultural Park, southwest of town, where 200 people were already waiting for them. Hayes was welcomed by the fair's board of directors at 11:15, and then he witnessed a parade of horses and livestock at the park's racetrack. The display of the county's best cattle lasted for fifteen minutes.<sup>27</sup>

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North of Agricultural Park, in a field of high yellow mustard was the new-born University of Southern California.<sup>28</sup> Just six weeks earlier, on September 4, Los Angeles' 99th birthday, Bishops Isaac W. Wiley and Matthew Simpson had dedicated the first modest frame building, and on October 6 the doors were first thrown open to less than 100 students.<sup>28</sup> Bishop Simpson foresaw future greatness there, saying, "I can see in the future possibilities for this institution that cannot be attained in any other place on the continent." Round about were the orange groves and grain fields alive with the riches of harvesttime as Hayes arrived here. Already streetcars passed near the lonely campus, and a branch of the Santa Monica railroad, part of the Southern Pacific system, ran a few blocks from the university.<sup>29</sup> Accompanied by the recently inaugurated college president, the Rev. N. M. Bovard, Hayes went through the building, and, as a well-known friend of education who was just then advocating federal aid to schools, he prophesied on his own part the great things due for local learning.<sup>30</sup>

Then the party started back to town, *via* Adams and Figueroa, but making a detour to Orange Street in hope of getting a good view of the city, but, as smogtime Angelenos can appreciate, the October fog prevented a clear panoramic vista. Just before noon the party reached its headquarters at the Cosmopolitan Hotel on Main Street and passed through the parlors festooned with autumn flowers and evergreens, and went to private rooms to rest. The President and First Lady had eaten often and sumptuously on this long trip, and at 12:30 they dined again. The bill of fare, printed on white satin in French, included everything from *huitres en coquilles* — oysters on the half shell — to *pommes de terre Chateaubriand*.

The climax of the visit was Hayes's speech in front of the historic Baker Block at one o'clock. The City Band and Mayor Toberman's practiced eloquence prefaced the presidential address. Then, continuing his policy of discussing only non-controversial subjects, the President told the crowd of 5,000 that he was glad that California no longer spoke of the East as "The States." From Maine to California, his journey had proved to him, the American

people were the same. In their turn, the Old World's rapidly increasing millions of immigrants were becoming good Americans, too. Most of all, our system of free education, so successful in California, helped make this so. Inevitably, Hayes remembered to praise the glorious climate and the rich soils. He declared that he had asked the lieutenant governor to supply him with a candid list of California's *bad* qualities, but none could possibly be compiled. Then Hayes went on to the Pavilion where the Horticultural Fair's exhibits helped bolster his final assertion.<sup>31</sup>

Up the Horticultural Pavilion's ninety-nine wooden steps went the President. Once more he spoke briefly, and, as if he had not lunched enough, once more he was dined, this time at the New England Kitchen. Ranchers contributed their choicest products, and Mrs. Hayes was given a red, white, and blue cambric cup and saucer.<sup>32</sup> During Hayes's last speech, a lady horticultural enthusiast was sure that she saw the First Lady's "comely face intently gazing upon this mass of tropic leafage and bloom," while General Sherman carried off as a trophy a mammoth quince. Someone claimed that Hayes was especially intrigued by the baby chick incubator and the bee exhibit.<sup>33</sup>

Thus, at three o'clock the Hayes party left for San Gabriel. Many complained of the extreme shortness of their stay, but one citizen philosophized in a truly Californian manner: "They were seen by thousands, for a moment, and our mountains and valleys remain to us forever."<sup>34</sup>

It may have seemed strange that the time-conscious Hayeses would make a detour to the beautiful San Gabriel Valley. Nevertheless, this was a sentimental journey. Mrs. Hayes's maternal half-brother, J. M. Matthews, had been one of the original settlers at Pasadena. As secretary of the California Colony of Indiana, he had helped formulate the plan for founding Pasadena in 1873-74.<sup>35</sup> Matthews' own colony tract of sixty acres extended from Fair Oaks Avenue to Arroyo Drive. Unfortunately, the brilliant Matthews had been "wrecked by strong drink," and it was thought that the change of scenery and climate would help him. Pasadena, seemed the ideal place. Thus he had given up his editorial work in Indian-



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apolis to come to California. Although his removal was in vain, as his health did not improve, Matthews found many good friends in Pasadena. Dr. O. H. Conger, a prominent citizen, was especially kind. Then, in 1876, Matthews went east, never to return, and soon to die.<sup>36</sup>

Lucy Hayes, who had kept in letter contact with her brother and his neighbors, now wished to thank the Pasadenans in person for their kindness and to see the place where her late brother had lived.

Due to the poor scheduling of the whole Hayes visit to Southern California, Perry M. Green, head of the welcoming committee and a famous local hotel man, had only a few hours' notice, and quickly sent word to as many citizens as possible about the presidential call. Unluckily, most Pasadenans had gone to Los Angeles to see Hayes, so there was a relatively small turnout of the village's 400-odd settlers.

There was not even time for the ubiquitous custom of hanging floral wreaths along the driveways to the host's home. All that could be done was to gather a few boxes of oranges to be sent to the train. J. De Barth Shorb, that year's president of the Agricultural Society, brought the retinue to Pasadena. In the first carriage were General George Stoneman, who had retired from the army to ranch near San Gabriel, Governor George C. Perkins, and General Sherman and his daughter, Rachel. Meanwhile, at her Los Robles ranch, Mrs. Stoneman hastily prepared a meal.

The visitors were met on Mission Street in South Pasadena by Whit. Elliott, Morton Banbury, and William Clapp, their mounted escort.<sup>37</sup> Meanwhile, Green was excitedly awaiting his guests, when a cloud of dust from the carriages signalled their arrival. Not waiting for the President to reach his doorway, Green ran down the driveway and led the visitors to his lawn, where they were welcomed in a brief speech by A. O. Porter, president of the Colony Association. Cheerfully, Hayes congratulated Porter on the recent election of his brother as Governor of Indiana, while little girls in white presented flowers and fruits and were lifted up to the carriage where the Hayeses both kissed them.<sup>38</sup>

During this ceremony, the rest of the party had become separated and had continued down Sylvan Avenue to Columbia Street. There, two old soldiers of Sherman's army greeted him; one of them the General recognized and called by name — Alexander Edwards, a company officer at Vicksburg, and now a resident of Fair Oaks Avenue.

Mrs. Hayes, too, was by then reminiscing with Thomas F. Croft, her brother's old friend. Pasadena, they noticed, was well laid out with wide streets, fine homes after only six years of growth, and a superb view of the blue-gray mountains.

After this hasty pause at Pasadena, the Hayeses rejoined Sherman and then went on to General Stoneman's ranch with its large adobe houses, orchards, and fertile fields. The valley was a pattern of prospering vineyards, giant wineries, and autumn gardens. Finally, at the San Gabriel Mission, Hayes and his entourage climbed aboard the train, and on the Southern Pacific's tracks traveled away from the sunset toward Arizona. Moving at the then fast clip of forty miles per hour, the presidential party went home by the southern route, via Tucson and Santa Fe.<sup>39</sup> Hayes was in a hurry to arrive back in Ohio in time to vote for Garfield.

Now the first presidential visit to the Pacific Slope was a footnote in history. Critics hurried to write a bitter commentary. The press of the 'eighties, politically partisan at best, and especially virulent in election season, ran true to form. The *Herald* was rather milder than most, claiming that Hayes was well received, though the cheering was faint, since he was, it asserted, electioneering when he should be doing his executive job.<sup>40</sup> A correspondent sneered that,

Now that the fashion has been set of having *de facto* Presidents visit California it is to be hoped that future Presidents, who will be *de jure* as well as *de facto*, will in that single respect imitate the example of President Hayes. Then there will be a regular groundswell of cordiality.<sup>41</sup>

True, there was no unbounded or boisterous enthusiasm for the Hayes party. Its central figure commanded the admiration of some and the curiosity of others, but hardly hero worshipping. There even were some Los Angeles partisans of the defeated Tilden who

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defiantly walked past Hayes in the reception line and refused to shake his hand.<sup>42</sup>

A parting shot from the opposition came from the national capital and ridiculed the whole extraordinary journey and its purpose:

The latest news from the Presidential-Hayes-Comination-Civil-Service Troop, is that he was about to start for home; though it was thought probable—as there was nothing of importance to attend to here, at the Capital—that they might go on to the Arctic, by way of Alaska, in search of the North Pole and the lost Civil-Service Order No. 1, as the same seems to have got out of bounds.

This was followed a few days later by “Vox’s” insistence that since Hayes was far away making “partisan speeches,” it was impossible for any citizen to transact business requiring executive approval, “and this while the Executive is drawing from the pockets of the people \$50,000 per annum, besides perquisites for his services.”<sup>43</sup>

Hayes reached his Fremont, Ohio, home on November 1, just in time to vote the next morning for his choice. Then he arrived back in Washington on November 6. The next day he noted in his now famous diary that his 71-day trip had been “most fortunate in all its circumstances. Superb weather, good health, and no accidents. A most gratifying reception greeted us everywhere from the people and from noted and interesting individuals.”<sup>44</sup> Politically, it had probably been of very little help in electing Garfield, for California and its six electoral votes which Hayes himself had won by 79,269 against Tilden’s 76,464 four years before, now was narrowly lost to Winfield S. Hancock by only 78 votes, or 80,348 for Garfield to 80,426 for Hancock. Perhaps a little real politicking would have helped. Garfield won Oregon by 671 votes and lost Nevada by 879. Most of the other regions that Hayes had visited, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, Arizona, and New Mexico, were not even states and thus played no part in the impending election. It therefore seems logical to believe that the retiring president visited the Far West precisely for the reasons he had so plainly stated, to help unite the country, to make Westerners feel themselves first of all Americans, and to allow all the American people to meet the



only office holder who represented them all. Certainly Hayes's mere presence would tend to help his candidate for the White House, but if this was campaigning, then it was campaigning of the subtlest sort.

Rutherford B. Hayes, who, despite his many contemporary critics, is recognized by today's historians as one of our near-great presidents, established a precedent. George Washington had followed a similar policy by making his first presidential tours of New England and the South in 1789 and 1791 respectively. It was especially appropriate in 1880 that Hayes should visit Los Angeles, where isolation was just ending as land and water transportation swiftly improved. In an age when the second most populous state and the nation's third largest city welcome presidents almost annually, it is ridiculous to ask if Hayes' half-forgotten trip was worthwhile. History, too, was ever moving westward. This was a symbolic cavalcade of destiny.

## NOTES

1. Charles Richard Williams, *The Life of Rutherford Birchard Hayes, Nineteenth President of the United States*. (2 vols., Boston and New York, 1914), II, p. 293.
2. Charles Richard Williams, ed., *Diary and Letters of Rutherford Birchard Hayes*. (4 vols., Columbus, 1924), III, p. 625.
3. *Ibid.*
4. Los Angeles *Daily Commercial*, October 26, 1880.
5. Caroline H. Dall, *My First Holiday; or, Letters Home*. (Boston, 1881), p. 185.
6. Los Angeles *Express*, September 9, 1880.
7. *The Pioneer*, San José, California, September 18, 1880.
8. *Ibid.*
9. Williams, *The Life of Rutherford B. Hayes*, op. cit., II, p. 295.
10. Los Angeles *Herald*, October 9, 1880.
11. Los Angeles *Express*, September 13 and 15, 1880. On September 8, the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors named A. H. Rogers, J. C. Hannon, and Richard Egan, its members, as a committee to represent it in receiving Hayes when he should arrive in Los Angeles. Board of Supervisors *Minutes Book*, VII, 1878-1882, p. 294.
12. Los Angeles *Express*, September 18, 1880.
13. Los Angeles *Daily Commercial*, October 23, 1880.
14. Los Angeles *Herald*, October 19, 1880.
15. *Ibid.*, October 21, 1880.
16. Los Angeles *Express*, October 4, 1880.
17. *Ibid.*, October 23, 1880.
18. Los Angeles *Herald*, October 9, 1880.
19. Los Angeles *Daily Commercial*, October 23, 1880.
20. Los Angeles *Herald*, October 22, 1880. On August 11, at Columbus, Ohio, Sherman had first said "war is hell." He had been in California 1847-50, arriving just after the conclusion of the Mexican war. He was stationed in northern California, but spent some time in the southern region.
21. General Benjamin F. Butler visited Los Angeles that year.

## *A President Visits Los Angeles*

22. Harris Newmark, *Sixty Years in Southern California, 1853-1913* (Boston, 1926), p. 522. See also *Los Angeles Herald*, October 23, 1880.
23. *Los Angeles Daily Commercial*, October 26, 1880.
24. *Ibid.*, October 24, 1880. The Cosmopolitan, first called the Lafayette, had been opened in 1859.
25. *Los Angeles Herald*, October 24, 1880.
26. *Los Angeles Daily Commercial*, October 26, 1880. Barrows had married Wolfskill's sister Juana.
27. Rockwell D. Hunt, *The First Half-Century* (of the University of Southern California) (Los Angeles, 1930), p. 4.
29. *Pacific Rural Press*, September 18, 1880. U.S.C. had been founded by the Methodist Episcopal Church. Hayes and his wife, too, were Methodists.
30. *Los Angeles Daily Commercial*, October 26, 1880.
31. *Ibid.*, October 24, 1880, and *Los Angeles Herald*, October 24, 1880. A success, the Horticultural Fair closed the night Hayes left.
32. Sarah Bixby Smith, *Adobe Days* (Los Angeles, 1931), p. 91.
33. "The Los Angeles Horticultural Fair—No. 2," by Jeanne C. Carr, in *Pacific Rural Press*, November 6, 1880.
34. *Ibid.*
35. John W. Wood, *Pasadena—Historical and Personal* (Pasadena, 1917), p. 54.
36. Hiram A. Reid, *History of Pasadena* (Pasadena, 1895), p. 315.
37. *Ibid.*, p. 316.
38. *Los Angeles Express*, October 25, 1880. The election of Albert G. Porter as Governor of Indiana in October was to influence the victory of Garfield.
39. Charles Frederick Holder, *All About Pasadena and Its Vicinity* (Boston, 1889), pp. 8-18. See also *Los Angeles Express*, October 25, 1880, and R. W. C. Farnsworth, ed., *Southern California Paradise* (Pasadena, 1883), p. 41.
40. *Los Angeles Herald*, October 26, 1880. The next day the *Daily Commercial* published a reply to Volney E. Howard's "attack" on Hayes in the *Herald*. The President's defender said Howard's three-column article was "abounding in blunders and filled with slanders of good men" and was "laughable." It was about time, the Hayes man observed, that presidents informed themselves about the nation, as Hayes had just done.
41. *Los Angeles Herald*, October 24, 1880.
42. Smith, *Adobe Days*, *op. cit.*, p. 91. As a small boy witnessing the grand events, David Prescott Barrows had been amazed how General Sherman could keep his cigar in his mouth all the while he was making a speech!
43. *The Pioneer*, San Jose, October 30, 1880. See also, *ibid.*, November 13, 1880.
44. Williams, ed., *Diary and Letters of Rutherford Birchard Hayes*, *op. cit.*, III, p. 625.

# The First Families of La Ballona Valley

*By Sister Clementia Marie, D.M.J.*



THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE WEST, and particularly of California, has always been a source of great interest for me. Even more than the story of this vast state have I been intrigued by that small section of it in which I have spent most of my life—La Ballona Valley. Very little has been written concerning this Valley and its early occupants. What information there is about the period from the founding of the pueblo of Los Angeles is vague. I think the reason why historians have neglected La Ballona Valley is because of its location. It was off the main routes of transportation and as a result would not be a gathering place for the people of the day. Also, it had the historical “misfortune” of not having any battles fought within its boundaries, although some of its residents did take an active part in a few of the skirmishes of the Mexican period. With this idea in mind, I would like to trace, as far as I am able with the material I have, the story of the Higuera, Machado, and Talamantes families, who were the first to settle in La Ballona Valley.

Before taking up the history of the first settlers, one would probably like to know the origin of the name of La Ballona for the valley. Most of the Spanish names of California are easily translated, but in the case of La Ballona there is some mystery. Not even the Machados who were the first owners of Rancho La Ballona are sure of what it really means. No doubt the reason for the mystery is that in the early days the name was often spoken, but rarely written. According to David Worsfold:

“Ballona” has been an officially established name in this area for over a century, but my study of history has led me to believe that this is not





*Photo from the Author's Collection*

### EARLY SETTLERS OF LA BALLONA VALLEY

*Some of the pioneers of La Ballona Valley who are mentioned in the accompanying article are, from left to right: Maria Chapman, holding infant. Eva Chapman. Francisco Higuera, holding child, Juanita Chapman, Rosario Higuera. Joseph Chapman, Juan Chapman (seated, first chair), Enrique Higuera (second chair), Secundino Higuera (third chair), Manuela Higuera (fourth chair), Bernardo Higuera (standing behind Juan Chapman), Claudina Olvera (seated on porch) and Estevan Higuera. Juan Chapman was the son of the renowned Joseph Chapman, escapee from the Pirate Bouchard.*

# Genealogy of t

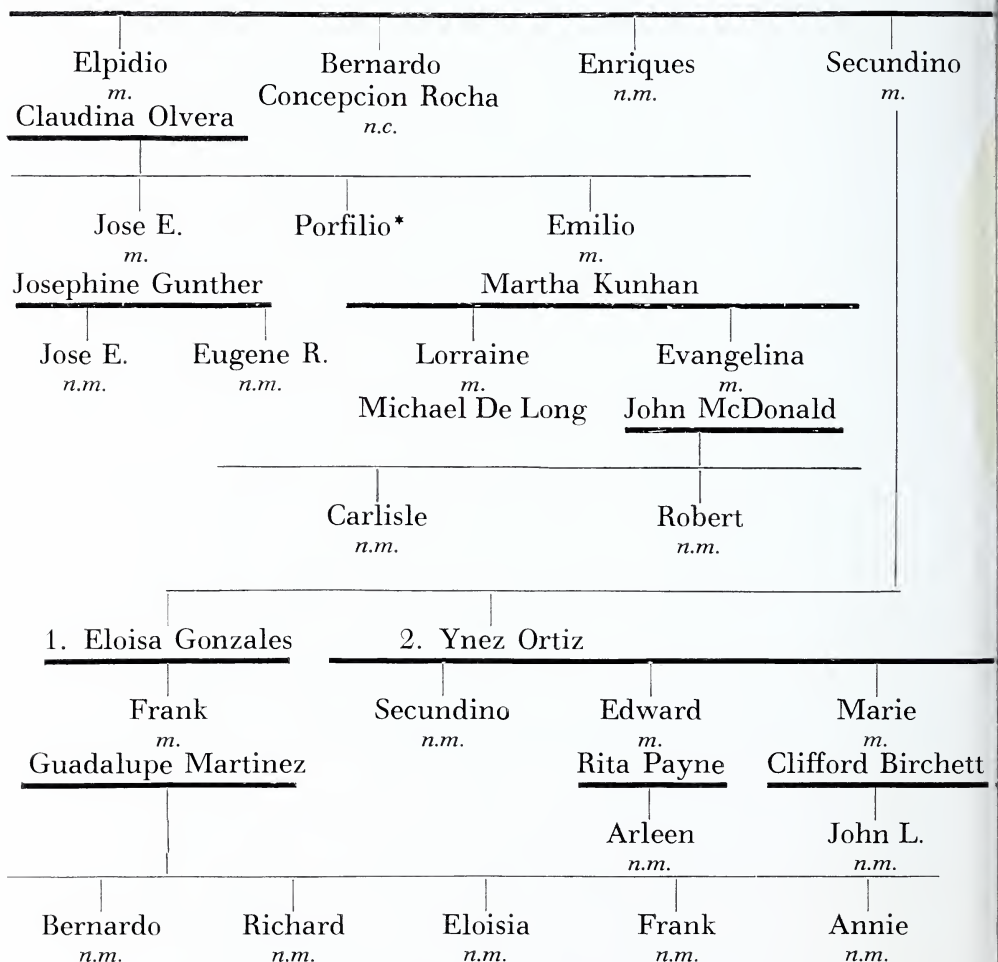
Ber

Ros

Secundino  
*n.m.*

1. Yn

*m.*—married  
*n.m.*—not married  
*n.c.*—no children  
\*—deceased

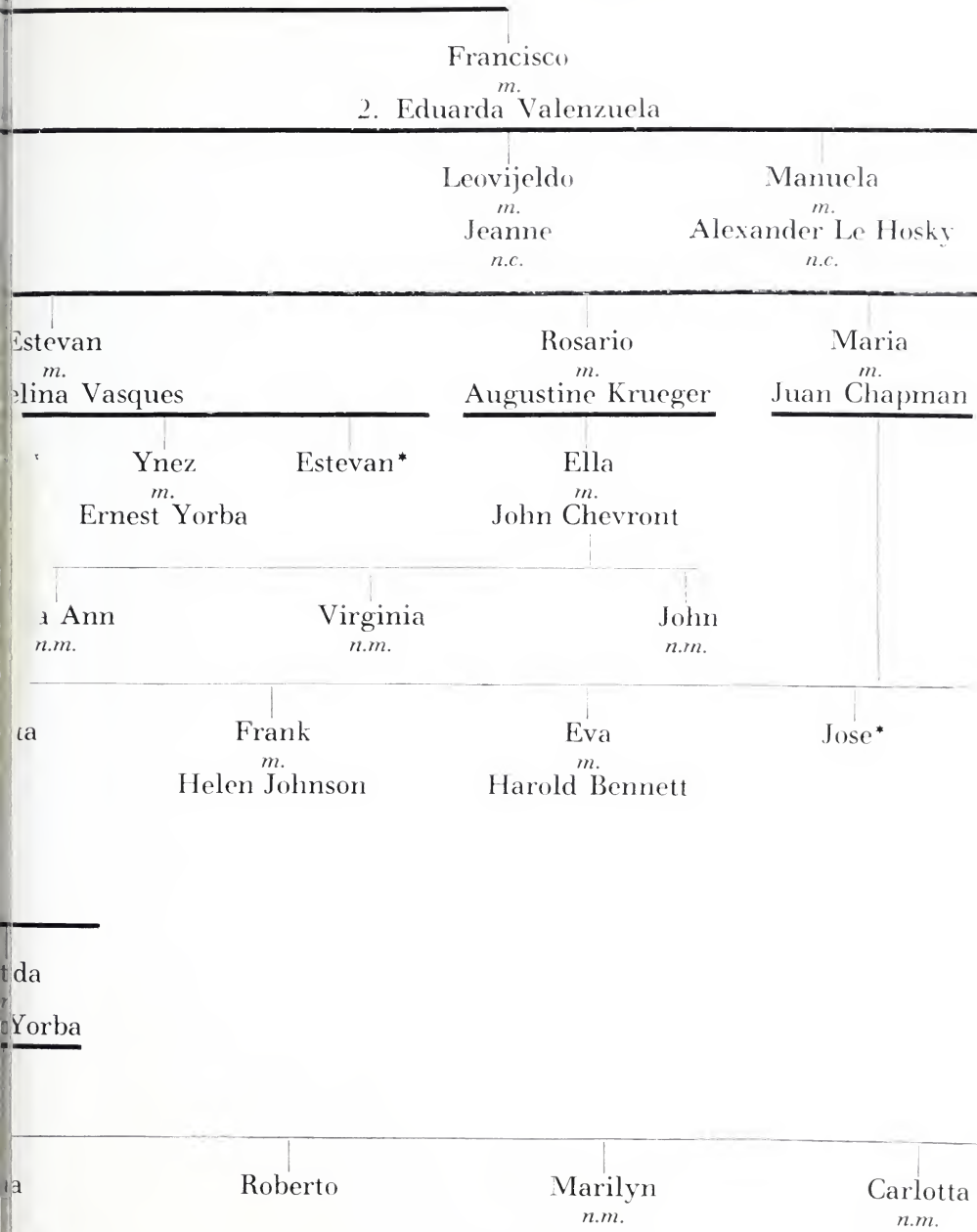


NOTE: Garner, Bess Adams, *Windows in an Old Adobe*.  
Genealogical Tables 2 and 7. Many of the children  
marked not married have, since the time this table  
made, entered that state.

# Higuera Family

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## *The First Families of La Ballona Valley*

the proper or original spelling . . . It should be spelled "Bayona," but pronounced "By-ona," the same as the accepted pronunciation of Ballona, where the double "l" is given the "y" sound.<sup>1</sup>

It is hardly possible that "Ballona" is a corruption of the Spanish "Ballena" meaning "whale." According to Cristobal Machado it comes from the word "bay." This seems more plausible because as W. W. Robinson points out: "Certainly the bay was the big feature of Rancho La Ballona, for at flood time, waters of the lagoon and the marshes backed up nearly to the present Culver City." He also goes on to relate that the Talamantes family told A. J. Rivera, Los Angeles County Interpreter, that "'Ballona' was the California spelling of 'Bayona,' a bay city on the north coast of Spain from which one of their ancestors came."<sup>2</sup>

"Within a decade after the eleven families from Sonora and Sinaloa started building Los Angeles' first houses, the names of Machado, Higuera, Talamantes, and Lopez were established in the community."<sup>3</sup> This is an exceedingly general statement about the first families of La Ballona, for their names may have been well-established in the community, but from the historical point of view they left precious few records for posterity.

The Higueras originated from Culiacan, Sinaloa, Mexico. The first to come from Mexico, as far as I can establish, was Joaquin Higuera together with his family. They were supposed to have come "with the first colony by land, to colonize the New Spain." During their journey they passed through Real de Alamos, Real de Orcasitas, had the occasion to see Ynacio Mission and Presidio Terrenate. From the Presidio they followed the route to Yuma, then made their way to San Diego. At San Diego they were directed to the headquarters at San Gabriel, from which place they were appointed to settle at San José.<sup>4</sup>

In some way Joaquin Higuera must have found his way down to San Gabriel again, for he was married there in 1783, to Senorita Maria Teresa Cota.<sup>5</sup> Also, Bancroft mentions that there was a Joaquin Higuera who was one of the twenty new settlers in the pueblo of Los Angeles in 1786, and elsewhere that he was a settler in Los Angeles in 1790.<sup>6</sup>

To take up the narrative of B. J. Higuera, he says:

One of his (Joaquin's) sons, Don Bernardo Higuera, who came with his parents, was very young at the time of his father's death. When he became a young man, he left San Jose and went to the San Gabriel Mission, remaining there for several years. Here he married Senorita Maria Rosaria Palomares, the wedding taking place at the Old San Gabriel Mission Church. After the wedding he went to locate at San Jose. But a few years after he moved to his new rancho at San Bernardino. After selling this rancho, he moved to the Pueblo de Los Angeles, and located on the land, where the Arcadia depot now stands (this location was called a rancho in the early days, because it was far out of the Pueblo). Of this marriage, two sons were born, Secundino and Francisco Higuera.<sup>7</sup>

The first part of this statement, concerning the early death of Bernardo Higuera's father and his consequent migration to Los Angeles and return to San Jose, is something which I have not been able to validate satisfactorily. The facts of his marriage to Senorita Maria Rosaria and his settling in Los Angeles are true. It is at this point that the dark pages of the past begin to grow light and shed some illumination on the background of the Higuera family history.

In 1821, Bernardo Higuera, together with Cornelio Lopez, found it necessary to find additional grazing space for their cattle. Accordingly, they petitioned Captain Guerra y Noriega for a tract of land within the vicinity of Los Angeles, known as the "Corral Viejo del Rincon." The petition was made on December 5, 1821, and approved by Noriega two days later. Thus was begun Rancho Rincon de los Bueyes, which occupies the northern part of La Ballona Valley.<sup>8</sup>

Of Bernardo's two sons, Francisco was destined to be what one might call the patriarch of the Higueras in La Ballona. He was born on February 22, 1812.

One interesting story about Francisco clearly shows that he was a man to be reckoned with. It seems that he and his brother Secundino always had a desire to visit their ancestral home in Culiacan, Sinaloa. The risk was too great for them to make the trip by themselves because of the Indians, so they had to wait for the next party going in that direction. Eventually a group of soldiers with General Manuel Victoria as their leader came to Los Angeles on their way to Mexico. The two Higueras were invited to join as soldiers; they declined the invitation but said they would



## *The First Families of La Ballona Valley*

go as guests. Francisco offered to take his three horses and other equipment along. The general agreed to this arrangement. When they reached Yuma, General Victoria gave orders to dismount and take the saddles off the horses. Francisco did not obey, as he was not a soldier. The General repeated his orders to him personally, but Francisco replied that he did not have to follow the command since he was not a soldier, and that the saddles were his personal property. Victoria then proceeded to draw his sword with which to strike or kill him. As he was doing this, Francisco drew his pistol and pointed it directly at the General and told him not to move. At this time in the sequence of events some officers interfered and advised them not to fight. After the tempers had cooled Francisco decided to quit their company and return to the Pueblo de Los Angeles.<sup>9</sup>

Rancho Rincon de los Bueyes was much like any other Southern California rancho, where the hospitality was generous and the company genial. They tended their cattle and horses; raised such crops as corn, pumpkin, and beans, and cared for their vineyards. Two houses had been built on the land by Bernardo Higuera about 1822 or 1823, where he and his family lived until about 1834, when he verbally ceded his interest to his brother Policarpio. Bernardo then went to live in his house in the pueblo until his death. In 1848, Policarpio, his brother Mariano, Bernardo's son Francisco, and Pedro Mendez claimed a title to the ranch by "denouncement," because, as they said, the deceased Bernardo had abandoned it.<sup>10</sup>

At the time that the "Gold Rush" was occupying the thoughts of most people, romance entered the life of Francisco Higuera. According to his granddaughter, Mrs. Ella Chevront, Francisco was working in the general store in the pueblo one day when a young girl and her mother entered the building. The girl made a deep impression on him because of her sad demeanor. In those days, etiquette did not permit a young man to speak to a young lady without a proper introduction. Somehow Francisco surmounted this barrier and found that the reason for the girl's distress was that she was being forced to marry a man she did not love. The young heroine of our story was Senorita Ynez Ruiz, who was a native of the pueblo of Los Angeles but was then residing with her parents in San Fernando Valley. Eventually, Francisco found his



way to Ynez's home and obtained the required introduction, after which, he proceeded to throw his hat into the ring in the contest for the fair Ynez's hand. Francisco finally won his bride, thus this "Romance of the Ranchos" culminated with their wedding at San Gabriel Mission on March 10, 1849. The newly-weds made their permanent home on the Rancho Rincon de los Bueyes, where their hospitality and charity was known to all. The marriage of Francisco and Ynez was blessed with nine children: Manuela, Maria, Elpidio, Bernardo, Estaban, Rosario, Secundino, Enrique and Leovejildo.<sup>11</sup>

Although Augustin Machado's star, from a material point of view, swung high in the heavens, he cannot claim the distinction of his being an older family in the Los Angeles area than the Higuerras. José Manuel Machado, a twenty-five year old soldier guard, came together with his seventeen-year old wife from Sonora to Los Angeles in 1781. Even though my first statement is true, we must hand to the Machado Family the honor of being the first to settle in La Ballona Valley. For on September 19, 1839, Augustin and Ynacio Machado and Tomas and Felipe Talamantes made the following statement in petition for confirmation of their title: "We occupied, with our grazing stock, houses and other interests, the place called 'Pass of the Carretas,' but more generally known by the name of Ballona . . . about the space of eighteen or nineteen years, since we moved in."<sup>12</sup>

However, W. W. Robinson points out that when they first settled on the land the date was probably 1819, because the historian Bancroft records that the Church in that year was contesting, in vain, a cattle-grazing permit given to the Machados and the Talamantes. I agree with Mr. Robinson as to his conclusion about the date but not as to his interpretation of Bancroft. For according to him, it is not the Church that was involved but the regidores and thirty citizens (whose names Bancroft lists; among them is Bernardo Higuera) who presented their complaint to the acting Commander Moraga. These men said that Captain Guerra y Noriega had been induced by the Machados and the Talamantes to grant them the Rancho de los Quintos. Moraga left the decision for higher authorities by allowing the townsmen to build corrals on the land.<sup>13</sup> One of these corrals was the "Corral Viejo del Rincon" which was

### *The First Families of La Ballona Valley*

obtained by Bernardo Higuera in 1821, referred to earlier in this paper.

At any event, the Machados and the Talamantes retained their land in La Ballona. For the next twenty years they improved the rancho by stocking it with cattle, developing vineyards, sowing crops and building houses. The work of the rancho was done by some Indians that lived near the Machado adobe, and also by another group that lived near the cliffs beneath Loyola University.

Of the two Machado brothers, Ynacio and Augustin, the latter is the one with whom we are most concerned regarding the history of La Ballona Valley, because he made his permanent residence there. Ynacio later moved to Canada del Centinela, which makes up part of present day Inglewood.

Augustin built two adobes on his rancho, to one of which he brought his bride Ramona, the daughter of his neighbor, Francisco Sepulveda. The first home was washed away by flood water, so using his common sense he placed the next one on higher ground, but in the same general location.<sup>14</sup> In later years, this adobe was torn down by the Japanese farmers to make room for their beet fields.

In September, 1839, the Machados and Talamantes requested Governor Alvarado to confirm the title to their land by giving them a grant. This was done on November 27, 1839; they were granted a league of land or 4,439 acres according to the Spanish land league.

The ceremony for the formal, or "judicial" possession must have been a gala affair, because of the men who principally participated in the activity of the day. It does not seem improbable that the families of these men would have accompanied them and taken advantage of the occasion for a fiesta. The following will give an idea of those taking part in the ceremony: Policarpio Higuera of Rancho Rincon de los Bueyes and one of the official cord bearers of the day, Antonio Ynacio Avila of Rancho Sausal Redondo, Francisco Sepulveda of Rancho San Vicente, and Maximo Alanis of Rancho San Jose de Buenos Ayres.<sup>15</sup>

In 1851 the United States Board of Land Commissioners was established to settle all land claims. In the following year the Machados, Talamantes and Higueras filed claims to their respective

ranchos. The Machados and Talamantes did not have long to wait for the approval of their title, for it came through on February 14, 1854. Nineteen years later on December 8, 1873, the United States issued a patent covering Rancho La Ballona and confirming the title to nearly 14,000 acres, which seems strange because Governor Alvarado granted them only one league.<sup>16</sup> Where did they get all that extra land?

The approval of the Higuera property took much longer. They had to wait until 1869. However, they received their patent before the owners of Rancho La Ballona. The patent for Rancho Rincon de los Bueyes was issued on August 27, 1872, and confirmed the title for the patentees (Francisco and Secundino Higuera, to 3,100 acres.)<sup>17</sup>

The remaining history of the first families of La Ballona Valley during the American period of California history is a duplication of the story of thousands of Spanish Californian ranch owners. It is the story of the guileless being cheated by the avaricious. One example of this is a contract which was signed by Francisco Higuera and Henry Hancock, whereby Francisco had to pay Hancock for some legal services. The payment was various strips of land which Francisco owned in and about the pueblo of Los Angeles.

Augustin Machado did not live to see the final partition of his land for he died on May 17, 1865. To relate the history of this would be another paper in itself. Let it suffice to say that it must have been a confusing problem, because it took five years to obtain a partition decree.

As for Francisco Higuera, he witnessed the breaking up of his rancho and that of his neighbor. He died in 1904 at the age of ninety-two. There is nothing to indicate that he died a broken-hearted, old man, but one wonders what his sentiments were as he looked back upon better days, when he could go out on his front porch and was lord of all he surveyed for 3,100 acres.

In completing this paper I have come to the conclusion that even though I have found the sources to be sparse, there must be more in hidden places, if only one had the inclination and time

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to search them out. There is a rich vein of history in this valley, if only the mother lode could be found.

### NOTES

1. *Evening Star News and Venice Vanguard*, p. 3-4.
2. Robinson, W. W., *Ranchos Become Cities* (1939), p. 107.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 104. Cornelio Lopez was a co-petitioner with Bernardo Higuera for Rancho Rincon de los Bueyes. From Bancroft, *History of California*, Vol. IV, p. 717, we learn that there was a Cornelio Lopez in Los Angeles from 1836-1848. Whether this is the same person or not, I am not able to say.
4. This information came from a typewritten statement which was dictated by Bernardo J. Higuera, the great grandson of Joaquin. This paper is kept by the Higuera family.
5. Church records, San Gabriel Mission.
6. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 461, Vol. II, p. 349.
7. Statement dictated by Bernardo J. Higuera.
8. Robinson, W. W., *op. cit.*, p. 106-107.
9. *op. cit.*, statement dictated by Bernardo J. Higuera.
10. Robinson, W. W., *op. cit.*, p. 110. Mendez later sold his interest to Policarpio's widow for three or four tame cows.
11. Bernardo J. Higuera, *op. cit.*, Bess Adams Garner in her book *Windows in an Old Adobe* gives only seven of Francisco and Ynez's children. Manuela and Leovejilda are left out.
12. Robinson, W. W., *op. cit.*, p. 104-105.
13. Bancroft, H. H., *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 354.
14. Robinson, W. W., *op. cit.*, p. 108-109.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 109.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 112.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 112.



# The Big Ranch Fight\*

*By Jo Hindman*



LONG THE COAST HIGHWAY where fences and boundary lines are still touchy matters, they call it "the big ranch fight." Outbursts of friction between owners of the big ranch, Topanga Malibu Sequit, and homesteaders of smaller ranches adjacent have passed into the tranquillity of Southern California history. But to a slim athletically erect grandmother still resident in the Malibu country, the trouble is recalled as vividly as the day she arrived in the middle of it.

Lauretta Houston, city girl, cuddled her two-month-old baby a few miles off El Camino Real near Triunfo in 1917 and gazed at the towering inland slopes of the Santa Monica mountains, also known as the Malibu mountains, that would be their future home. Her young husband, Spurgeon, was saddling the two horses for the last leg of the journey that had begun day before yesterday out of Alhambra in the San Gabriel valley.

The three of them had set out by wagon, an umbrella perched over the baby's basket to shade the infant's eyes from bright October sunlight. First night, they camped at Calabasas, a small outpost community; second night on the Johnson ranch near Triunfo, and now the last lap of the trip to be finished over steep trails on horseback would carry them across Bony Ridge into the lofty heart of the Malibu mountains.

In that early day, the mountainous area was already filled with pioneer homesteaders and no land parcels were available through homesteading. For some time, the young Houston couple had been searching for land and now felt fortunate in having obtained a homestead by transfer at the Los Angeles land office. The forty acre plot was yielded by another couple who could not endure the rough mountain life that at times was almost unbearable, especially by women.

The Houstons were confident. Spurgeon's father and brother,

\* Based in part on interviews during 1952-55 with the pioneer Malibu ranch-homesteader, Mrs. Lauretta Houston.

## *The Big Ranch Fight*

Robert, had settled in the Malibu in 1910 and Spurgeon knew the mountains first-hand. Laurretta knew them from a strictly transient point of view, her only visit to the family ranch on the Ventura County side having been accomplished in comparative ease over the private road on the ocean-facing Rindge property known as Rancho Topanga Malibu.

The most direct route from Alhambra was inland over El Camino Real to the trail crossing Bony Ridge. By innumerable pack trips over this trail, young Spurgeon Houston had carried baby chicks, gangly calves, home-canned fruits and provisions to lay the groundwork for their new venture in mountain ranching. Now, Laurretta and the baby were the last load.

By coming into the mountains in October, the young couple planned to beat the rains. The chicks and calves had gotten a good start on pasturage on the outskirts of Alhambra, and four childhood years on a farm had taught Laurretta a thing or two. She was confident and starry-eyed as she mounted the saddle horse, carefully shielding the baby's tender skin from the mountain sun.

The towering Malibu peaks hug the coastline between Santa Monica and Point Mugu and once on top, Laurretta was told by her husband, you didn't come down except on rare occasions. At the time there were only three open routes out of the mountains: Over the Broome ranch to Oxnard, over the Lewis ranch to Camarillo, and over Bony Ridge into the Johnson ranch near Triunfo on El Camino Real, known later as the Ventura-Hollywood route. The Rindge ranch road had been closed to the public on the very day the Houstons signed for their homestead. Therefore, the route to Santa Monica depended on the ocean tides because homesteaders, although prohibited from trespassing on Rindge property, were free to make their way along the surf.

After hours on horseback with the baby daughter in her arms, Laurretta was struck with foreboding of the rugged life ahead, for in spite of her shading hand, the baby's tender face was reddening with sunburn. At one of the stops, a sympathetic farm woman, pitying the infant's plight, climbed on a chair in her cabin, bringing from its hiding place on a splintery beam a dab of cold cream. Obviously hoarded for some precious occasion, it was nevertheless handed over for the baby's relief. Everywhere along the way,

through well-tilled ranches perched on high meadows, past solitary little homes, people were rushing out to greet them with good wishes and arms outstretched to hold the tiny baby. Warm-heartedness such as this later was to help carry the young Houstons through.

They had their troubles at once. "It seemed as though we were being tried," Mrs. Houston recalls. "It didn't rain until February, and water and crops were absolute necessities that figured in our plans. We lost nearly everything. All but two of our calves died. Later, people told us that they had given 'the Houstons just three months.' But we were determined to stick it out and we did."

The plucky newcomers won themselves a place in the Malibu among the older homesteaders by demonstrating such veteran talents as shoeing horses, ploughing a deep furrow, canning fruit, churning butter and making light bread.

The need to earn money drove the men of the Malibu into the cities for work. They left the mountains after the dry-farm crops were put in; the women and children remained to care for the stock and run the farms. Commenting upon the similarity of her pioneer experiences with those of the older homesteaders, Mrs. Houston said, "We were probably the poorest. We were the last ones in as homesteaders, and not so well fixed. The older pioneers were fairly comfortable having hauled furniture and heavier articles to their homes over the private Rindge road, the road that was closed before we came in. But even so, for a long time, I was the only woman who had water piped to the house. The rest carried theirs in buckets. Even when we lived in our first cabin—it was just a 10 x 12 ft. room—I had water piped from the spring."

The Houstons built their second ranch home with their own hands. They dragged native stone for the massive fireplace and laid a spring-to-house water system. Water was pumped from a spring to two storage tanks, running to the house by gravity flow. "It strikes me oddly now, but we never had a sink in the first cabin. We were probably so busy getting the ranch on its feet that we didn't have time to think of such a convenience."

Later, the Houstons bought 160 acres of Dell Flats bearing the name of a former owner and called their property Marblehead

## *The Big Ranch Fight*

Ranch because of an outcropping of native stone. The cattle association registered their brand as the Half-Circle-H.

Malibu homesteaders first used open hearth log fires, wood stoves and ranges. After the roads came in, butane was the next type of fuel. Electricity came last. Free-flowing springs gave way to deep wells that insured irrigation for the crops.

By law of the Homestead Act, a homesteader was required to live on the land at least seven months out of every year. One hundred sixty acres were allowed to each couple. For every forty acres claimed, a homesteader was obliged to clear five acres. The time limit on the improvement had been dropped from five years to three years at the time the Houstons began homesteading. When all requirements were met, the homesteader "proved up" by posting a legal advertisement in an official newspaper and by appearing with a witness to testify before the proper land authorities. Absolute honesty was the rule. In case of misrepresentation, the homesteader was subject to contest that might lead to total loss of his land and property rights.

### *Philosophy of the Homesteaders*

It was the accepted attitude that whoever worked the hardest had the most. One family worked seven days a week and was the most prosperous. Another family head was shiftless and easy-going; his wife and children suffered. Yet, if one's chickens were laying better than the neighbors, you sent over your surplus eggs. Same with the butter. "It was the only way we people could have survived in the mountains," said Mrs. Houston. "Absolute self-reliance was an essential, yet when circumstances caused anyone bad luck, the rest of us were there with immediate help."

Lauretta Houston was determined that her family of four—Geneva and Laurence were the children—would not "go seedy." Sunday remained a day of rest, not a work day. Although she was the first woman to "bob" her hair and to wear khaki breeches and leggings while riding horseback, and was frowned upon by the older women for so doing, she did not allow her daughter to run around in overalls all the time, as many of the mountain girls did. "However," she said, "I tried not to insist on my ideas to the point of working a hardship on my family."



*Entertainment*

Four neighbor women paid a welcoming call on young Lauretta Houston the first week, inviting the new couple to the Friday night dance at the one-room schoolhouse in Little Sycamore Canyon. The Houstons had given up dancing when they joined their church in Alhambra, but pondering upon the women's invitation, Lauretta reconsidered. "They told me dancing helped them forget their troubles," she recalled. "Of which there were many. So Spurgeon and I talked it over and decided that we couldn't live among them and set ourselves apart with a holier-than-thou attitude." A vivacious pose of hands folded on breast accompanied Mrs. Houston's remark. "We went to that first dance and continued going to all of them. Sometimes we took our phonograph and records for the 'round' dances. Other times, we had fiddle and guitar, especially for the quadrilles and square dances. Cakes, sandwiches, and coffee were served. We left a supply of cups in the school house."

*Education*

Largest attendance of pupils recorded at the Yerba Buena school was thirty-two, but attendance once dropped to just a single pupil. The teacher usually boarded at Mrs. Nora Mundell's, sometimes at the Richter place. Children either had to walk or ride horses to school. The distance was too far for little Geneva Houston to accomplish alone at kindergarten age, and the distance so far, that Lauretta took the two children to Sonoma where they remained until her son was in the first grade. After returning to the Malibu, Lauretta looked into the future, saw that at high school age her children would be "out on a limb" because the school was not annexed to a high school district.

Daughter of a school teacher herself, Lauretta was determined that her children would have the education available to all California children. She initiated and led the successful crusade that resulted in a union high school district and a school bus to bring the mountain children in to school. Geneva and Larry Houston were the first children from the Malibu mountains to attend high school in Oxnard, Ventura County, nineteen miles away. Formerly, mountain children simply quit school after the eighth grade and went to work on the farms.

## *The Big Ranch Fight*

### *Health*

"That was the most marvelous thing," exclaimed Mrs. Houston in reflecting upon the lack of need for medical attention among the mountain folk. "Nothing serious happened among us. Even the dreaded 'flu' of the first World War passed us by. The one big worry, though, was the rattlesnake bite. Yet in my entire time in Malibu, I have heard of only three bites and one fatality, and that one was unnecessary."

Here she related the story of a hiker who, with companions that also had been drinking heavily, came across a coiled rattler. "Watch and I'll show you how to kill a snake," boasted the drunk. He took a running leap, jumped on the reptile and attempted to stomp it to death. There was a hole worn in the man's shoe sole. Whether the snake actually bit him, or whether he crushed the poison-bearing fangs is not certain. It is a fact that he died.

### *News*

The county library served the area. A librarian who was met at an appointed time and place was brought into the mountains once every three months furnishing books that were ordered, or bringing those she thought would appeal.

The first radio, a Gilfillan battery set, was brought into the Malibu mountains by the Houstons in 1924.

Anyone who hiked through the mountains brought news to the homesteads he touched and from there it was passed along. But letters remained the most important means of communication. Mrs. Houston estimates that she corresponded with forty or fifty people during the early years. The letters were big and fat, contained detailed accounts of happenings in the "outer" world, and newspaper clippings, as well, for newspapers did not come to the mailboxes at the post office in Triunfo.

Lauretta Houston volunteered more often than any other woman to take the monthly horseback trip to Triunfo for the mail. Medicine, candy for the children, needles, thread, yeast cakes, tobacco, and small articles that would fit into saddle bags were brought back by riders on this trip for the mail. It was made by horseback, one day out, one day back, with primitive camping equipment including blanket bed rolls, for there was no shelter

unless you stopped in the little house that a man named Johnson made available to travelers crossing his ranch.

The yearly trip to Camarillo and Oxnard for the "big buy" was made through the Jack Broome ranch in the Point Mugu area to the northwest. According to legend, Point Mugu got its name from the Indians who imitated in their dialect the sob and moan of waves splashing in and out of the caves beneath the point. In turn, the Indians of the area were known as the Mugu tribe.

Archaeological finds in 1932 disclosed the Broome ranch as a former favorite Indian camping area. Workers of the Los Angeles Museum uncovered an Indian campsite, credited to a Chumash tribe, that dates back to Cabrillo's time. The largest and most elaborate of the pottery bowls unearthed (about twenty inches across) were decorated with shells and hard stones imbedded in asphalt, indicating a rather advanced type of Indian civilization. Across these buried artifacts in the early 1900s rode the Malibu mountain homesteaders on their yearly trip to town.

Bringing their prized mountain pink beans, a yearly harvest, they also descended by trail to the inland outlet of Big Sycamore canyon on the Lewis ranch (present site of Camarillo State Hospital) where their wagons—spring wagons, stone-boats, and buck-boards—remained parked the year around in the "wagon yard." The Malibu mountain beans, because of their better-cooking properties and delicious flavor sold quickly to merchants in Oxnard and Camarillo. Murphy & Weil, storekeepers of Oxnard, always stocked these beans, the major product of the mountain farms.

To round out the succulent mountaineer diet of wild deer, quail and dove, the homesteaders bought a year's supply of the heavier staples including flour, coffee and sugar. To "dress up and go out for a visit, or to the dentist," occurred only on these "big buy" visits or one other special time during the year. Otherwise, the homesteaders remained at home in the mountains.

Becoming acquainted as she delivered the monthly mail, Loretta Houston talked with people disturbed by the smouldering ranch fight that was whipping into open conflict. A contributing factor was the quarantine blocking egress to Santa Monica over the Rindge ranch along the coastline. On August 13, 1917, at mid-

## *The Big Ranch Fight*

night, the owners of Rancho Malibu had clamped down restrictions concerning right-of-way over their rangeland and sent out riders with shotguns to enforce the order.

At Rocky Point, boulders jutted into the sea. If the tide was out,<sup>1</sup> homesteaders could get their wagons by without trespassing. If the tide was in, they had to wait, sometimes camp overnight on the beach and not get home until a day later. Elsewhere they were met with roads closed by wired gates and posted with "no trespassing" signs. Tempers flared on both sides.

Rancho Malibu, in its pristine state, was granted under the seal of the King of Spain, to José Bartolome Tapia in 1804. Heirs of Tapia owned the wave-washed rancho until January 24, 1848, when for \$200 cash, they released its numerous canyons, peaks, meadows, and free-flowing springs to vineyardist Leon Victor Prudhomme of Los Angeles and Cucamonga. Added consideration in the Tapia price was \$200 payable in groceries and wines. Terms of the sale described the ranch as bounded by the high mountains on the north, "on the south by the Pacific Ocean, on the east by Rancho Santa Monica, and on the west by the mouth of the River San Buenaventura."<sup>2</sup> In all, 13,315 acres. At the time of the "ranch fight," the Rindge Rancho Malibu ended northwest at Little Sycamore Canyon, down-coast from Point Mugu.

In the nineteenth century while the big ranch was passing from Prudhomme to Don Mateo Keller, and from Keller to May K. and Frederick H. Rindge, the adjacent public domain lay virtually unnoticed. At the turn of the century, homesteaders began moving in, filing and claiming title to certain sections of the mountainous area adjacent to Rancho Malibu. The "ranch fight" began brewing.

For years, the Rindge ranch and the vast Broome ranch had been grazing cattle on the public lands. Tensions formed as the lands were gradually removed from free public use by land-holding rights of the homesteaders.

Mrs. Houston has pointed out the distinction between the terms "homesteader" and "settler" as used colloquially in the Malibu section. A homesteader, by fulfilling certain requirements contingent to the Homestead Act, legally acquired title to his land. A settler, or "squatter," attempted to appropriate land by usage or



tenancy alone, without advancing any sort of consideration. Except for a feeble attempt or two by unidentified persons who attempted to "squat" on a fringe of the Mugu coastland, there were no "squatters" in the Malibu mountains, according to Mrs. Houston.

The Rindge family suffered disappointment in 1915 by decision of a riparian rights suit, *May K. Rindges vs. Craig's Land Company*, concerning waters of Malibu creek. Based on the premise that no land is entitled to double use as riparian and appropriation, the judge ruled that the Rindges never acquired any appropriator's right to the use of any water in Malibu creek.

Meanwhile, relations between the Rindges and some of their homesteading neighbors continued to grow more strained, heightened by misunderstandings and annoyances on both sides that failed peaceful settlement. The Rindges who had for some time allowed the hemmed-in homesteaders to use their ranch roads, complained that the privilege was abused and cited nuisances such as brush fires, cattle and sheep rustling. The homesteaders answered that they were unjustly accused.

After the Rindges clamped down on their roads, the homesteaders secured an injunction. The gates were torn open by county authorities under instruction of the court, but were immediately shut by the Rindges. The homesteaders, willing to build their own road, petitioned.

The year 1916 ushered in twin lawsuits. *Rindges vs. F. W. Joyner*, road commissioner, was filed in Los Angeles County to restrain "him" from entering upon the road from La Chuza Canyon to the Ventura County line, and *People vs. Rindge* echoed the friction between the Rindge family and the homesteaders in Ventura and Los Angeles counties.

Objections to a county road being cut through the Rindge property were set forth by Mrs. May K. Rindge in a formal statement issued through the Los Angeles *Times*, dated May 14, 1916: "There is constant danger of brush fires—a menace heightened by the presence of campers. One such fire in 1903 caused \$100,000 damage."

Years later, Mrs. Rindge's apprehension concerning the vulnerability of the brush-covered Malibu to fire was borne out when the

## *The Big Ranch Fight*

biggest burn in history started on the Ventura boulevard side on Hallowe'en Eve, 1933, and swept across the peaks to the sea.

Lauretta Houston remembers the late Mrs. May K. Rindge as rather stocky, "on the heavy side," and sensibly dressed in serviceable clothes when she rode her ranges in automobile. Heavy khaki skirts (sometimes the divided culotte type), khaki shirt and a bolero with leather or buckskin fringe was her typical range outfit. Her long hair was combed up under a soft, floppy felt hat. Her eyes were brown and steady and there was "no backing down when she made up her mind." She wore a brace of revolvers in a holster and although brusque in manner at times, Mrs. Rindge was often pleasant and friendly.

On one occasion, the grown son of a homesteader was bringing his baby into the mountains to visit the grandparents. He had driven his wagon to the county line and stopped, for at that time although Mrs. Rindge was allowing homesteaders to walk across her property, she would not allow vehicles to pass. The ranch-woman, who was riding her range, stopped to admire the baby and inquire about the well-being of the young man's parents.

The Rindge family occupied a majestic castle-like home sprawled on a hilltop overlooking the sea. Their pride for the magnificent property that they tried to keep intact is sympathetically understood by many people. The Santa Monica public library contains a book written by Frederick Rindge poetically describing the untouched beauty of the fog-cloaked, sea-washed ranch empire both he and his wife so deeply loved.

Of exceptionable ability, May K. Rindge at one time was the only California woman president of a railroad, and one of three women so listed nationally up to 1916. The railway company she headed was incorporated about 1901, laid fifteen miles of track on Rancho Malibu and acquired right-of-way for a remaining forty miles of rail necessary to connect the Pacific Electric at Port Los Angeles, north of Santa Monica, with the Ventura County Railway Company at Hueneme in Ventura County. Facing reorganization because of failure to comply with the original plans of construction filed with the State Railroad Commission, the private railroad stated in its application, "Since 1908 it has been wholly impractic-

able for said corporation to raise sufficient funds to complete and put in full operation at least five additional miles of road each year." The entire venture finally collapsed, and even today, there is no railway along that portion of the California coast.

During the "ranch fight," Mrs. Rindge tried to explain her desire to protect her property by writing in an open letter to The Los Angeles *Times*: "It has been no uncommon thing for us to lose thirty per cent to fifty per cent of our increase of stock in a season. Moreover, the persons thus turned loose upon us by the pendency of that injunction did not stop at mere thievery, but often shocked us by their wanton cruelty.

"On one occasion, near one of the favorite camping places on our property used by those thus passing to and fro, our *vaqueros* heard a cow bawling for her calf. Search was made and the calf, only two weeks old, was found tied with a baling wire to our line fence, and before tying it, the wanton miscreants had cut its ears close to its head, pierced both eyes and cut off its tail.

"It is against such an act as this, and many like it, that we wish to guard our sensibilities as well as our property."

Mrs. Rindge then tallied the disappearance of 250 head of cattle during a period from an April rodeo until an October round-up; "inside of two months, 400 pigs vanished from out of our alfalfa fields near our Suma (Zuma) Canyon headquarters without leaving a trace . . . In conclusion," wrote Mrs. Rindge, "I may say that it has always been a mystery to me why these Ventura County settlers should seek this more than forty miles outlet from their claims, when the county of Ventura, at very much less expense, could give them good roads by which they could reach towns and cities of that county in from one-third to one-half of the distance they are compelled to travel when they cross our ranch.

"As to the settlers in Los Angeles county, their lands lie between the Malibu rancho on the south and the State highway on the north (now Ventura-Hollywood, U.S. Highway 101) giving them a shorter route out."

This letter indicates that provocations of a serious nature were occurring on Rindge property. Homesteaders, being owners of live-stock and acreage themselves, would be the persons most likely to

## *The Big Ranch Fight*

respect the property rights of a neighbor. As to the butchering of the calf, Lauretta Houston said she honestly didn't know any of the homesteaders who would have done it. She believes that the homesteaders were accused of a lot of mischief they did not do. Transient campers often roamed the property of the Rindges and the homesteaders too, according to Mrs. Houston.

However, it was common knowledge that a certain homesteader allowed his horses to feed off Rindge haystacks; when he ran into trouble, it was conceded generally by the homesteaders that he had it coming.

The Houston family had no "differences" with the Rindges but were always on good terms. "Grandpa Houston's property adjoined the Rindge ranch near the present Yerba Buena road," Mrs. Houston remarked.

Eventually, the homesteaders on the Ventura County side put up money for construction of a dirt road. The County subsequently took over the road and improved it.

The final legal pill offered to the pioneer Rindge family occurred in 1929 when approximately twenty miles of Alternate State Highway 101, commonly known as the "Coast" highway, was cut through Rancho Malibu and thrown open to the public. The magnificent Rindge home, today operated as Serra Retreat by the Franciscan order, is visible from the highway crossing at Malibu Creek. The prolonged legal fight ended finally as a victory for the *right of eminent domain*. In a final indomitable gesture, Mrs. Rindge erected a little green frame house at the junction of Yerba Buena Road and the highway in which she stationed an elderly couple as caretakers to see that no one trespassed from the highway on to her rangeland.

Today, the little shack, repainted, stands adjacent to a small cafe at the mouth of Little Sycamore canyon. A waitress in the cafe who lived in the little house in 1952 relates that old-timers told her that, if she looked closely, she'd find bullet holes in the wooden framework behind the plywood walls. Such as it is, there is no recorded instance of an actual death in the bitterly worded, vividly remembered "ranch fight."

Now, almost a half century later, paved roads lead into the



fog-shrouded heights where homesteaders once followed paths beaten out of antelope and deer trails. Illumination from kerosene lamps and warmth from hand-laid native stone hearths have been substituted by quicker butane and electricity. The Houston's radio, itself a pioneer, is now outmoded and replaced by more powerful sets and by television.

Parts of vast Rancho Malibu, kept intact longer than most of the Spanish land grants, are being sold in lot-sized parcels as sea-side business and residential sites. An expansion boom is shaping in Malibu village on the highway. Most of the hard-won homesteads have likewise changed hands—the Henry Mundel property is now owned by Earl Gilmore, the oil man, and John Fitzpatrick's hilltop place was bought by Bill Boyd of Hopalong Cassidy fame who built a tile-topped ranch palace only to sell it to the Morrisons. The stone house and windmill of the Richters are the property of Ann Creamer, daughter of the pioneer Chamberlains. Many pioneer names, like La Fougé and the Lanes of Circle X, have been erased from the mailboxes that came as an improvement over the monthly horseback trip for mail. Some names, like Decker for whom Decker road and canyon is named, and Cotharin, a road name, have obtained extended existence.

Spurgeon and Lauretta Houston are moving into their third ranch home that commands a peerless two-toned view of blue sky and sea massively framed by sheer-dropping cliffs. The plucky determination of their youth has, and still is bringing satisfying returns. Through circumstances of time, selling, and passing of older neighbors, these two—once the "last in"—are now the last of the Malibu homesteaders, on the Ventura County side, remaining. They occupy the gratifying position of being still "in."

#### NOTES

1. Reminiscent of the barrier tides, but not related to the "ranch fight," is the recollection of Mrs. Ana Begue de Packman, secretary of the Historical Society, who remembers that one of her aunts acquired title to a "sobrante" in the Santa Monica mountains. "Sobrante" is the term that described the small, title-less patches of land that resulted from U. S. Land Patent surveys correcting the sometimes less accurate Mexican-early-California measurements made by *reatas* that often stretched or shrank. Mrs. de Packman's aunt, "if the tides allowed" brought out of the mountain ranch to her relatives in Los Angeles the first watermelons of the season, as well as other sun-ripened farm produce.
2. *The Romance of the Ranchos*, Palmer Conner, Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles.

# Historical Profiles

*By Marco R. Newmark*

## V

### ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

Alexander Campbell, father of John B. T. Campbell (for many years editor of the *Los Angeles Evening Herald and Express* and since his retirement in the fall of 1954, advisory editor) was born on the Island of Jamaica in 1820. His father had a plantation on which there were one hundred fifty slaves.

After finishing his education in 1836 he was admitted to the bar in 1842. In 1847 he served as District Attorney of Kings County, New York. In 1849 he came to San Francisco, and in 1851 he was appointed County Judge of San Francisco County, a position he held for two years. In 1861 he served in the state legislature.

In 1873 he married Ellen Ruth Quinn, widow of Lieutenant Governor Isaac N. Quinn. He was a member of the state constitutional convention of 1879.

He acted as attorney in many notable cases. Among them was the case of the people against Judge David S. Terry for the murder of United States Senator David S. Broderick.

He gave up his practice in 1880 and after spending six years in Arizona he came to Los Angeles, and was admitted to the law firm of Charles Silent and ex-congressman Sherman O. Houghton, the firm name becoming Houghton, Silent and Campbell.

He was one of the organizers and a director of the California Club, which was founded on May 20, 1887.

He passed away on July 6, 1911.

## VI

## ANDREW M. CHAFFEY

Andrew M. Chaffey was born in Kingston, Ontario, Canada, on April 9, 1874. In 1881 the family moved to California; and in 1886 they moved to Victoria, Australia. Chaffey received his elementary education and completed his studies in Australia. While there he was employed by the Union Bank of Australia.

He came to California in 1898. He assisted his father, George Chaffey, in reclaiming a portion of the Colorado Desert which they named Imperial Valley.

In 1901 he organized the First National Bank of Imperial; in 1902 he organized the First National Bank of Ontario, and in 1903 he organized the First National Bank of Upland. At about the same time he acquired a substantial interest in a number of country banks in San Bernardino and Los Angeles Counties, and in 1904, he organized the Federal Bank of East Los Angeles and the American Savings Bank of Los Angeles, which opened its first branch under his direction in 1905. In 1907 he formed a holding company called the Associated Banks Corporation, which held a controlling interest in a number of country banks and a lesser interest in others.

In 1911 Chaffey and his father bought a controlling interest in the Los Angeles Hibernian Bank, and shortly afterwards the Hibernian and the Federal Banks were combined. Subsequently the California Savings and Commercial Bank was acquired by the Hibernian Savings Bank and in 1919 the Hibernian was merged with the Home Savings Bank, which had previously been merged with the American Savings Bank, of which Chaffey was president, under the name of Home and Hibernian Savings Bank. In 1920 the name was changed to California Bank and Chaffey was president.

He was also President of the Community Development Association and the Union Security Company; a director of the California Trust Company; the California Securities Company; the Pacific American Fire Insurance Company; the Pacific Indemnity Company; the Pacific Mortgage Guarantee Company, and the Title

## *Historical Profiles*

Insurance and Trust Company. He was also Treasurer of the University of Southern California; of the Harvard Military School, and of the Chaffey College Trust.

Mr. Chaffey's fruitful career ended on July 16, 1941.

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## VII

### ELI P. CLARK

Eli P. Clark was born on a farm near Iowa City, Iowa, on November 25, 1847. In 1850 his family moved to Grinnell, Iowa, where he attended a public school and then enrolled in Iowa College. In 1863 he was master of a school near Grinnell. Four years later the family moved to Southwest Missouri. Here he taught school in the winter and worked on a farm in the summer.

At twenty-six years of age he contracted sciatica and decided to go to Arizona for his health. He reached Prescott on August 11, 1875; and two days later he was working on a temporary job on the public road. In 1877 he was appointed Territorial Auditor, a position he held for a decade. In 1878 he formed a partnership with A. D. Adams, the name of the firm being Clark and Adams. The firm engaged in the sawmill and lumber business. He also served one year as Assistant Postmaster of Prescott. It was at this period that he met General Moses H. Sherman, whose sister, Lucy H. Sherman, he married on April 8, 1880.

We will now consider the important part he played in the transportation system of Southern California. Consolidated Electric Railway Company contracted with the Pacific Rolling Mill Company of San Francisco to build and equip one hundred ten miles of electric street railway with adequate power plant and electric cars. Work of construction was begun on January 1, 1891, comprising a network of car lines, and the first section was built and put into operation by July 1, 1891. Consolidation of all the horse car lines and cable lines into one system and converting them into a new electric railway organization was accomplished by August, 1893.



The president of the Consolidated Electric Railway was General Sherman and Clark was the vice-president and manager.

Early in 1894 Clark urged the building of a line between Los Angeles and Pasadena. He asked for a franchise through Pasadena and acquired the horse car lines of that city. The Los Angeles and Pasadena Railway was organized. On May 5, 1895 the road was opened. In 1898 it became the first unit of the Pacific Electric System.

In 1895 Clark took the first steps for an electric line to the beaches by acquiring the property of the old steam railroad from Los Angeles to Santa Monica, which was known as the Los Angeles and Pacific Railroad. The road was opened on April 1, 1896.

General Sherman and Clark devoted their entire resources to the development of the Los Angeles and Pacific lines until they had constructed more than two hundred miles of urban and suburban lines through Hollywood, with four connecting lines to the beaches from Santa Monica to Redondo, and skirting the ocean almost at the surf lines for nearly twenty-five miles. Clark was its president and general manager.

In 1903 the site of the present Subway Terminal Building was purchased. The building was completed in 1926. Soon thereafter Edward H. Harriman acquired a half interest in all the Clark and Sherman holdings, and in the fall of 1909 they disposed of the balance of their railroad interests to the late William A. Harriman and retired from the electric railway field in California.

In 1906 Clark organized the Portland, Oregon and Mt. Hood Railway and Power Company, of which he was President and General Manager. In 1913 he built and equipped the Clark Hotel, which was opened in 1914.

Eli P. Clark, who made such important contributions to the progress of Southern California, passed away on January 16, 1931.

## *Historical Profiles*

### VIII

#### LOUIS M. COLE

Louis M. Cole was born in Chicago, Illinois, on March 24, 1870. He spent his boyhood days in Denver, Colorado, where he attended public schools and for one year he attended high school. The family moved to Chicago in 1886 and while there he took a course in a business college. In 1887 he went to work as bookkeeper for a firm in Hanford, California, and in 1889 was made manager; in 1893 he occupied the same position for a branch house in Fowler, California, and in 1893 and 1894 he was store manager in a branch in Lemoore, California. In 1895 and 1896 he was in the general merchandise business in Huron, California.

In 1903 he came to Los Angeles and entered the wholesale produce firm of Simon Levi Company, of which he was treasurer from 1903 to 1916. On January 6, 1904 he married Miss Frieda Hellman. In 1916, with a partner, he organized the Royal Packing Company, packers of pimentos and chilis, and he was president or vice-president of a number of other business firms.

Louis Cole had a fine record of public service. He was President of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce in 1914; he was on the Industrial Commission, 1915-1917; on the Civil Service Commission, 1915-1919; and in 1918 he served as Food Administrator for the City of Los Angeles.

An incident occurred not long before his death that truly reflected his fine character. He was a member of a club that met at the Biltmore Hotel. "We had a dining room and a card room. One Saturday afternoon we were playing a game of poker. During the game Louis won a pot of nine dollars. Just as he took in the money he had a heart attack. He was taken home and when he recovered consciousness he gave the nine dollars to the nurse."

At that time there was a social organization called Uplifters Club. The club had several acres of land somewhat north of Santa Monica Canyon. Membership included choice of a lot on which to build a cottage and Louis took advantage of this privilege.

Once a year there was an outing beginning on Thursday and ending on Sunday. On Sunday evening, September 28, 1930, just as Louis returned to his cottage after watching a play he suffered another heart attack and so ended his long record of achievement in behalf of his fellow man.

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## IX

### REGINALDO F. DEL VALLE

Reginaldo F. De Valle, whose ancestors were among the first settlers in Southern California, was born in Los Angeles on December 15, 1854. He received his early education in the public schools. He next enrolled in University of Santa Clara, from which he graduated in 1873.

Soon afterwards he took up the study of the law. In 1877 he was admitted to practice before the State Supreme Court and later before the Supreme Court of the United States. At the age of twenty-five he was elected to the state assembly, and in 1880 he was a presidential elector at the Democratic National Convention in Cincinnati.

In 1881, while serving in the state assembly, he was largely instrumental in securing for Los Angeles the old State Normal School. At the time there was a strong popular opinion that there was no need for a normal school in Los Angeles for the reason that there was already one in San Jose. However, his efforts and those of a number of citizens who co-operated with him in the campaign were successful and a normal school was built in Los Angeles. It occupied the site of the present public library. In 1914 it was moved to 855 North Vermont Avenue. In 1929 the city bought the site and the school was renamed Los Angeles City College.

In 1882 Del Valle was elected to the state senate. In 1888 he presided over the Democratic State Convention. He was a presidential elector in President Woodrow Wilson's campaign in both 1912 and 1916.

On September 2, 1890 he married Mrs. Helen M. Caystile.

## *Historical Profiles*

He contributed a number of important services for his native city. He was on the Board of Freeholders in 1887; on the Water Commission, 1906-1911; on the Public Service Commission, 1911-1925, and on the Water and Power Commission, 1925-1929. (The Water Commission and the Power Commission had been consolidated in 1911 into the Water and Power Commission).

Finally he was a director of the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California, 1927-1929.

He passed away on September 21, 1938.

\* \* \*

## X

### ISIDORE B. DOCKWEILER

Isidore B. Dockweiler was born in Los Angeles on December 28, 1867. He attended St. Vincent's College (now Loyola University of Los Angeles), from which he received a commercial diploma in 1883. The next two years he was employed as a bookkeeper. He then reentered St. Vincent's and graduated with the A. B. degree in 1887. (In 1912 his Alma Mater conferred on him the honorary degree of LI. D.)

The following year he was employed as a surveyor and during his spare time he studied law with the firm of Anderson Fitzgerald and Anderson. He was admitted to the state bar in 1889. Early in his professional career he was admitted to practice in the federal courts of California, in the United States Supreme Court and before the bars of Arizona and Nevada.

He was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Denver in 1908 and for a number of years beginning with 1916 he was California's member on the Democratic National Committee. He served as a member of the Board of the United States Indian Commissioners, 1912-1919. He was a member of the Board of Library Commissioners, 1902-1911. He was Chairman of the Los Angeles County Housing Authority from 1938, and on the Califor-



nia State Park Commission, from August 5, 1939, until his death on February 6, 1947.

The members of the present firm, Dockweiler and Dockweiler, are his four sons, Edward V. Dockweiler, Frederick C. Dockweiler, Henry I. Dockweiler and Thomas A. J. Dockweiler.

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## XI

### EDWARD L. DOHENY

Edward L. Doheny was born in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, on August 10, 1856. He obtained his early education in grammar and high school, graduating from the latter in 1872. In the same year he joined a surveying party which was going to Wichita, Kansas, to survey government land.

In 1874 he began prospecting for gold in the Black Hills, in the San Juan country in Southwestern Colorado, and then in New Mexico and Arizona. In these two territories he discovered and assisted in developing some of the most promising claims, but, curiously, it was only the discovery that interested him. When the interest wore off he sold his claims and continued on his way.

During his surveying activity he had a number of adventures fighting Indians and wild animals and in one encounter his hand was mangled by a mountain lion. He fell down the shaft of a mine and both his legs were broken. While recuperating he studied law and was admitted to the bar in New Mexico and opened an office in Silver City. Incidentally, he became acquainted with the sciences of geology and metallurgy. In 1890 he established his residence in Los Angeles.

The story of his career as a producer of oil as related in the *Los Angeles Times* many years ago is most interesting. According to this account Doheny was living at the Bellevue Hotel, which was located on Pearl Street just south of Sixth (in 1897 the name of Pearl Street was changed to Figueroa).

One Sunday, while sitting at the window of his room, he saw a truck passing by loaded with what he thought might be scrap

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iron. Becoming inquisitive, he went down, caught up with the truck, and asked the driver what was in the truck. The driver told him it was fuel and it immediately occurred to him that there must be oil in it. He asked the driver where he had obtained it and the driver told him it was at the corner of West State and Cotton Streets near Echo Park. (In the 1890's the names of both these streets were changed).

In 1892 Doheny and his friend, Charles A. Canfield, sank a six hundred foot well on a lot they had bought near the park. The well, which produced forty-five barrels a day, was the pioneer operation in the Los Angeles oil field.

Even after becoming a producer of oil Doheny's career was not without vicissitudes. In 1896, at forty years of age, he was far from being a wealthy man. Dame Fortune, however, had not deserted him.

Subsequent to 1896 he developed the Fullerton oil district. From California he turned his attention to Mexico and with his associates bought several hundred acres of land in the neighborhood of Tampico near the gulf coast. In 1900 they organized the Mexican Petroleum Company, which sank the wells and started the development which has probably made the Mexican petroleum field the greatest in the world. Doheny was elected President of the Mexican Petroleum Company, also becoming executive head of the Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company, which owned the extensive pipelines and a large fleet of tank steamers through which, during World War I, a large part of the fuel oil used by the British and allied nations was supplied.

On August 22, 1900, his first wife having died, he married Miss Carrie E. Betzhold.

In July, 1917, he was named a member of the first committee on oil of the Council of National Defense, and in that capacity rendered valuable service to the nation at a most critical period of its history.

On September 12, 1932, the Doheny family dedicated at the University of Southern California, the Edward L. Doheny, Jr.,

Memorial Library for their son who had passed away February 16, 1929.

Edward L. Doheny, one of the great magnates of the nation's oil industry, passed away on September 9, 1935.

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## XII

### CHARLES LOUIS DUCOMMUN

A typical example of the opportunities which the United States offered to the immigrants of the early days is the story of the Ducommun Metals and Supply Co.

The story begins in 1814. In that year Louis XVIII came to the throne of France. Desiring to give the people more rights than they had had under the monarchy of his predecessors, he promulgated a charter which established a form of government similar to that of England. There was still, however, an extreme royalist party in France. Among its members were Mr. Aime and Mrs. (nee Jeanne M. E. de Bonsgravier) Ducommun.

As did other members of the party, so did they find it advisable to flee the country. They selected Switzerland as their future home, but before they came to the border they were compelled to stop in a little town named Besancon, to await the birth of a child. The child was born on November 15, 1820, and was given the name of Charles Louis Ducommun.

During the commotion after Napoleon Bonaparte's exile to the island of Elba after his defeat in the Battle at Leipzig on October 16-18, 1813, after which he was exiled to the island of Elba, Mrs. Ducommun was ordered by an army officer to tear down her tricolor, but refused to do so. Instead, she broke the army officer's sword over her knee.

In due time the parents, with their infant son, continued on their way and settled in the little Swiss town of Basel. Here, Charles

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attended school and later was employed by a watchmaker. In 1841 he came to the United States; in 1849, he joined the Gold Rush, and in the same year, established his residence in Los Angeles. Here he opened a little jewelry store named C. Ducommun. Gradually, he added stationery, hardware and many other items. In fact, he advertised that he carried everything, from pins to anchors.

His friends used to say, "If you can't get it any other place, you can get it at Charley Ducommun's."

He was occasionally put to the test. One day a customer came to his store and told the proprietor that he wanted to buy an anchor; and Ducommun obliged him promptly. Another time, two citizens made a bet as to whether they could purchase a pulpit at his store. He went down to the basement and soon emerged with a pulpit—a small one but still a pulpit.

In 1857, Ducommun was married, in San Francisco, to Bertha Rontex. She passed away in 1859 and, in 1867, while on a visit to San Francisco, he married Zelig Leonide Petitpiere, who became a leader in the charitable affairs of the little community.

In 1870 Ducommun adopted the policy of restricting his business to hardware. He changed his location, and, in 1873, he moved to the Ducommun Block which he had erected on a downtown corner. Here, he installed a barometer and a large thermometer. He sent his findings to the papers for publication and they proved very serviceable to the farmers.

The "Ducommun Weather Bureau" went out of existence on July 1, 1877, when the government established its own weather bureau here, the first headquarters of which were in Ducommun Block.

Mr. Ducommun died on April 4, 1896; and the business has been headed since then, successively, by his sons, Charles A. Ducommun; Emil C. Ducommun and Edmund F. Ducommun; and when the latter retired in 1950 and was elected Chairman of the Board, he was succeeded by Charles E. Ducommun, grandson of the founder.

In 1907 the firm incorporated as Ducommun Hardware Company. In 1918 the nature of the business was changed to dealing



in metals, and supplying tools and other articles for manufacturers in metals. In 1920, the name was again altered to Ducommun Corporation and finally, in 1935, to Ducommun Metals and Supply Company.

So ends the story of the evolution of a little jewelry store into one of the largest corporations in its field in the country.

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### XIII

#### COLONEL GEORGE BUTLER GRIFFIN

Colonel George Butler Griffin, civil engineer, lawyer, historian, and writer was born in New York City, September 8, 1840, son of Charles Alexander and Pastora Jacoba (deForest) Griffin. He was a descendant of Jasper Griffin, who came from Wales on the good ship *Hector* prior to 1670, and of Jesse deForest, a Huguenot who headed the Walloon Colony and established New Amsterdam in 1626.

George Butler Griffin received degrees from Columbia University, Yale University, and the University of Albany. His maternal grandfather, David Curtis deForest had established at Yale the deForest Scholarship and medal for excellency in English.

As a civil engineer he was in the service of the State of New York and as an acting midshipman in the United States Navy he took part in the Altrato survey for an inter-oceanic canal to the southward of the Isthmus of Darien. He served as an Engineer in Mexico for the Louisiana Tehuantepec Company.

Upon graduation from the University of Albany with Ll. B. Degree, he was admitted to the bar in New York City and practiced law for some time.

He married Sara Edwards of the Jonathan Edwards family. They had two sons. Both his wife and his two sons died in 1866.

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A year later he went to South America, where he became Engineer in Chief with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the service of the government. He was also chief engineer for the Buenaventura Railroad. As such, he succeeded in finding a practicable route from the Cauca Valley in Colombia to the Pacific and his name was given to the spur of the Cordillera which his line follows.

From 1870 to 1874 Colonel Griffin was State Engineer of Antioquia, Colombia and represented the American Government in that country. While in Colombia he became a planter and exporter of tobacco and other products.

He married Eva Garcia Guadalupe Gil de Tejada de la Plaza, a reigning belle and daughter of the Governor. Three daughters were born in Colombia. Forced by a revolution to leave the country, accompanied by his wife and three daughters, he journeyed to San Francisco. There he became a translator (he spoke eight languages, and had circled the globe three times) for Hubert H. Bancroft, writing his histories of the Pacific States.

His next activity was to join James B. Eades as Chief of his Staff in securing from the Mexican Government a concession for the construction of an inter-oceanic ship railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

Upon his return to California for a short time as Division engineer for the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, surveying the passes of the Sierra Nevadas, leading from the San Joaquin Valley, locating that line.

Taking his family to Los Angeles in 1882 he took up the practice of law, specializing in the examination of land titles and non-litigated cases.

He was one of the organizers of the Historical Society of Southern California (President 1891) and designed the coat of arms still used by the organization.

His library, consisting of over 3,000 volumes, had been handed down by his American ancestors and, at the time, was one of the

finest private libraries in the country. Ancestral paintings and portraits were also in his possession.

Among his other hobbies were stamp and coin collection and gardens. The garden at his home on Downey Avenue (now North Broadway) was a show place with many rare and beautiful plants. He is credited with introducing to Southern California the camellia.

Colonel George Butler Griffin died at Los Angeles, California January 5, 1893 and is buried in the family plot at the San Gabriel Mission.

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#### XIV

J. M. GUINN

James Miller Guinn, who was a resident of Los Angeles almost half a century, deserves long and grateful memory for his work as an educator, as founder and former President of the Historical Society of Southern California, and his painstaking work as a historian. After his death, which occurred at his Los Angeles home September 24, 1918, the Los Angeles Board of Education paid him this tribute: "A dauntless soldier in time of war, and an able educator, efficient public servant and an honored private citizen in time of peace, he was above all a thorough man, whose standards might well be used as a guide to others."

He was born near Houston, Shelby County, Ohio, November 27, 1834. He grew up on a farm in Southern Ohio, attending brief winter terms of school, and at the age of eighteen began teaching. He earned his way through college, first attending Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio, when the famous American educator Horace Mann was president. Later he attended Oberlin College, paying his way by teaching during vacations.

Horace Mann was one of the ablest anti-slavery leaders before the war, and James Miller Guinn was doubtless impressed by that

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great reformer. He early became identified with the Republican Party and cast his first presidential vote for John C. Fremont, the Republican standard bearer of 1856. When the Civil War came he was one of the first to volunteer, becoming a member of Company G of the Seventh Ohio Infantry. He was with that regiment in the early West Virginia campaign under McClellan and Rosecrans, subsequently with the Seventh Regiment of the Army of the Potomac, fighting a number of battles, including Cross Lane, Winchester, Antietam and Gettysburg. At Cedar Mountain his company lost more than a third of its members and Mr. Guinn was one of six who came out of this action uninjured. He was made a corporal in 1862, and after Gettysburg his regiment was sent to join Sherman's armies in the Twelfth Army Corps in the Tennessee and Georgia campaigns. He participated in the battles of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Ringgold, and while the siege of Atlanta was in progress he was mustered out, June 1, 1864. Soon afterward Governor Tod of Ohio commissioned him a captain in a new regiment to be formed, but impaired health compelled him to decline this honor.

It was in 1864 that Mr. Guinn first came to California by way of Panama, and first located in Alameda County, where he taught schools. He joined the gold rush to Idaho, walking with blankets on his back from Umatilla, Oregon, to the Boise Basin, a distance of three hundred miles. His mining experience covered about three years. In 1869, after a visit East, he became a permanent resident of Southern California, and for twelve years was Principal of Schools at Anaheim. While Principal he was instrumental in the building of a new school house, and the first to raise money by the selling of bonds for that purpose. He was a member of the County Board of Education. In 1881 he was appointed Superintendent of the Los Angeles City Schools, serving two years. While that concluded his official school work, he was ever after deeply interested in the general cause of education.

He took an active part in the organization of the Historical Society of Southern California in 1883, and work accomplished under the Society in preserving the history of this section of the



state is largely due to his influence and his individual labors. He filled every office in the Society, including that of President, and during the last ten years of his life he edited the Society Annual. He was also a member of the American Historical Association, and was active in organizing, in 1897, the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles. He wrote many historical articles for the local press, and for magazines and was also author of two well known historical books, one a history of Southern California. He was an authority on the early history of Los Angeles.

In 1904 he was elected a member of the Los Angeles City Board of Education, serving two years and declined renomination. Later he consented to fill a vacancy, and altogether he was on the Board of Education for ten years. In 1914 a signal honor came to Mr. Guinn in his appointment by the Governor to the California Historical Survey Commission. He was a charter member of the Stanton Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, serving as commander of the post for several years.

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## XV

JOHN R. HAYNES

Dr. John R. Haynes was born at Fairmont Springs, Pennsylvania, on June 13, 1853. His family was of Saxon origin. His ancestors were established in England in 1066. They owned large tracts of land in Devonshire and Cornwall.

When Dr. Haynes was ten years of age the family moved to Philadelphia. There he was educated. In 1874 he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. He received two degrees—Doctor of Medicine and Doctor of Philosophy.

On March 14, 1852, he married Miss Dora Fellows.

He practiced his profession of Medicine in Philadelphia for thirteen years; and in 1887 he came to Los Angeles, where he and his brother, Francis L. Haynes, opened an office. During two years he was on the faculty of the University of Southern California.

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In 1900 he drafted initiative, referendum and recall provisions, which became part of the Los Angeles city charter in 1903. Los Angeles was the first city in the United States to incorporate these provisions in its organic law. Eight years later, after unremitting labor of effort on his part, direct legislation provisions were incorporated in the state constitution in 1911.

Dr. Haynes was a member of the Civil Service Commission, 1893-1914 (President, 1906-1907); in 1910 he served as a special mining commissioner for Governor James N. Gillette to study the conditions in European coal mines, and in 1912 to investigate conditions in American mines.

He was a member of the National Reform League, the National Municipal League; the National Conservation Association; the National Economic League; the American Association for Labor Legislation; the National Child Labor Committee; the National Consumers League; the County Public Welfare Commission, and the Public Service Commission. He was President of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, 1912-1923. He was elected a director of the Metropolitan District of Southern California on December 28, 1928, the date of its organization, and so served until February 4, 1930, when he resigned.

During World War I he was a member of the State Council of Defense. He served on the State Commission of Efficiency and Economy in 1919. He was Industrial Advisor to the United States War Labor Board, Division Number 1, for the Southern District of Southern California. He was Industrial Advisor to the United States Employment Service in 1918. He was a member of the Board of Regents of the University of California from 1922 until his death.

In 1926 Dr. Haynes and his wife established the John Randolph and Dora Haynes Foundation, of which Dr. Francis Lindley, a son of Dr. Walter Lindley, is president. The foundation conducts a radio discussion of important problems; it conducts research concerning economic, industrial, governmental and sociological conditions with special application to the Los Angeles area; it annually

awards several fellowships of \$2,000.00 each to candidates for doctoral degrees and grants-in-aid of \$2,500.00 each to young faculty members. Finally, it has distributed three books which were published by the University of California Press, and has printed on its own press six pamphlets and ten books and monographs.

Dr. John Randolph Haynes, who manager to find time, in spite of a large medical practice, to perform so many important services for the city, the county, the state and the nation, passed away on October 31, 1937.



# Book Reviews

*By the Staff*

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOAQUIN MURIETA. By Yellow Bird (John Rollin Ridge). With an *Introduction* by Joseph Henry Jackson. (The Western Frontier Library, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma. 1955. Pp. 159. \$2.00.)

Joseph Henry Jackson's Introduction gives a brief biographical sketch of Yellow Bird, the half-Cherokee Indian named John Rollin Ridge, who came to California in a day when the trek was Westward. His own childhood and young manhood were spent with his father's people where he saw bloodshed and treachery to the extent that his writings depict this vein. According to Jackson, Joaquin Murieta was legend based on threadbare fact. He compares the original Ridge version along with copies of that era. Until today, Murieta has been accepted as THE Bad Man of California—a natural outgrowth of the time, he explains. Jackson's full introduction is followed by the original story taken from the only known first edition. For this reason alone, it would be a good book to add to your Californiana.—A.L.C.F.

GEORGE DAVIDSON—*Pioneer West Coast Scientist*. By Oscar Lewis. (University of California Press, Berkeley, 1954. Illustrated. Pp. 146. \$3.50.)

This single, slim volume should do much to resurrect George Davidson from his ill-deserved fifty years of obscurity. Once again Oscar Lewis has produced a well written study, the material interestingly presented, the result of thorough research.

Although Davidson's residence was at San Francisco from 1850, with some brief periods in the East, until his death in 1911, during his activities as a member of the Coast Survey he came to know every mile of the Pacific Coast from the Aleutians to Panama.

He excelled in numerous fields, being a well-rounded scientist. Yet, he did not neglect the arts. Through his research into the accounts of the early explorers he was able to see that the original



place names were preserved, for which the student of California history owes him a tremendous debt of gratitude.

Just two of the monuments to his influence and work are the California Academy of Sciences, of which he was president from 1871 to 1887, and the Lick Observatory, in the founding of which he was instrumental.

Lewis' treatment of the subject is wisely presented in language easily understood by the non-scientist. The emphasis is not on the technical aspects of Davidson's work, but on the results and the importance thereof. It provides a fine picture of the scientific advances made in California during the two generations after Admission.—Wm. W., Jr.

THE BOOM OF THE EIGHTIES. By Glenn S. Dumke. Huntington Library, San Marino, 1944, xi, 313 pp; portraits, illustrations, maps, bibliographies. \$5.00.

The second (and more important) epoch in the transformation of Los Angeles, and Southern California too, for that matter, from a Spanish-Mexican pueblo to an American city is covered completely by Glenn S. Dumke, Dean of the Faculty of Occidental College in his scholarly *The Boom of the Eighties in Southern California*.

The boom cannot be tossed off as merely a product of the Southern Pacific—Santa Fe rate war, although it has received most of the credit. But, spectacular as was that phase of it, the boom was by no means that simple. The Southern Pacific had enjoyed a monopoly until the Santa Fe arrived in 1886. The rate war began until the fare from Kansas City, formerly \$125, was reduced to \$1.00! Rates would change several times in a single day; on March 6, 1887 the rate opened at \$12 and dropped successively to \$10, \$8, \$6, \$4, and finally about noon to \$1. When a passenger arrived he was refunded the difference between what he had paid and the rate upon arrival. By March 10 the fare to Chicago or St. Louis was up to \$10 but for about a year was less than \$25 to Missouri River points.

Probably it did not take the railroads long to recover their losses because, with so little industry here, the wants of the vast

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crowds of newcomers had to be supplied by greatly increased freight shipments of all kinds of manufactured goods while more and more California products went eastward; wine production alone went up from 1,300,000 gallons in 1875 to 14 million in 1889.

Another major factor in the boom was not only the change from cattle raising to agriculture, but also the greater diversification of products of the soil, including the planting of 10 million mulberry trees for silk worms whose eggs sold for \$10. an ounce. The silk worm boom died, one of the few failures. Don Mateo Keller planted 6 acres in cotton just north of the University of Southern California campus and although his crop was good there was no market for it.

Although the assessor listed only 151 bearing orange trees in 1856 in the County, including what later became Orange County, the citrus industry was off to a boom of its own with the arrival of two Washington navel orange seedlings in 1873. By 1880 a millian and a quarter citrus trees were growing in Southern California; 6 years later 500 carloads of fruit were shipped from the state. By 1882 there were 450,000 orange trees, 48,000 lemon, 64,000 walnut and 33,000 apple trees. There were also increasing numbers of peach, olive, quince, pear, plum, almond and fig trees. Fruit drying began on a large scale in the seventies and had greatly increased by boom-time. Men like Ozro W. Childs were experimenting with importations from various foreign countries. Wheat production increased 5 fold from 1860 to 1880; barley 20 fold from 1852 to 1888, and there were gains in oats, flax, ramie, jute, sugar beets, potatoes, dairy products and honey.

Ludwig Louis Salvator, the Austrian traveler who was here in the seventies, predicted that petroleum would constitute Los Angeles' greatest mineral wealth.

Two other important boom factors were the climate and advertising, the latter largely stressing the former and the forms were as varied as the agricultural products which too, came in for a large share of the advertising. Much of it was personal by letters to relatives and friends in eastern sections, urging them to come to such places as the Great Paradise Regained Tract, Gospel Swamp (New-

port), Morocco (Beverly Hills), La Ballona (Venice) and hundreds of towns and tracts that died without a trace or never were born except on paper and a few stakes. Chicago Park, south of Monrovia, with such street names as State and Dearborn was said to have issued posters showing steamers chugging up the waters of El Rio San Gabriel. This was the more remarkable as Chicago Park itself occupied the river bottom! Simon Hamburg bought 2 quarter sections on the desert side of the mountains for a dime an acre and sold lots in Border City and Manchester from \$1.00 to \$250.00 an acre. He preferred to sell to those in distant places who would buy on faith, sight unseen. Border City and Manchester would now be accessible by helicopter.

The region was well advertised by a flood of books by Salvator and other travelers and some who, like J. M. Guinn, came to stay. And of course various communities and many realtors pulled out all the stops and anything less than double fortissimo was wasted effort and yet, according to Dumke, some of the advertising literature was on a high enough quality to rank with the best travel volumes America had produced.

Newspapers blossomed with the boom, some 160 having started during those years and San Diego alone, with a boom-time population of 20,000 had 5 newspapers. One San Diego realtor advertised: "Population 150,000 although some of them have not arrived yet."

Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade sprang up with the towns and some of them, together with real estate associations and the railroads had recruiting agents in eastern and European centers. Under-statement was not in the repertory.

Although the boom, which reached its climax in the summer of 1887, was most frenzied around Los Angeles and San Diego it was active inland to San Bernardino, Redlands and Riverside and north to Santa Barbara and beyond. Many still thriving communities were boom-born while others, already established, were accelerated by it.

Much of the boom was solid and many who were foremost in it were men of integrity; the story of Chicago Park and Mr. Hamburg were merely examples of the ludicrous extremes but unfor-

## Book Reviews

tunately, much that has been written about those years used the ludicrous and the extreme as the criterion. Even after it was over, the boom did not recede to the point of beginning as thousands of newcomers remained permanently; the climate and the soil remained unimpaired.

Most of the banks operated with increasing conservatism and survived without difficulty. Isaias W. Hellman, Southern California's first financial genius, is credited with pulling the plug out of the boom and thus preventing disaster. The *Times* in an editorial, January 1, 1889 mentioned the Farmers & Merchants Bank and stated: "Unfortunately, the conservative spirit which has distinguished its course had made the bank and its president the subject of spiteful and uncharitable remarks from speculators, whose wild plans it refused to assist. It is very certain, however, that the refusal of the Farmers and Merchants Bank to loan freely on real estate during the fall of 1887—at that critical period when the speculative boom was at its height—is one of the chief reasons why no disastrous collapse followed the crazy buying of those feverish days." The other banks followed suit and the unbooming process was neither as bitter nor as prolonged as would otherwise have been the case.

Every new community had at least one grand hotel; some were firmly planted on land, some ornamented paper while others merely slid off glib tongues; new colleges were almost as numerous and in the same categories. Enough of the hotels, colleges, schools, banks and newspapers and other improvements survived so that more good than harm resulted from the boom. The assessed value of Los Angeles County, including Orange County, was nearly 14 million dollars in 1880 and 67 million in 1890 while in the City of Los Angeles it jumped from four and three-quarter million to 45 million; San Diego County from two and a third to more than 24 million, while the City of San Diego went from \$600,000 to nearly 15 million. From 1860 to 1870 Los Angeles' population increased only 1,343 to reach 5,728—almost doubled by 1880 to 11,183, more than quadrupled during the boom decade to 50,000 by 1890, and more than 102,000 by the turn of the century.



Dumke's book is required reading for all who would understand that amazing phenomenon, the City of Our Lady, Queen of the Angels. Perhaps it would be well to read first of that preceding epoch toward Americanization so well presented by Remi A. Nadeau in his *City Makers*, covering the period of the first boom, the first railroads and the first banks, from 1868 to 1876.

*The Boom of the Eighties in Southern California* is a Californiana nugget.—F.B.P.



## *Activities of the Society*

### ANNUAL MEETING—JANUARY, 1955

On the seventy-second year of continuous service, the *Historical Society of Southern California* seated its new president, John E. Fishburn, Jr.

Retiring President John C. Austin turned over the historic gavel to the newly elected president. Both officers are well-known Californians. John C. Austin is the pioneer architect, with several of the major buildings in the Civic Center recorded to his credit.

President John E. Fishburn, Jr., is vice-president of the Bank of America and is an active civic leader in Los Angeles. He is the son of the late John E. Fishburn, pioneer banker in California.

The Board of Directors who will support the President are: Gustave O. Arlt, John C. Austin, Edward A. Dickson, Edmond F. Ducommun, John Anson Ford, Phil Townsend Hanna, Frederick F. Houser, Oscar Lawler, Marco R. Newmark, Ana Begue de Packman, Frank B. Putnam, Mrs. Frederic C. Ripley, W. W. Robinson, Mrs. Marshall Stimson and Grace A. Stoermer.

President Fishburn introduced the speaker of the evening: Dr. Rockwell D. Hunt, distinguished native son, and oldest living past-president of the Society. His talk was most interesting and enlightening. Dr. Hunt spoke on "*Changes in California in My Time.*"

Dr. Hunt covered the period from 1868 to 1955: The agitation of the Chinese Question in California; the fight for a free harbor by Stephen M. White and Thomas Gibbons; the Saga of California Pioneers was a most interesting theme.

Invitation to the refreshment room was extended where sweets

and coffee were served in a resplendent silver service loaned through the courtesy of our Director, Mrs. Frederic C. Ripley. Seated at the urns were Mrs. Edmond F. Ducommun, hostess chairman, and Mrs. B. S. Mitchell.



MEETING, FEBRUARY, 1955

President John E. Fishburn, Jr., greeted new members present and thanked those who had contributed gifts and books for the library.

The President introduced the speaker, Dr. Glenn B. Dumke, Dean of Faculty at Occidental College, teacher of history and Research Fellow at Huntington Library. His topic was "*The Boom of the Eighties in Southern California*." Dr. Dumke has authored a book by this title.

The talk was illustrated by historical slides of people and places of that period.

Refreshments were announced by the Hostess, Mrs. Edmond F. Ducommun. At the urns were Mesdames Glenn B. Dumke and Lyman Thompson.



MEETING, MARCH, 1955

President John E. Fishburn, Jr., announced that the speaker of the evening needed no introduction as he was a long time officer of the Society and well-known to all the members.

Mr. W. W. Robinson is vice-president of Title Insurance and Trust Company. He has authored many books on California history and these have been beautifully illustrated by his wife, Irene Robinson. The subject of the talk was "*Adventures Under Three Flags—Three Great Writers Look at Early California*."

It was revealed that the "Three Great Writers" were Padre Pedro Font, the chaplain with the Anza Expedition of 1775; Alfred Robinson, Pioneer of Santa Barbara; and Bayard Taylor.

The refreshment hostess, Mrs. Edmond F. Ducommun, invited members and guests to the refreshment room. Pouring at the urns were Mesdames W. W. Robinson and Thomas W. Workman.

## Gifts to the Society

In each issue of THE QUARTERLY there appears a list of the donors and gifts made currently to the Society.

The Society is making an especial effort to build up its collection of historic materials, such as diaries, letters, account books, early newspapers, theatre and other programs, pictures of early-day life in California and costumes. We need your help.

Many members having treasured ancestral keepsakes were impelled to give them to the Society because of the realization that in private possession they would, sooner or later, disappear or deteriorate, whereas, in the custody of the Historical Society of Southern California they will be preserved indefinitely.

MARCO R. NEWMARK,  
Chairman, Committee on Gifts and Bequests



ACHOIS COMIHAVIT CHAPTER OF DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN  
REVOLUTION (Mrs. L. J. True): Historic Newspaper.

REV. JOSEPH S. BRUSHER: *Catholic Historical Review* (June, 1951) Publication—"Peter C. Yorke and the A.P.A. in San Francisco."

DR. GLENN DUMKE: Book: "*Boom of the Eighties in Southern California*," authored by the donor.

MR. CLEMENT J. GAGLIANO: A photostat of maps of Town of San Pedro; Tract map of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. The tract was surveyed and sub-divided May, 1883, under instruction of F. McRellan, agent, by Frank Lecouvreur, surveyor.

MRS. BLANCH GRAY: Book: *Ruffled Petticoat Days*."

MISS MABEL E. GUINN: Photographs of the pioneers Herman W. Hellman, Charles R. Johnson and Hon. Thomas D. Mott. One 7 x 12 photograph of the Don Abel Sterns home, at 26 North Main Street. Later this was the site of the Baker Block. Gift is from the files of donor's esteemed father, J. M. Guinn.

MR. GUY E. MARION: Photograph of some of the past presidents of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. Henry S. McKee (1904), William D. Stephens (1907), Joseph Scott (1910), Sylvester Weaver (1921), George



THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

- L. Eastman (1928), John C. Austin (1930), J. A. H. Kerr (1931) are pictured.
- MR. MARCO R. NEWMARK: Book: "*The Life and Adventures in California of Don Agustin Janssen.*" Photograph of Lt. General Homer Lee of the Army of the Chinese Republic. A tribute to Alexander Graham Bell on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth 1847-1947 (American Telephone and Telegraph Company). Set of *Bulletins* of the Los Angeles Consistory of the Scottish Rite of Free-Masonry.
- MRS. ADEL PHELPS: One box of the old *Argonaut*, weekly publication of San Francisco.
- MR. PHILIP M. RUSH: Facsimile of the first newspaper published in the United States (1690), "*Publick Occurrences*" published by Benjamin Harris, printer and bookseller.
- SECURITY-FIRST NATIONAL BANK: Four boxes of black and white historical slides (themes of Southern California).
- MR. FRANK M. STEWART, University of California: Brochure: "*Impeachment of Judge James H. Hardy*"—reprint from the *Southern California Law Review* (1954).
- MR. JUSTIN G. TURNER: Report of an exhibit made by the Los Angeles Community Council celebrating the 300th anniversary of the settlement of the Jews in America. American Jewish Tercentenary 1654-1954.
- MR. H. H. WEST: Publication: *History and Romance of Glendale* by R. F. Kitterman; package of newspaper pages running through 1926 and 1927, all containing valuable historic data on Southern California.

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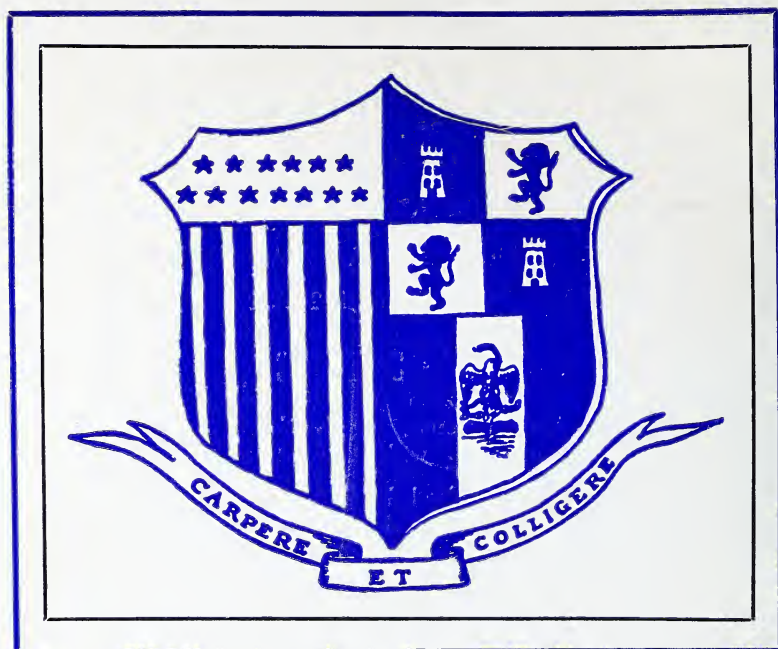
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June, 1955

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*The*

*Historical Society of Southern California*

# QUARTERLY



HERBERT HOOVER

*See "Laying Foundation Stones"—page 99*





THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA was organized in 1883, and has enjoyed a record of continuous activity for over half a century. Commencing in 1886, and each year until 1935, the Society issued an Annual Publication. In 1935 this *Quarterly* was initiated. It is published at Los Angeles, California, each March, June, September and December.

The purposes of this Society are to preserve and protect the archives and historic sites of the Southwest, with particular stress on Southern California; to publish material of permanent historic interest and significance; to assist and encourage all persons and organizations engaged in similar activities; to hold regular monthly meetings in Los Angeles, except during the summer months, and at least once a year to gather in a pilgrimage to some spot of historic significance.

The Society welcomes to its membership all persons who are in sympathy with its aims. It derives its entire income from the dues and gifts of members, and all regular publications are offered to members without further charge.

It is the aim of the Editorial Board to render this *Quarterly* a publication of general historical interest. Suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed, and all persons, whether members of the Society or not, are invited to submit for the consideration of the editors original articles, old letters, documents, maps and other material bearing upon the history and development of this region.

\* \* \* \* \*

Address articles, stories, books for review, and all material to appear in the *QUARTERLY*, and general Society correspondence to:

THE SECRETARY,  
THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA  
2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California

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*Historical Society of Southern California*

**QUARTERLY**



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**QUARTERLY**

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FOUNDED NOVEMBER 1, 1883

1955

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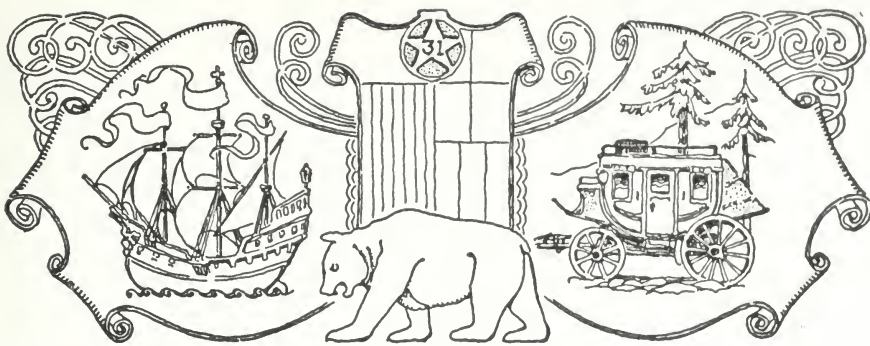
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*The Historical Society of Southern California QUARTERLY for June, 1955*

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## Laying Foundation Stones\*

*By Ralph Arnold*

### *Chapter I*

#### MY ACQUAINTANCESSHIP WITH HERBERT HOOVER



WAS INTRODUCED TO HERBERT HOOVER by his brother, Theodore J. Hoover, some time in 1901 when the latter and his wife, my wife and myself, were conducting co-operative housekeeping in a little cottage at 427 Tasso Street, Palo Alto. Theodore was an undergraduate student in geology and mining at Stanford University (then called Leland Stanford Junior University), while I was a graduate student in the same department. Herbert Hoover and his wife had just returned from China where they had had some thrilling experiences during the Boxer uprising. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hoover had proved their mettle under

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\* This is the first of three installments of the personal reminiscences of Ralph Arnold of the political career of Herbert Hoover. Mr. Arnold's records, diaries, and correspondence are now deposited in the Henry E. Huntington Library, where they form an important part of that institution's great archive of California history.—*Editor's Note.*

fire at the siege of Tien-Tsin, something that aroused the admiration of their friends including myself.

Prior to that time I had heard a great deal about Herbert Hoover from my cousin, the late Doctor Ray Lyman Wilbur (later President of Stanford University and Secretary of the Interior during the Hoover regime), with whom I roomed in Encina Hall at Stanford University from the fall of 1896 until the spring of 1898. Wilbur was graduated in 1896 and took graduate work during this two-year period. I entered Stanford as a sophomore in the fall of 1896. Although Herbert Hoover was a member of the Pioneer Class which was graduated in 1895, he and Wilbur were close friends throughout their college years and until the passing of Wilbur in 1949. In this way I became almost as familiar with many of Hoover's characteristics as though I had known him for a considerable number of years.

Wilbur particularly stressed Hoover's financial and administrative abilities, pointing out that he was the first treasurer of the university student body to bring his balance to the right side of the ledger. I gathered from conversations that Hoover and Wilbur were first drawn together because of the fact that both were working their way through college, one as campus agent of a San Jose laundry, the other as bottle washer in the zoological laboratory.

My acquaintanceship with Mrs. Herbert Hoover (Lou Henry) began soon after I entered Stanford in 1896. She was a junior in the Department of Geology and Mining, while I was a sophomore in the same department. I saw her many times in classes and at her sorority house, the Kappa Kappa Gamma. She was always most gracious and entertaining but very independent, and she carried herself well as the only girl among the boys of the department. She was the only girl who was graduated from this department which, in 1925, terminated as a Department of Mining and Geology. (At this time Theodore J. Hoover was appointed Dean of the new School of Engineering, and also head of the Department of Mining and Metallurgy which was a branch, until in the '40's when it was again merged with the Department of Geology).

One incident which well illustrates the independence of Lou Henry occurred on a trip of the class in metallurgy to the Selby

## *Laying Foundation Stones*

Smelter at Port Costa. The class was being led by Dr. Waldemar Lindgren, the noted economic geologist and mining engineer who was teaching the courses in mining and metallurgy that year. We were the guests of Dr. Lindgren's friend, Count Von de Ropp, superintendent of the smelter. Lou Henry was the only girl in the party and each of the twenty boys, also the two learned metallurgists, had offered at one time or another during the long trip through the plant to carry her coat. No one succeeded; she refused to be shown partiality because of her sex.

We often wondered why Lou Henry was interested in subjects such as geology and mining; but upon reading of her marriage to Herbert Hoover some time later, the great mystery of the department was cleared.

Mrs. Hoover's technical training enabled her to be of invaluable assistance to her husband upon many occasions, but the outstanding piece of work along this line was her collaboration in the translation from Latin of Georgius Agricola's *De Re Metallica*, printed in 1556. Mrs. Hoover's contribution in this work was in translating from the Latin into English while her husband, well assisted by herself, whipped the technical material into the comprehensive form of this record-making contribution to mining literature. This work was published in 1912.

Lou Henry was a leader during her college years, and was active in sorority and student body politics. Much of the political acumen which she quietly but effectively displayed during the years of her husband's public life doubtless was acquired in her campus activities. From personal knowledge I can say she was a most potent influence in her husband's many successes but, like all true women diplomats, her assistance was for the most part rendered far from the public gaze.

From 1901 until 1909 I met Herbert Hoover but once or twice. The Hoover brothers opened an office in San Francisco and soon thereafter formed a connection with Bewick, Moering & Company of London. Herbert became consulting engineer for the company's operating mines in various parts of the world. Eventually the two brothers maintained residences in London, but kept their American



citizenships. From this time on, I was enabled to keep in closer touch with Herbert.

During the years of his affiliation with the London company, Herbert built up a reputation as manager and financier second to none in that great city—the “center” of the mining world at that time. Coincidentally, Theodore was making a similar reputation as a manager and metallurgist. The Stanford crowd was particularly proud of the record being made by the Hoover brothers, and their popularity was enhanced by the hospitality they showered on all American mining engineers and Stanford alumni who were fortunate enough to visit London during their residence there.

At the time of the Taft inauguration in 1909, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover came to Washington rather unexpectedly and, owing to the crowded condition of the hotels, became our guests at our Cleveland Park home. During their stay I was greatly impressed by the number, length, and complexity of code cables and telegrams that came to Herbert Hoover, indicating the size and importance of his business at this period.

In the spring of 1911 I was called to London in connection with an oil deal; Hoover traveled on the *Mauretania* with my wife and myself. There being no wireless facilities at this time—hence no communication with the rest of the world during the voyage—we had an excellent opportunity to visit. Long before the voyage ended I was thoroughly convinced of Herbert Hoover’s greatness not only as a mining engineer and financier, but as a humanitarian. I discerned, in his discussions regarding mine labor problems, the forerunner of that intense practical interest inherent in men who in due time become the world’s great humanitarians.

Upon reaching London we were shown every consideration by the two Hoover families. We lived with the Theodore Hoovers, but were frequently with the other family. Weekend picnics and excursions to interesting localities were Herbert’s greatest delight as a host. The brother shared their office facilities with me until the outburst of the World War in 1914. It was there that I first met many of the renowned business personages of the world’s metropolis. As a result of one of these contacts I was retained by the Gold Fields of South Africa, Ltd., to report on certain oil properties in

## *Laying Foundation Stones*

the Island of Trinidad, South America; and this was the beginning of my extensive investigations into the oil resources of that continent. I have always had a feeling of deep appreciation for the professional courtesies extended to me by these two brothers.

In 1915 I became associated with Herbert Hoover and others in an effort to amalgamate the Union Oil Company, the General Petroleum Corporation and the California Petroleum Corporation. Although conditions were anything but propitious for raising money, Hoover was able to secure the necessary commitments for a large sum in London. The deal would have been consummated except for the selfishness of two officials of certain of the companies, who felt that the deal would be injurious to their own ambitions. Throughout these negotiations, however, I became even more impressed with the resourcefulness of Herbert Hoover, and the high esteem in which he was held by the British investing public. He could raise money under the most adverse conditions—a feat that few, if any, other financiers could accomplish.

During the years prior to the War, Hoover was engaged not only in mining, but also in oil operations in Russia, South America, and elsewhere, which accounts for his deep insight into the oil industry and the popularity which he always enjoyed among the oil fraternity.

## *Chapter II*

### CAMPAIGN OF 1920

#### THE BEGINNINGS

The record of Herbert Hoover throughout the First World War and immediate post-war period is common knowledge. Epitomized, it comprised his financing of stranded Americans at the outbreak of the War, his organization and financing of the Committee for the Relief of Belgium, his American Relief Board, his position as Food Administrator. He was Director-General of American Relief Administration and Director-General of Relief of the Allied and Associated Powers. In 1920 he became Administrative Vice-Chairman of President Wilson's Labor Conference, or Committee. His

entire time was absorbed by positions, largely advisory, having to do with the rehabilitation of the world after the signing of the Armistice.

Herbert Hoover's war and post-war activities unfolded characteristics and abilities that, together with his pre-war business record, suggested to many the obvious presidential caliber of the man. Many people believed he would make a good president, but to give life and form to their ideas was obviously no simple task.

Among the factors which militated against an open crystallization of sentiment was the uncertainty in the minds of many as to whether Herbert Hoover was a Democrat or a Republican. This uncertainty was due partially to the fact that he had served and was serving a Democratic administration in several important capacities. Furthermore, he refused to take an open stand for his inherent Republicanism which would of necessity be a slap at his Democratic employer and associates. He took the stand that the administration in power during the War represented the American people rather than any party. He had an ambition to serve his country, and in this program there was no place for personal ambition.

Early in 1920 Sam Lindauer, a Democrat, an ardent admirer of Herbert Hoover, and I conceived the idea of organizing a Hoover-for-President Club and polling the leaders of American thought and action as to the advisability and desirability of nominating Hoover for the Presidency. Accordingly, a small group of us started such an organization with Lindauer as secretary and myself as president.

We proposed to send letters to all of those whose names appeared in *Who's Who in America*, to all the members of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers and to the alumni of Stanford University. We realized it would require considerable funds to conduct such a poll, but when we canvassed for the necessary amount to conduct the poll—\$1500, for sending out letters—the requirements were met by Henry A. Whitley, Edward H. Clark and W. C. Van Antwerp, all of San Francisco. The letter was framed largely by Ralph C. Ely, formerly Food Administrator of New Mexico, and Chairman of the Republican Central Committee of that state. The mechanics of sending out the letters were in

## *Laying Foundation Stones*

the hands of my secretary, Mrs. Ida R. Koverman. Twenty-one thousand two hundred and ten letters were mailed. Receipts and expenditures were as listed below:

COST OF MAILING LETTERS ORIGINAL FUND			
Date		Dr.	Cr.
1920	<i>Receipts</i>		
Feb. 2	From Henry A. Whitley and A. J. Van Antwerp.....		\$1,000.00
Feb. 5	From E. H. Clark.....		500.00
	<i>Disbursements</i>		
	Stationery .....	\$ 464.11	
	Multigraphing, addressing, etc. circular		
	letter to <i>Who's Who</i> list.....	385.78	
	Multigraphing other letters.....	32.85	
	Postage .....	636.30	
	Telegrams .....	10.46	
	Clippings from "Times".....	20.00	
	Lettering office door.....	2.07	
	Deficit carried to H.N.R. Club a/c.....		51.57
		\$1,551.57	\$1,551.57

Up to this time I have been unable to find a single copy of this letter. Copies of this letter and all of the many thousand answers which were received from it, disappeared from my files and finally found their way into the Hoover Memorial Library. With the assistance of Mr. Hoover, President Wallace Sterling of Stanford University, and Mr. Leslie E. Bliss, Librarian of the Huntington Library, I am endeavoring to have these letters returned to their rightful place in my correspondence files in their final resting place in the Huntington Memorial Library in San Marino. The letters to the Institute members and the Stanford alumni were quite similar.

Thousands of letters were received in answer to ours, and these gave such a splendid cross-section of the esteem in which Hoover was held by the American people that it was deemed imperative to push the campaign.

Meanwhile, a number of politically-minded admirers of Hoover in California took steps to organize for the purpose of putting into the field a ticket of delegates to the Republican National Convention of 1920. This movement was sponsored by Marshall Hale and associates in San Francisco.

No sooner had the organization work been well established in



California than it became apparent we would have to make the movement nation-wide if we were to achieve practical results. After conferences with other leaders, I was chosen to go to New York to start the campaign there, and from that point to spread it throughout the entire country.

Consequently, I arrived in New York on February 24, 1920, and immediately held a conference with Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur then president of Stanford University and Jackson E. Reynolds, president of the First National Bank of New York, and chief attorney of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, respectively. It was agreed among us that I was to call a meeting of a few of Hoover's admirers at some suitable place, and lay our plans before them. I rented a room in the Astor Hotel for March 4, and sent out about sixty invitations. At the appointed time only eleven persons showed up.

Invitations were promptly issued to attend another meeting called for March 9. These invitations were couched in the imperative mode, and were sent to the original sixty and to a few other individuals.

Little was done to perfect an organization because of the scanty attendance; however, the group of eleven had sufficient enthusiasm to elect a vice-chairman and a chairman—Captain J. F. Lucey and myself, respectively—and it was decided that we go ahead with the establishment of a national organization that would include all states. The group resolved to wait upon Mr. Hoover, inform him of our plans and seek his permission to go ahead with those plans. The committee—comprised of the eleven persons present—consisted of: J. F. Bell, S. W. Doying, J. F. Lucey, C. F. Rand, M. L. Requa, Jackson Reynolds, J. M. Switzer, W. Washburn, F. D. Wells, H. P. Wickam, and Ralph Arnold, chairman.

We then met with the Chief, and the meeting assumed almost turbulent proportions at times. Because of my persistency towards forwarding the cause, I was almost thrown out of the conference. It was not difficult to understand that Mr. Hoover did *not* wish to become a candidate for the Presidency. The meeting at length adjourned peaceably with the understanding that he would write us

## *Laying Foundation Stones*

a letter in which he would present his views. He kept his promise as follows:

“March 8, 1920

Ralph Arnold, Esq.,  
120 Broadway,  
New York City.

My dear Arnold:

I have given deep consideration to the urgent recommendations of the Committee of which you are the chairman. Such proposals are indeed a great honor, but I feel that I cannot alter the attitude that I have consistently preserved in these matters. It is however due to old friends that I should make this proposition perfectly clear to you and your colleagues.

First, I am an independent progressive in foreign as well as domestic issues. I think that at this time issues before the country transcend partisanship. It is well known that I was a Progressive Republican before the war and, I think rightly, a non-partisan during my war service. The issues confronting us are now and the alignment upon them has not yet been made by the great parties. I still object as much to the reactionary group in the Republican party as I do to the radical group in the Democratic party.

Second, I am not seeking public office and consulting my own personal inclinations I do not want public office. I cannot ask any citizen or group of citizens to abstain from agitating that I should take public office, but I cannot conscientiously participate in or authorize the creation of any organization to that end. I belong to a group which thinks that the American people should select their own officials at their own initiative and volition, and that resents the manufacture of officials by machine methods and propaganda. I feel sure that if I entered the race for nomination to the Presidency, and undertook to solicit and spend the cost of propaganda and organization this would be in itself a negation of the right American instinct because of the obligations that it all implies. I thoroughly believe that I, like any other citizen, should always be ready for service when really called upon, but to go out and try to persuade the public to call me is opposed to my every instinct.

Third, I hope to have the affection of my countrymen, but my ambition is to remain a common citizen, ready to engage in team play with any organization and leadership that has for its objective the consummation and maintenance of great issues in the forms that I believe are to the public interest and benefit. I of course believe in party organization, but it must be for the promotion of issues, not of men. I am not a straddler on any issue, I spend most of my time agitating for issues that I believe in. It is the privilege of all of us to hold our own views and it

is our duty to express them when called upon to do so. But no man can be so arrogant as to assume that he can dictate the issues to the American people or to the great parties they support.

Fourth, you and your friends have urged that I should undertake to organize propaganda for myself, as representing issues, by entering into competition for nomination by a great party: Aside from the reasons mentioned above, this implies entry upon a road of self-seeking, whereas my view is that I should agitate for the issues, not for myself. You rightly say that joining sheer organization without issues is simply office hunting without regard to public service.

Finally, I am not so ignorant as not to realize perfectly well that such a course does not lead to nomination to Presidency, but I would not be myself if I started out on a path of self-seeking to obtain that office.

Yours faithfully,

HERBERT HOOVER

The little committee of eleven which organized itself on March 4, convened again on the ninth. At this meeting between twenty and thirty persons to whom invitations had been issued were also present. It was decided to form a national Hoover-for-President Club, obtain financial aid, open headquarters and spread the organization to all the states in the Union. It was furthermore agreed that Mark L. Requa and I would issue a joint statement on March 10, which would embody our interpretation of Mr. Hoover's letter. This statement is quoted below:

The California group of Republicans who came to interview Mr. Hoover have given consideration to his reply, and are more than ever convinced that he is available as a candidate upon the Republican ticket. We can sympathize with his reluctance to inject his personality into the campaign, but have determined to redouble our efforts. In this we are enthusiastically supported by letters and telegrams from strong committees in nearly every state in the Union.

Both political parties are today having difficulty in reaching agreements on the fundamental issues before the country. No one knows just what the position of his party is, whether radical or reactionary or progressive. We believe we must have a business administration, and want to be assured that the business reorganization of the Government is to be undertaken by a businessman. We stand squarely on progressive issues. We believe that a majority of the American people are alive to the issues before us and want these issues treated in a progressive and enlightened way in the interest of all the people.

## *Laying Foundation Stones*

We believe that the time has come when the only way to make certain of the proper handling of the grave economic problems of the country, the sound business organization of the Government by a business man, is by putting forward a candidate who has the ability to successfully accomplish all these tasks.

We believe Herbert Hoover is such a man and that as the candidate of the Republican Party he would sweep the country. We believe there is danger that the party may again throw away its opportunities by permitting small groups to dictate the nomination upon the theory that this is a Republican year, regardless of issues or platforms.

Many of us have known Mr. Hoover all his life, and know well his enormous capacity for leadership in co-operative organization and team play. We want a candidate who believes in the development of the common weal of the whole people; a man who never quibbles in his attitude toward any issue; a man who will meet fearlessly the problems that are before us and seek their solution in ways that will best serve the welfare of the nation. Herbert Hoover will give us this kind of administration, and will represent all classes. Therefore we shall do what we can to have his name presented and favorably considered at Chicago.

Regarding our first office, I quote from a letter to my wife,  
March 16:

We opened temporary quarters at the Hotel Pennsylvania, but only stayed there one day, when we moved over to the Vanderbilt Hotel, taking three rooms. Yesterday when I left we had five rooms, and were growing rapidly. We sent \$400 worth of telegrams, Saturday and Sunday. A national movement costs something.

It was decided that I was to go on an organization trip throughout the country, strengthening the skeleton organization in each state which our California committee had started as a result of answers to our original letter of February 18. I therefore resigned as chairman; J. F. Lucey was put in as temporary chairman and I became vice-chairman in charge of national organization. From that point on, until the day of Herbert Hoover's election as President, Captain Lucey gave unstintingly of his time, energy and money to the Hoover cause. Without doubt his work in Texas, where he had his home for many years, was largely instrumental in carrying this rock-ribbed Democratic state for a Republican President for the first time in history.



## ORGANIZING THE STATES

On March 17 I left New York for a swing around the circle which took me to California and back, arriving in New York on April 11, 1920. In Chicago I met representatives from Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio, and Wisconsin. Aggressive clubs, among the first in the United States, were well under way in Minneapolis and Cincinnati.

I then attended a meeting of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists at Dallas, at which time arrangements were made for the establishment of clubs in Oklahoma, Texas, and Louisiana. Of the 400 members attending the meeting, ninety-five percent were Republicans—a factor greatly in our favor regarding enthusiasm for the Hoover-for-President clubs.

Denver was my next stop, and when I gave absolute assurance that Herbert Hoover was a Republican, the organization in this Republican state started full speed ahead. At Santa Fe, New Mexico, the Republican State Convention endorsed General Wood, but there also existed strong sentiment for Hoover.

Arriving in California on March 27, I found the state solidly organized, with Ralph P. Merritt as campaign manager for Northern California and Edward D. Lyman for Southern California. The eyes of the nation were watching to see what strength the Hoover sentiment could muster against the combination of the Johnson and Old Guard machines.

Leaving California on April 6, I went to Salt Lake City, Utah, where I found the Hoover sentiment strong; but in Wyoming and Nebraska we were not strong because of the favorite son, Pershing.

At the conference in Chicago it was found that organization work in the states of Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio, and Wisconsin was moving rapidly. In Illinois alone of those first states to organize, no work was being done because of favorite-son policy. The Hoover crusaders were beginning to realize that only by intensive organizational work could the Hoover-for-President enthusiasm be crystalized sufficiently to influence all delegates. Sam Lindauer and Ralph C. Ely carried forward the organization work in the Northwest and across the United States while I was making this

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around-the-country trip; F. B. Springer covered New Mexico during this time.

The funds and expenditures for this work were as listed below:

HOOVER NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CLUB (Western Headquarters)			
1920	<i>Receipts</i>	<i>Dr.</i>	<i>Cr.</i>
April 3	Edward H. Clark.....	\$	\$ 500.00
3	W. W. Orcutt.....		100.00
3	Max H. Whittier.....		250.00
3	Belridge Oil Company.....		250.00
3	W. L. Stewart.....		500.00
5	S. A. Guiberson, Jr.....		500.00
5	W. B. Scott.....		500.00
8	W. W. Orcutt.....		300.00
8	Chester W. Brown.....		250.00
17	Albert C. Burrage.....		250.00
May 10	E. W. Clark.....		200.00
10	C. V. Drew.....		100.00
10	A. E. W. (through Amor F. Keene).....		100.00
10	W. W. Mein.....		50.00
10	Hoover Republican Club (New York)....		1,100.00
14	P. R. Mabury.....		50.00
14	J. R. Talpey.....		20.00
18	John Willis Baer.....		10.00
<i>Disbursements</i>			
	Deficit in original fund.....	\$	51.57
	To Ralph C. Ely—a/c interstate trip.....	1,000.00	
	New York trip.....	500.00	
	Wired to New York.....	200.00	
	Office Expense (through Lindauer) .....	250.00	1,950.00
	To F. B. Springer—a/c New Mexico trip.....	200.00	
	Through Mrs. Koverman.....	200.00	400.00
	To Mrs. I. R. Koverman—on a/c.....	150.00	
	Traveling expense .....	150.00	
	" " .....	350.00	650.00
	To O. C. Wyman—a/c services.....	50.00	
	" " .....	100.00	
		150.00	
	To S. A. Lindauer—a/c trip to Portland, Oregon, etc.....	500.00	
	To O. C. Leiter—amt. advanced J. F. Rogan.....	500.00	
	Paid Jeanne Moseley.....	17.12	
	Advertising in Colored papers (through Lindauer).....	250.00	
	To J. E. McDowell (addressing envelopes and card index Stanford Alumni).....	50.00	
	Telegrams .....	444.20	
	Long distance phone.....	18.00	
	Multigraphing circulars.....	27.00	
	Lettering office door.....	4.23	
	Photoprints of Johnson circular.....	10.50	
	R. A. paid Astor Hotel, N. Y. for rooms for meetings.....	40.00	
	" " " Palace Hotel (April 22).....	8.10	
	Deficit to date.....		40.72
May 28, 1920.....		\$5,070.72	\$5,070.72

During my contacts with clubs in other states, the club activities in New York State were getting into full swing. Things were going along smoothly until the middle of April, when an article appeared in one of the important New York newspapers to the effect that a letter written to Mr. Frederick R. Coudert (a New York lawyer) by Mr. Hoover on November 2, 1918, expressed the latter's views regarding the necessity for non-partisan political action during the War and at its settlement. The newspaper article was written at the instance of Mr. Vance McCormick, then chairman of the Democratic National Committee. To say that this article caused a sensation in our ranks, as well as throughout the country, is putting it mildly. The letter referred to is quoted below:

2 November 1918  
I-H-S

Frederick R. Coudert, Esq.,  
124 East 56th Street,  
New York City.

My dear Friend:

I have yours of November 2nd in front of me.

My own views are summarized in a word: that we must have united support to the President. In the issues before us there can be no party policies. It is vital that we have a solid front and a sustained leadership.

I am for President Wilson's leadership not only in the conduct of the war but also in the negotiation of peace, and afterwards in the direction of America's burden in the rehabilitation of the world. Our object in this war is to see the establishment of governments in the Central Empires that are responsible to their people. This is the vital safeguard to permanent peace. The passing of their militaristic autocracies must be and is rapidly being marked by such treatment as to put that system out of action forever.

There is no greater monument to any man's genius than the conduct of negotiations with the enemy by the President. There has been a steady growth of realization by the German people and her deluded allies of the debauchery into which they and the world have been plunged by militarism. The President has by his conduct and word stimulated this realization. He has assured them justice if they themselves will throw off their yoke and he has not hesitated in application of our every resource in force against their military dictators.





### SOME MEMBERS OF "RUFF NEK" CLUB

*Members seated, from left to right: Mrs. Newall, Ralph Arnold, Miss Smith, Mrs. Koverman; standing, from left to right, Miss Keating, Mr. Richey, Mr. Ely, Mr. Ellis and unidentified man.*



—Photo by Ralph Arnold, June 10, 1920

### OPERATIONS ROOM AT HOOVER HEADQUARTERS

*This photo shows some of the working staff who conducted the first Convention campaign to make Mr. Hoover President of the United States.*





—Photo by Ralph Arnold, June 10, 1920

### “HOOVER FOR PRESIDENT” CONVENTION HEADQUARTERS

*The Congress Hotel, Chicago, housed the Hoover Headquarters on the top floor and the Johnson Headquarters on the Parlor Floor.*



—Photo by Ralph Arnold, June 10, 1920

### CHICAGO ARMORY CONVENTION SITE

*Looking southeast at main entrance of building where the 1920 Republican National Convention was held.*

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If the final overthrow and surrender of autocracy can be accomplished through the German and their allied peoples themselves, the President will not only save the lives of a million American boys and countless innocent women and children, but will have attained more complete victory and a more permanent guarantee of peace than any other means. The President's leadership has gained gigantic strides in this course. The terms of surrender are being made by Marshal Foch and our military leaders. The action of the Bulgarian, Turkish, and Austrian people has or is forcing the acceptance of these terms. The German people will sooner or later do so.

Our objects in the overthrow of all autocracies in Europe and the establishment of government by the people is but part of our great burden, for beyond this, when these immediate objects are attained we still have before us the greatest problem that our government has ever faced if we are to prevent Europe's immolation in a conflagration of anarchy such as Russia is plunged in today.

We must nurse Europe back to industry and self-support and we must ourselves avoid entanglement in the process. This can be accomplished only by this same leadership which has the confidence of the great mass of people in Europe. The President has spoken throughout this war the aspirations of the vast majority of the American people. There is no other leadership possible now if we are to succeed in these great issues.

Yours faithfully,  
HERBERT HOOVER

In order to counteract the effect of this letter on Hoover's avowed Republicanism, Mr. Coudert wrote to Mr. Hoover on April 19, 1920, in which letter he stated among other things:

As the letter was written to me and at my instance, I am tempted to write you this line setting forth my very clear recollection of the conversation which led to the correspondence . . . We were both solely concerned with the accomplishment of a solid peace and the role of America in aiding to restore world order by participation in some form of league . . . We feared that should the legislative and executive branches of the Government be held by different parties, disorganization and paralysis must follow.

Our views thus coinciding upon these major questions, I urged upon you, as one whose disinterested achievement gave him exceptional influ-



ence, to express yourself in some public manner, and at my suggestion you agreed to write me a letter which could be given to the public . . .

Thus was exposed another of the numerous falsehoods that were used by Hoover's opponents, in a futile effort to ruin him in the eyes of the Republicans and the country at large.

Our plan of campaign in spreading our organization was to secure the names of people whom we knew to be favorable to Mr. Hoover's candidacy. Many of the names were secured through the favorable answers received to our first batch of letters, sent to *Who's Who*, Stanford alumni and American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers lists. Other names were obtained through contacting former state and district food administrators. In practically all instances the former food administrators were loyal to Hoover because they knew him and his peculiar fitness and characteristics necessary for the Presidency, and most of this group took an active part in all of the campaigns leading up to his election.

Immediately upon securing enough supporters in any one place to form a nucleus, some one of our organization made an appointment to meet with those enthusiasts. A local club or committee was then perfected, and the work of spreading the organization in that particular state or district entrusted to the first group thus created. In some instances several groups sprang into existence simultaneously in a given state, in which case it became the duty of our central body to coordinate and unite the efforts of the various groups. Seldom was any selfishness or self-advancement displayed by the leaders of these groups, and it was the order that get-together meetings be harmonious and enthusiastic.

The Hoover movement grew by leaps and bounds. It seemed to develop spontaneously over the entire country, in many instances sponsored by men and women who had never previously displayed any interest in politics. But in this lay the inherent weakness of the Hoover movement. It was largely made up not only of people who for the first time were politically conscious, but in the main it was organized and directed by leaders with little or no political experience or standing. The practical politicians were afraid of

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Hoover because of a mistaken idea as to his lack of political partisanship. On the other hand, the movement brought forward large numbers of women. Hoover, in his food administration work, appealed to the women of the country and opened up to them an opportunity for patriotic service which never before had been theirs. They tasted public service and liked it, and they jumped at the opportunity to follow the man who had given them the chance to serve. Woman by instinct loves to serve.

#### CALIFORNIA PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY, MAY 3, 1920

In the Presidential Primary of 1920, Food Administrator Herbert Hoover was pitted against Senator Hiram Johnson. Upon determining that the elimination of Senator Johnson from the control of the Republican party in California was the first prerequisite to Hoover's securing the California delegation to the Republican National Convention, it became necessary for us to appraise Senator Johnson's strong and weak points, as an engineer would size up any construction job before planning the work.

Hiram W. Johnson came into politics through an opportunity offered by the attempted assassination of Francis J. Heney when the latter was prosecuting the Abe Ruef case. Johnson took Heney's place when the injuries of the latter, received in the attempt on his life, precluded his further connection with the case. Johnson vigorously prosecuted the case through to a successful conclusion. The case was a noted one, directly in the limelight of public attention, and Johnson—always an opportunist—lost no time in capitalizing the position in which he found himself.

In Johnson's first campaign of importance, that for governorship in 1910, the issue was "Kick the Southern Pacific out of politics." Authorities differ as to the statement that the Railway company had decided to get out of politics voluntarily; at any rate, it got out in this election with Johnson hot on its trail.

Johnson's supporters in this campaign were the reformers who comprised the nucleus of what later became the Progressive or "Bull Moose" party of Theodore Roosevelt. This party had its inception



in a Los Angeles City campaign; it grew into a statewide movement in the gubernatorial campaign of 1910 and finally took national scope in 1912, when Johnson became Vice-Presidential candidate in Roosevelt's abortive effort to ride into the Presidency over the wreck of the Republican party.

These reformers, who had cleaned up Los Angeles and assisted Johnson in clearing the so-called Southern Pacific "gang" out of the state government, were among the finest citizens of California, both in the northern and southern sections. Among this group were Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, E. T. Earl, Edward A. Dickson, and Marshall Stimson; and with J. S. Eshelman, Marshall Hale, Chester Rowell, and many other outstanding Republicans in the north.

Such men and women as these were Hiram Johnson's advisers during his first term as Governor. They made many valuable suggestions regarding policies and personnel. Johnson followed their counsel and made a remarkably successful record as Governor of the State of California. His was not a constructive mind, but it was terrifically dynamic. He was an outstanding speaker—more than that, he was an orator and as a political campaigner had few, if any, superiors among his contemporaries. He was able to take the ideas of others and make them live, burning issues. He was a strong and most destructive opponent; on the other hand, he was lamentably weak on the defensive and this was clearly proved in the campaign of 1922.

In 1916, after he had served two years of his second four-year term as Governor, Johnson was elected United States Senator from California, and here is where his real political troubles began. As long as he was surrounded by the constructive-minded friends mentioned previously, he was able to vitalize their ideas into a most successful record; but when he left the environment of his home state and landed in the political maelstrom of Washington, where he had to chart his own course, he began to slip.

Johnson went to Washington the undisputed leader of his party, supported by a host of friends. Within eight years following, he had fallen to the point where he was defeated in the control of

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the state delegation to the 1924 Republican National Convention. When he left for Washington he prided himself on his poverty; but poverty is seldom an asset to a politician, and Johnson soon found himself forced to accept legal fees from individuals and organizations whose interests, ideas, and ideals were not in accord with those of the citizens of California whom he was supposed to represent. Hence, in planning our campaign to wrest control of the party from him, we took into account those things in his political record which seemed to offer the best points of attack.

Hiram Johnson was the undisputed political boss of California. He had been Governor and at the present time was in the United States Senate. Naturally, he had an extremely strong organization or machine. He also was an astute politician, and a great rabble rouser as a campaigner, and was very much in the market for the nomination for the Presidency. Anything that might interfere with his program was going to have his most strenuous opposition. We knew that we would have to whip Hiram Johnson before Herbert Hoover ever would have a chance to secure the Republican nomination for President.

Hoover's many positions under the Democratic administration—and particularly in connection with the Capital-Labor committee—placed him in a position where he could not run for a Republican office without first resigning from his committee. The work of the committee, however, was not complete, and Hoover definitely stated that he would not let his name be used until the work of the committee was finished. Fortunately, that work had been advanced to a point where Hoover was no longer absolutely essential; consequently he dropped out and thus gave us a chance to use his name.

The uncertainty as to Hoover's political affiliations was an obstacle which was almost insurmountable until we learned that he had been a paid-up member of the Republican Club of New York for many years. Knowledge of this fact was the turning point in our campaign. When we were able to prove that he was a Republican, we had clear sailing and the fight really began.

Our effective group in California consisted of Mrs. Ida R.

Koverman, executive secretary of our Hoover-for-President Club; San Lindauer, Secretary; Edward D. Lyman, Chairman; Harry Chandler of the *Los Angeles Times*, Treasurer; Edward A. Dickson of the *Los Angeles Express*, and myself. Chandler and Dickson were our twin backlogs of the press. We had an incipient organization, but its work had not been coordinated. We needed money. Edward D. Lyman, with his ability and wide acquaintanceship, and Harry Chandler, wizard of finance, were the answer to this problem. We started raising money and seeking recruits, and soon had a very credible working organization.

We were compelled to go against Johnson's perfect machine and all of the office holders and politicians who were dependent upon him. He was popular with Labor, and the majority of the newspapers in the state supported him. He was, in fact, a political Goliath in California, in every sense of the word.

We had hope, faith, and grim determination and an abiding admiration for our candidate. We had the two good papers besides some others throughout the state. The *San Francisco Chronicle* and *Examiner* supported Johnson. We had a great block of the women with us, and this was our strongest point. Mrs. Koverman, Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, Mrs. O. P. Clark, Mrs. Robert J. Bourdette and other prominent women were fast organizing the women's vote.

The campaign was waged to the best of our ability in a clean-cut fashion; it was what might be termed a "kid glove" campaign. Johnson, on the other hand, waged one of his usual vicious campaigns, attacking Hoover from all sides. Johnson questioned Hoover's American citizenship because of his part-time residence in London. A poster scattered the night before the primary, reading, "Vote for 'Erbert 'Oover," shows the character of the attacks. Johnson tried to create the impression that Hoover was backed only by the wealthy class. One instance was the dig in one of Johnson's papers, reporting on a meeting and stating that "all the limousines were there."

On election day, May 4, we had many workers in the field throughout the state; but when the votes were counted at the end

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of the day, Johnson had won by a majority of 175,000 votes. We carried Los Angeles County by 14,000 votes for Hoover. On the following morning the Los Angeles *Examiner*, Johnson's main-stay, came out with a comment to the effect that our Hoover organization was a "Society of Self-Kidders." Either they thought we were a joke or else they were attempting to belittle and discourage us.

When I showed up at headquarters the morning after the election, I was greeted by Ed Lyman, our chairman, with:

"Well, Ralph, I guess that settles it."

"Oh, no," I replied, "we have only started to fight. We are going to Chicago with a group and try to influence the delegations from other states, even if we have lost those from California."

This plan was opposed by some of our people who believed it to be politically unethical, but the idea was favored by the majority. We were consequently soon working out the details for sending our own unofficial Hoover delegation to the convention.

In the meantime we were keeping the National organization going through correspondence and personal contact. Sam Lindauer and others who were provided funds with which to travel over the country, pushed Hoover's strong points over to the people of many states.

The old politicians complained that our plan of going to the convention after we had been defeated in the primary was "just not being done," but we did not see it that way. We had taken a leaf from Johnson's political tactics—fair enough, we contended. At the convention we established our headquarters in the Congress Hotel where the Johnsonites were staying, and started to proselyte delegates. Our banner in front of the hotel was as large as Johnson's and we cut quite a swath in the picture. We were a very cocky group. Johnson did not exist, as far as we were concerned. We had practically no politicians with us, but we had an immense amount of enthusiasm among the amateurs who were supporting our idea. We were, in fact, a sort of political maverick group kicking around and testing its strength.



THE CHICAGO CONVENTION

The Chicago Republican Convention convened on June 11, 1920. Our Los Angeles group came straggling in from organization dates; I arrived on May 29. We were all present and had our headquarters opened and working in good order before the big show started. Mrs. Koverman and Messrs. Lindauer, Ely, Rogan and several others, including myself, were already contacting delegates and getting tips on the situation. Mr. Hoover did not attend the Convention. We were progressing nicely when the Steering Committee, or "High Command" blew in on June 7 with silk hats and all—Barnes and Victor of New York, Hepburn of Pennsylvania, Requa and Wilbur of California. Things changed with their arrival, and a cloak of secrecy was thrown around the "throne room." Dignity was the password, mystery was the atmosphere of our camp. All members of our little group were thrust aside; we not only were not taken into the conference, but we were not even informed of the momentous decisions that were being made inside the forbidding doors.

One bit of information did leak out—the "strategy" was to have the delegates come to the High Command rather than our forces going out and contacting them. And in the meantime, all the other candidates and their cohorts were out in their shirt sleeves contacting delegates.

I quote from a letter to my wife, written June 9:

The expected has happened again. I took a back seat when the Steering Committee came. They were surrounded by secrecy and we all thought they were doing wonders. Tonight we had a showdown in a meeting of all of the men, and things didn't show up so good. Then I lit in with a few suggestions, and the result was they turned over the whole shooting match to me—all except the Committee—and so I'm in the saddle again and something is going to hum.

But it was too late. The "strategy" of the "high hat" nullified our efforts.

Frank Hitchcock, former Postmaster General, was in charge

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of General Wood's campaign. He had as one of his backlogs a group of about one hundred fifty pledged delegates. Frank was an intimate friend of mine, and I knew he was a great admirer of the Chief. As one of the final bids for our cause I cornered Frank in the wash room of the Chicago Club at the noon recess on June 13, the day that the final ballot was taken; I did my best to win him over to Hoover. His answer was:

"Ralph, I am captain of the Wood ship and if the ship goes down, I am going down with it, with my flag flying."

He proceeded to do just that; Harding was nominated and the rest of the story is history.

Hoover was placed in nomination and received ten and one-half electoral votes as a total out of all the balloting. This was not a very impressive showing, but we knew what lay behind it and were not in the least discouraged.

Hoover received the greatest and longest demonstration when his name was put in nomination and we felt that this meant something. Parenthetically, I might say here that the most vociferous cheering came from a bunch of shouting Irish who had been gathered together by Jimmie Rogan, one of our original Los Angeles group, and placed strategically about the galleries.

Mr. Hoover remained at his home in New York during the Convention. Afterwards, I went East to see him and to learn whether or not he wanted to keep his hat in the ring. Some of us had spent days, others weeks, and a few of us had spent months in preparing for this fight. We did not feel like "keeping the pot boiling" unless we were assured of Hoover's desire to have us carry on.

I made an appointment with the Hoovers at their Park Avenue apartment, shortly after reaching New York on June 15, and had what seemed to me to be one of the most important conferences during this period of our careers. The decisions made started Hoover on a straight road to the White House, and caused me to devote the next eight years of my life largely to politics rather

than to my profession. I put the question squarely to him, "Are you going to leave your hat in the ring?"

We reviewed the campaign from its inception up to the close of the convention, and tried to figure out what would have to be done if he decided to go ahead with the fight, in future years.

The events of the evening made a lasting impression upon my memory. Mrs. Hoover was, as usual, sitting under a floor lamp, knitting, and I sat near her. Mr. Hoover spent most of the time walking back and forth, running his hands through his hair, which was one of his characteristic methods of relieving nervous tension. Finally, after a full discussion of what had taken place previous to and during the convention, and what would need be done to carry on a successful campaign, he came and stood before me and said, as near as I can remember it:

"Well, son, I have had about all the experience that a human being can have. I have known all of the principal crowned heads of Europe, and have had acquaintance with great men of the world as it is today, and I feel that I have had about all of the honors that can be bestowed on a human being. However, the Presidency of the United States is the most powerful position in the world. Anyone in that position, if so inclined, can do more good than in any other position. For that reason and for that reason alone, I will leave my hat in the ring if you will go to California and get control of the Republican organization of that state."

I did not realize the magnitude of the job that he handed me but, being inexperienced in politics, I accepted it. I got up, shook his hand and said, "It's a deal," and left.

I have often wondered just what passed between Mr. and Mrs. Hoover after I left. To think of our little group, untrained in politics, going out to battle the strongest political organization that our state had ever had—and headed by the most astute, ruthless, and successful politician and campaigner of all California history, was simply beyond comprehension. I felt somewhat like David must have felt when he tackled Goliath. I really thought that our group could win. I did not know that we could do it in our second fight

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with Johnson, but knew that if we continued fighting, no man ever lived who would not fall eventually if his opponents carried on the battle without cessation. If ever "fools rushed in where angels feared to tread," it was our little group which started the ball rolling.

I reported my conference with Hoover to our group when I reached Los Angeles, and we immediately decided that the next fight would be on Johnson in 1922 when he would be coming up for nomination and election for another term as Senator. There was no interim in our campaign. We immediately began planning on whom we could get to carry the standard against Johnson in the 1922 senatorial primaries.

After the convention our group ardently supported Harding and Coolidge. It became obvious that if we were to ask the Republican party to make Hoover its standard bearer, we must prove to its leaders that Hoover was a true Republican in every sense of the word. With the approval of our group I therefore gave out an interview to the papers on October 16, 1920, in which I said:

A few months ago we worked together to bring about the nomination of Herbert Hoover for President. The same principles which he then enunciated, the same tasks which he then saw as fundamental to the success and security of our nation at home and abroad, he again, in his Indianapolis speech, sets out as principles and tasks of the Republican Party and declared that "It must not fail."

This means one thing: Herbert Hoover is now taking his place as an active leader in the Republican Party. Fired by the same determination with which he sacrificed personal ambition when he said, "Belgium must be fed," he now says of his party, "It must not fail." He has demonstrated his ability to keep faith and get results.

In our work together we had a great vision of Herbert Hoover as a virile, living force in American public life. The fact that others are standard bearers of the great political parties need not dim that vision. No political catastrophe, such as the continuation in power of the present lamentably inefficient administration, can completely impair that force; but to make it effective and immediately available, we must place in power the party of which Herbert Hoover is one of the leaders—the Republican Party. Not only must its candidate for the Presidency be



elected but also its candidates for the Senate and House of Representatives, who share with the President the responsibility of vitalizing the party's policies.


His acceptance of leadership now calls all real Hoover men and women to the support of the cause which he espouses. No one questions his ideals or motives. He does not let his ideals carry him outside of the practical. He knows the domestic and foreign duties of this country as perhaps no other living man knows them. He thinks deeply, sanely, clearly, independently. He has chosen his line of action and we can make no mistake in following him. Our duty to our country calls for similar action, and every man and woman who worked for Herbert Hoover for President should now work and vote for the political party which he supports—the Republican Party.

*To be continued*

# Los Angeles as Described by Contemporaries 1850-90

*By Henry Winfred Splitter*

## CHAPTER I: 1850's and 1860's

O THE RESIDENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY and the eastern states, Los Angeles and vicinity is the climax of all that is romantically strange: desert, mountains, sea, climate, and a medley of nationalities and races. Today hundreds of square miles of this area are built up into blooming garden cities, and it is hard to visualize the primitive aspect this land once wore.

How did Los Angeles impress the newcomer enroute to or from the gold fields of the north, or the tentative settler? From contemporary newspaper accounts we learn that the winter rains then as now changed the dominant summer browns of mountain and hillside to a flush of green, that in early spring great fields of perennial wild oats and of yellow-flowered mustard billowed gaily on the present hills of Westwood, on the high plains of the future Beverly Hills, Hollywood, Glendale, and Alhambra, as well as all about what was then only the pueblo of Los Angeles. "When this country was first occupied by the Americans, and as late as 1855-1856, the entire ranges of hills from one extreme of the county to the other, was covered with the most luxuriant growth of wild oats, that was equal in every respect to cultivated crops, except that the grain was much lighter. It seems to have entirely disappeared [1876], owing probably to sheep grazing."<sup>1</sup> As to mustard, a San Francisco firm in the fifties advertised for mustard seed, sacked up in hundred pound bags, mixed or unmixed with barley, as the case might be.

Even in summer the valley of what is now the Los Angeles

metropolitan area favorably impressed a cultured visitor from San Francisco (by steamer to San Pedro, thence by horseback). "After a ride of nineteen miles over a sterile country, a scene of unsurpassed rural beauty opens out as suddenly as raising the drop-curtain would expose some charming view of fairyland. The long hedgerows and white roads remind one of England. Immense corn-fields, equal to any in the world for yield and luxuriant growth, recall similar scenes in the Southern States. Large vineyards stretching away in every direction, as far as the eye can reach; numbers of snug, cozy dwellings dotted about, and absolutely smothered in flowers; its quaint, dilapidated, low, flat-roofed, white-washed buildings; Mexicans cantering about on horseback, the lazy, listless air of some of the native Californians, almost make the traveller think he has been suddenly transported to the Mediterranean or to some inland town in Spain."<sup>2</sup>

The traveler from the East or North, however, must have been disappointed in one aspect of the appearance of romantically situated Los Angeles: namely, in the striking absence of forest trees. The most noticeable feature of the pueblo in 1850 as viewed from Paredon Blanco or White Bluff (now Boyle Heights), apart from the several hundred uniform one-story adobe houses with flat mud-and-tar covered roofs—only five of them roofed with tile, three of them two storied—"would have been the almost utter lack of trees of any size, for, with the exception of the thicket of willows from the hills of the present Elysian Park down to about where Ninth Street crosses today, there were but two trees of consequence to be seen. Those two trees were the mighty *aliso* or sycamore on Aliso Road in front of Luis Vignes' winery, and a large pepper tree that sheltered the small adobe hut of an old Indian woman a short distance northwest of the Plaza. This pepper tree was the only one of that now abundant species in the town. The first pepper trees to be planted as sidewalk shade trees were set out eleven years after, when in 1861 Juan Temple planted a row of them in front of his place on Main Street where the Federal Building now stands. The one lone pepper tree of 1850 was from the 'parent' pepper trees of California, which grew in the quadrangle of San Luis Rey Mission."<sup>3</sup>

As to the architectural aspect of the city itself one of the above

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cited observers records the presence of several brick store buildings in addition to the omnipresent single story adobes. Brick of the moisture-impervious kind, an American innovation, was generally admitted to have its advantages over the traditional building material. Soaking rains spelled ruin to adobe and a two or three day downpour often made for general dissolution. Here is a typical account: "Every little stream has been swollen to a large river . . . Many houses have been badly cracked, and many walls of houses have fallen. The front of the [Plaza] Catholic Church fell out, and other portions are in a crumbling condition."<sup>4</sup> It is therefore easy to understand why, apart from other factors, mural painting and decoration did not flourish in early Los Angeles.

The newfangled brick thus became standard building material for such as could afford to import it by shipboard, from San Francisco. Apropos of the erection in 1866 by Wm. Wolfskill of a new brick store on Main Street, there is the following note: "The store will be 50 feet front and 96 feet deep, two stories high, of brick, fireproof, and will be when completed one of the largest, most substantial buildings south of San Francisco. One by one the old adobe buildings, the relics of a former and more incomplete age of civilization, are giving way to a more useful and ornamental class of buildings."<sup>5</sup> Wooden buildings were expensive, since this, as well as brick, had to be imported from San Francisco, the original cost being exceeded by shipping costs to San Pedro, and expense of hauling from San Pedro nearly as much more. Brick took up less room than lumber and could be used as protective facing for ordinary adobe blocks if necessary.

There were more exotic structures, too, such as the famous "round house" presumably copied from the prehistoric fortresses found on the Mediterranean islands of Minorca and Sardinia. These are constructed of stones, are circular in shape, about twenty or thirty feet in diameter and twenty or more feet high. "In the late 40's Raymond Alexandre, a French sailor, erected a place of peculiar design known as the 'round-house,' claiming it to be a copy of a building he had seen on the African coast. Surrounded by a large park extending from Third to Fourth Streets and from Main to Spring, the odd structure was occupied by Alexandre and his native



wife until 1856. At that time Alexandre sold the property to an Alsatian named Georges Lehman, a willing purchaser. 'Roundhouse Georges,' as he subsequently became known, fitted up the place ingeniously as a brewery and beer garden and enjoyed exceptional popularity. Huge statues, one of Adam and Eve, alluding to the Garden of Eden, and tables in shady bowers under a profusion of trees, transplanted one in imagination to the beer gardens of Munich. The balcony served as a band stand."<sup>6</sup> J. M. Guinn remarks that "the original Round House was built of adobe . . . Lehman or some subsequent owner enclosed it in a frame and weather-boarded it; and in so doing, changed it to an octagonal building."<sup>7</sup>

Another odd-looking house stood, up to 1870, on the east side of Spring Street, below the so-called "old market." It was adorned with three eccentric looking gables that gave the building its name of "The Three Sisters." More interesting than this, however, was the fact that it was constructed almost entirely of mahogany. The house was built in 1852 for Henry Dalton of the Azusa Rancho, the timber having been shipped here from either Hawaii or Mexico. In 1870, a portion at least of the house was dismantled and some of the mahogany sold to undertakers and cabinet makers of the city.<sup>8</sup>

Early experiments in what today would be called prefabricated housing attracted some attention. There were, for instance, the iron houses made in England, shipped here knocked down, and erected *via* wrench and sledge hammer to the bewilderment of natives. This event took place also in 1852. Furthermore, the material for one old house at least (standing until 1870 on North Main Street at the site soon to be occupied by the new theatre) was framed on the Atlantic seaboard and shipped here by schooner around the Horn.<sup>9</sup>

Highly important to the life of the pueblo, and adding another picturesque note attractive to the newcomer, was the *zanja* or open trough water system. The *zanja madre* or 'mother canal' started at the *toma* or great water-wheel that lifted the water from the river at just about where the Santa Fe tracks now cross the river, west of present North Broadway. It then followed the western bank of the river south to the pueblo, running along the slope between

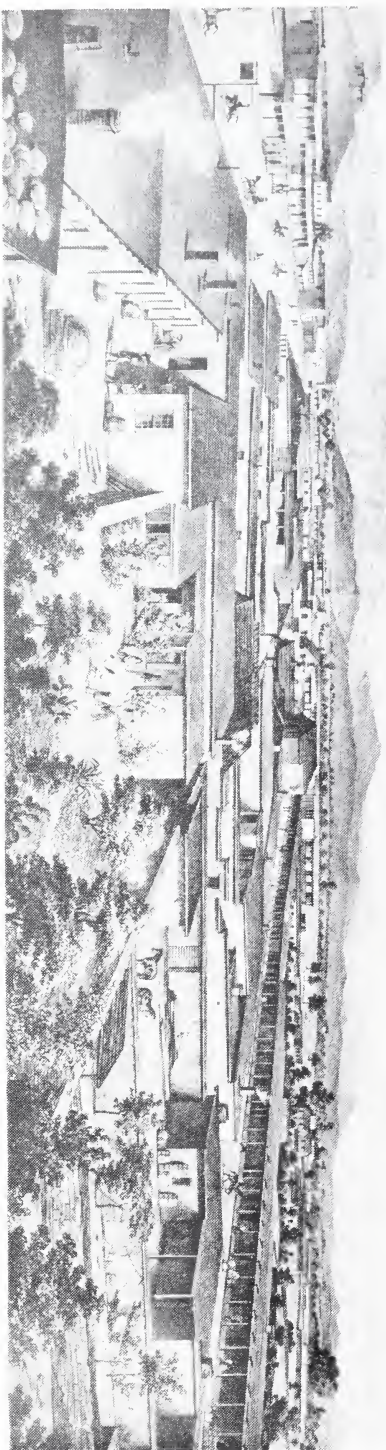


PHOTO DIAGRAM OF THE PUEBLO OF LOS ANGELES IN 1857

—from the Historical Collection of Putnam Studios



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present Los Angeles and Alameda Streets. At various points minor *zanjas* would branch off this main canal, to water the fields and vineyards of the settlers, so that a veritable network of canals was formed.

"In 1850 the town council, recognizing the importance of the water system, made stringent laws to govern bathing or washing of clothes in the *zanjas*. These laws, however, were circumvented by running the water from the *zanja* into some improvised swimming pool on one's own property, and thence back into the *zanja*. This was the provocation of many pranks in the early days among the *muchachos* of the pueblo. These pools were always surrounded by thick willow hedges, and were thereby protected from the gaze of any but those who were actually in the pool, enabling those who swam to use their birthday suits, only the feminine laughter and shrieks or the masculine guffaws telling those without which sex was using the pool. The boy of 1850 in old Los Angeles was just as ruthless in his pranks as the boy of today, and often when feminine laughter told that girls were enjoying a swim, the *muchachos* would cut nettles and throw them into the stream some distance above the pool, waiting in fiendish glee to be told by screams of anger that the stinging shafts had reached their intended destination."<sup>10</sup>

About the year 1857 a brick reservoir was built on the Plaza, from which water was distributed along Main and Los Angeles streets through pipes made of hollowed logs.<sup>11</sup>

Weather in early Los Angeles was then more than an opening topic of conversation and subject of polite interest. Schools, for example, were closed during the wettest months, January and February, when children could scarcely be expected regularly to traverse unpaved streets periodically turned into mud traps. "North-ers" or "Santa Anas" also were a matter for serious concern. On February 7, 1865, the *Los Angeles News* comments on such a "blow-hard": "On Friday evening last old Boreas donned his robes and swept over this valley with remorseless fury all that night and the day following, raising such clouds of dust and sand that nearly every merchant in town was compelled to close his place of business . . . Much damage has been caused to the orange orchards in this city and vicinity . . . We understand Mr. Wolfskill estimates



his loss in fruit and trees as high as \$500; his orange orchard was one of the finest in the state." The long rows of eucalyptus trees set to break the force of the wind sweeping through the orange belt did not yet exist; such eucalyptus hedges were introduced in the seventies and eighties.

## CHAPTER II: The 1870's



TO APPROACH THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES for the first time through the mountain passes east or north was, in any summer of the 1870's, a dramatic revelation for the traveler. His eye, dimmed by the dull glare of the desert, was as suddenly and utterly refreshed by cool green as his perspiring skin by the ocean breeze. Benjamin F. Taylor, a visitor, remarks that "entering the [San Fernando] railroad tunnel [from the north] was a sort of dying out of the waste places, and emerging on the other side was a little like being born into an emerald world. We hardly knew how much we had missed the green fields, the clear waters, and the human homes, till we saw them again." For all that, the desert had not yet, he recollects, been entirely conquered. "Nevertheless to see the valley and plains of Los Angeles in midsummer sometimes throws dust in the eyes of enthusiasm. Tree and shrub, except when transfigured with the witchery of water, are powdery as a miller's coat, and the dry fields and highways are thickly and wastefully strewn with Graham flour that rises without yeast. Palm leaves are as gray as an elephant's ears."<sup>12</sup>

Arrived at the city itself, the newcomer was sure to be impressed with the insistent mingling of old and new, mingling of past days of dreamy splendor with the incisive bustle of the Yankee. Certain spots like the Plaza and its church were still steeped in the atmosphere of Spanish California. The sound of its bells, however, seems to have been strangely out of keeping with this mellow air. Mr. Taylor, quartered overnight perhaps in the Pico House on the Plaza's edge, tells how he was "startled the first morning by a battle of cracked bells, as if ringing from the necks of a galloping and demoralized herd of cattle stampeding through the city streets. It is the pitiful complaint of the disabled chime of green bells in the

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old Parish Church of Los Angeles, and you stroll over to look at the ancient structure. A gray-haired *padre*, leaning heavily upon a young priest 'all shaven and shorn,' comes slowly out. The inscription over the portal is: '*Los Fieles de esta Parroquia a la Reina de Los Angeles.*' The church has a story and has been restored. The inscription formerly ran: '*Los Pobres*'—'The poor,' instead of 'the faithful,' shadowing the fact that at one time it was the mite of the widow and not the wealth of the *hidalgo* that sustained the mission."<sup>13</sup>

Los Angeles in the seventies was a city of sharp contrasts. The only magnolia believed to be on the coast was spreading its creamy blossoms to the sun in Mr. Sansevain's garden; a mammoth rose tree, only seven years old but already twelve feet high, thirty-six feet in circumference, and two feet around the trunk, was scenting the air at Mr. Griffith's residence on Hill Street near Second. Church spires shot up in 1875 like yucca blooms in late spring: Methodist Episcopal on Fort Street (Broadway), the Methodist Episcopal South edifice on Spring, the Roman Catholic cathedral on Main, and the modest home of the German Baptists on Spring. In addition there were the old Plaza Church mentioned above, and the Jewish synagogue. One hundred thousand dollars invested in these new church buildings during that single year seemed only a partial tithe for the prosperity that had come upon the Southland.<sup>14</sup> The Presbyterians were also planning a stately structure in the downtown area.

To be sure, south of Sixth and west of what was called Grasshopper Street (now Figueroa), there gleamed only an occasional house in its invariable orchards and gardens. Still less impressive were the streets of Los Angeles, bordered only rarely by sidewalks, streets that were in summer basins of deep, puffy dust, while in winter there was mud, ankle deep, sometimes hip deep. Water stood here at all seasons in pools and sloughs, generously flavored with miscellaneous rotting trash, to which summer weather brought greenish scum and an insistent odor of putrescence. Shade trees along the thoroughfares were a rarity. Adobe houses and stores fronting those streets shouldered here and there an occasional wood scrolled cottage or two-story Victorian-American mansion, or even,

in the very center of town, a self-consciously modern brick business block. A visitor from Sacramento, being familiar with the metropolitan splendors of San Francisco with its more than 200,000 population, savoring these sights, remarked with proper condescension, "If Los Angeles citizens would evince their public spirit by paving their streets, building crossings and sidewalks, tearing down the unsightly old hovels and fences that disfigure the streets, plant shade trees, and improve their public drives, the city would soon be worthy of all the encomiums that have been lavished upon it."<sup>15</sup> And as the population of Los Angeles was at the time estimated at only ten or twelve thousand, it seemed fitting for its citizens to bear such reproof with humility. It was not that paved streets, even sidewalks, were not appreciated. Some few years previously, the editor of the *News* had editorialized sourly, "The city marshal should see to it that drivers of vehicles and horsemen do not make thoroughfares of the sidewalks which are intended for the exclusive benefit of pedestrians. On one side of Aliso Street, below Alameda, horses and carriages monopolize the sidewalks, and frequently bespatter with mud any foot travelers who happen to be passing on that side of the street."<sup>16</sup> It was rather that paving material (conventionally, stone or wood blocks) was practically unavailable, while the tarred pavements of today had not yet been evoked from the test tubes of chemists and the brains of engineers.

Apart from the mere inconveniences of street mud and dust, there were the putrid street odors assailing housedwellers and pedestrians alike. Competing with the dreamy fragrance of orange blossom from nearby groves came "the concentrated vileness of the gutters down a portion of Main and Spring Streets. Fever, plague, pestilence, and all horrors of death steam up in the poisonous exhalations from the green slimy ooze. The breeze is tainted with it; the night is sick because of it . . . Climate, sea breezes, and the odor of the orange groves will not serve us . . . if the concentrated, double distilled essence of disease daily and nightly ascends to our nostrils . . . Clean the gutters, citizens! Clean the gutters!"<sup>17</sup> And it was not altogether a matter of the gutters, at that. "Yesterday the gentlemen boarders of the City Hotel (city jail) were busily engaged cleaning the streets 'on compulsion.' Five hundred old boots and

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shoes, a half ton of straw, seven dead cats, and five cart loads of orange peelings were removed and deposited outside the city limits. It is rumored that one of the laborers found a purse of twenty dollar gold pieces along one of the gutters.”<sup>18</sup> But even the rumored treasure trove did not serve as a permanent incentive to keep the streets clean, and consequently periodic shovelings and forkings were all that saved our city from being entirely buried, like ancient cities of the East, in its own filth.

A certain obscure person named Macadam, it was, however, who during this decade came to the rescue of this city, as he has of so many others up to very recent date. The *Herald*, on St. Patrick’s Day of 1875, carried this brief but heartening paragraph: “The principal streets of the city are now being madadamized with a gravel cement found in great abundance within the city limits. This cement is very cheap, and makes a hard elastic road, comparatively free from dust in summer as free from mud in winter.”

If street sanitation was deplorable and scarcely to be mentioned in polite society, that of back yards was positively vile. The mediaeval cities of Europe had periodically suffered the scourge of plague occasioned by the lax sanitation of the time. On our own West Coast the deadly small pox epidemics that had carried off most of the Mission Indians as well as many whites in the sixties, were still recent in memory. Science had come to aid in the form of medical vaccination, practically eliminating the disease. But in Los Angeles of this day fevers and other filth-begotten maladies were still riding high and proudly.

In the matter of garbage disposal, we were served somewhat as were the ancient Romans, who threw table scraps and pot scrapings to their animals—dogs, birds, and monkeys—waiting expectant on the dining-room floor. The back yard seemed a bit more removed, but in reality the benefit was not as great as it seemed. The citizens of the newly-founded Santa Monica at this period had an advantage over those of Los Angeles, in that great flocks of sea gulls daily swarmed over roofs, fences, and yards, picking the city clean as a whistle. Small boys there were rightly urged not to shoot these useful birds.<sup>19</sup>

It was in 1867 that the call for a public health officer first be-



came really insistent. Cholera had reputedly come to San Francisco aboard ship but had been checked by the swift measures taken by health officers. “. . . Would it not be well for our city authorities to follow the example of San Francisco, at least in so far as to appoint a competent health officer, and have the city rigidly inspected? . . . All over this city there are piles of filth and rubbish, in the back yards of public and private houses, that have been saturated with water during the winter, and will commence a rapid decay as soon as we have a few days of warm weather, which must engender fever and other diseases . . . unless promptly removed to some spot where the foul air thus created will not infect the community.”<sup>20</sup> The health officer was appointed.

Public health is also directly dependent upon a pure water supply. In Los Angeles of these and earlier decades primitive methods of sewage disposal had direct influence in the affair. “Last summer,” remarked the editor of the *News* in 1867, “we had the evidence of competent medical men that the present system of sewerage, emptying the refuse and drainings into the Los Angeles River, water canals or *zanjas*, where it was afterwards taken up and used for domestic purposes, was the legitimate cause of a amount of fever, and yet nothing has been done to remedy the large evil.”<sup>26</sup>

Agitation of the public seems to have had its effect, and consequently by 1869 the open wooden troughs used to convey drinking water from the river to the community were, by official pronouncement, discarded in favor of more modern equipment. “In the city the Waterworks Company have almost completed their trenches for a supply of pure spring water for the city, from a spring six or seven miles away, and will in a short time commence replacing the wooden pipes now in use with eight inch iron pipe imported for that purpose from Europe, the whole enterprise costing not less than \$200,000.”<sup>21</sup> The single spring, however, was not sufficient, and river water seems to have been again used as supplement.

Mayor Beaudry's message to the Council in 1876 had called for installation of a sewage system, but his plea went unheeded. And sewage continued its obscure and sinister seepage into our water supply. Investigators for the 1880 census tell us: “About

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20% of Los Angeles city houses have water closets . . . while the remainder depend on privy vaults . . . The night soil is used as manure on vineyards and orchards. It is reported that none is so used within the gathering ground of the public water supply, but as this river has a watershed of about 180 square miles, it is more than likely that it is so used."

The unhappy tale is still not fully told. In the Mayor's message mentioned above are the following words: "Only a few days since, we heard a gentleman remark that the streets of Los Angeles were either all dust or all mud, according to the season, and to traverse them at night was to imperil life and limb . . . That a city so well supplied with gas should suffer its street lamps to stand unlighted is the wonder of strangers, and we doubt not, of residents"<sup>22</sup> J. M. Guinn tells of an unverified but plausible tradition "that at the beginning of the century Spring Street was known as *Calle Cuidado* or Look Out! Beware! Street, because of the numerous washes and gulches cutting across it from the low foothills."<sup>23</sup> Its unpaved and seldom graded state in the seventies cannot have been much better, since we read in the *Star* for June 18, 1870, that "the people on Spring Street are commencing to grumble because they have no gas light, and in this we think they are justifiable. Spring Street is commencing to make a demonstration of enterprise, and the time is not far off when it will be as important a business street as any other in the city. At present there is but one gas light along its whole extent."

Spring Street with its *Cuidado* legend is only one of numerous streets which have changed their names in the course of years since the Ord Survey in 1849. *Calle de las Chapules* (Grasshopper Street) later took the more dignified title of Figueroa Street, as already mentioned. There is an interesting story connected with the original name. "The *Calle de las Chapules* was for many years the extreme western street of the city. The name originated thus. On certain years, mostly during the dry or drought years, myriads of grasshoppers hatched on the low grassy plains of the *Ballona* and *Cienega*. When they had devoured all vegetation where they originated, they took flight, and flying with the wind, moved in great clouds toward the east, like the locusts of Egypt devouring every-

thing in their course. When the destroying hosts reached the *Calle de las Chapules*, the *vinatero* knew his grape crop for that season was doomed. The voracious hopper would not leave a green leaf on his vines. And the vineyardist considered himself fortunate if the destroyers did not devour the bark as well as the leaves."<sup>24</sup> Grand Avenue was known as Charity Street, the alleged reason being that so many of the persons inhabiting the poor huts along its course were periodical recipients of charity. What became Yale Street in February, 1874, was originally Wasp Street; at the same time *Calle de Toro*, or Bull Street, became the more euphonious and less reminiscent *Castelar*.<sup>25</sup> The bullfight arena stood on the *Calle de Toro*, near the French Hospital, up to the time of the last great bullfight, on October 26, 1872. The origin of the name of present Bunker Hill is of interest. It appears that Mr. Beaudry, who had bought and was subdividing the hill about 1874, had named the street running along its crest Bunker Hill Avenue. Public opinion held that since the 100th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill was about to be celebrated, there could be no better way to commemorate the event than by applying this name to the hill which in size and position, even fortification, is so much like the original.<sup>26</sup>

The buildings of Los Angeles in the seventies would today scarcely be thought to merit the term "architecture." Victorian Gothic in residential building and Bad-Taste American in business blocks, would perhaps be the epithets most nearly descriptive of their quality. This, we recall, was the period when cast iron pillars were believed by the uninitiated to be the very last word in elegance for any bank or store facing. And the new Jewish synagogue was in style "purely Gothic," whose "graceful symmetry" was alleged to be a credit to its architect as well as an ornament to the city. Residential buildings were now constructed invariably of wood, painted, and regardless of size, generally cast into the incongruous mold of a mediaeval castle with its towers and crannied walls, the whole aproned, front and sides, with an all too large porch, incredibly jigsawed.

There were, it is true, feeble efforts in the direction of an architecture which, though not purely native, was at least adapted to climatic conditions and to its function in an age increasingly aware

of hygienic axioms. It appears that much semi-commercial building was somewhat in the old Spanish style, with small windows and without reference to site or situation. The *Herald* editor saw fit to remonstrate: "Are not our hotel and boarding house builders overlooking a very important point in the plans of their structures? Are they not building too many dark and shady rooms? A large portion of the patrons of our hotels and boarding houses, especially during the winter months, are invalids, and persons in feeble health . . . It is possible to arrange the plan of almost any building so that most of the rooms will have sunshine a part of the day. Plan your houses for the lots upon which they are to be built . . . The building costs no more, and will pay far better rents . . . In the best rooms put open grates; [heating facilities were rare in early California buildings] people will pay for the sight of an open fire."<sup>27</sup> The old Spanish adobes, though warm in winter and cool in summer, were commonly disliked, partly perhaps because their exceeding plainness was offensive to American taste, and partly perhaps because of their psychological association with that less active, educated, and prosperous section of the population, the Mexican laborer. The city offices in 1874 were, indeed, still located in some adobe buildings, sometimes derisively termed "rat dens." Many years were to pass before our modern adaptation of the Spanish adobe was to find an accepted place in our Southwestern architecture.

Meantime, the residential Victorian Gothic was all the rage. Old photographs, and above all, old buildings, of this type still standing in many of the older sections of our city, will give a sufficient idea of the scroll-saw monstrosities over-running the porches, the wooden funeral urns placed in the most incongruous positions, the Norman-esque towers. Within doors, the general effect was often not at all unpleasing. Generally, floor plans were conveniently laid out, rooms were spacious and ornamented with fine woods. In general, structure was sturdy, workmanship honest, and the cost was, compared with our standards, surprisingly low. Let us see for ourselves. "Three elegant villa residences will be erected on Main Street between Seventh and Eighth for Messrs. M. J. Newmark, Kaspar Cohn, and Morris A. Newmark. These three villas will be uniform, all being built from the same plans and specifications. They



will be two stories high, containing eight rooms each, besides pantry room, store and baggage rooms, cedar linen closet, bath room, and wine cellar." The parlor measured  $22\frac{1}{2} \times 15$  feet, the dining room  $15 \times 17$ , the library  $13 \times 15$ . The house foundations were brick, "the upper portions of best rustic finish." Each of the three chief downstairs rooms had a fireplace with a marble mantel, and the rooms themselves were friezed with an ornamental plaster cornice. The total cost of such a house was to be about \$6,500.00. A larger villa built on Brooklyn Heights for William H. Perry, with main dimensions  $48 \times 54$ , a  $36 \times 16$  parlor, and six bedrooms, each with bath and dressing rooms attached, general black walnut finish, bird's-eye maple paneling in the dining room—such an edifice as this in 1876 cost as much as \$10,000.00.<sup>28</sup> The commercial builder, with his ideas of volume and standardization economy, was, as we can see above, already in the field. Concepts of domestic comfort apparently were spacious, and the imposing facade was designed to symbolize the financial stability of its owner.

### *To be concluded*

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# Pico House:

## *The Finest Hotel South of San Francisco*

*By Maymie R. Krythe*



CROSS FROM THE OLD CHURCH, Our Lady, Queen of the Angels, at the corner of Main Street and the Plaza, in Los Angeles, stands the old hotel, Pico House, built in 1869, by Pio Pico, last of California's Mexican governors. Once it was described in this way:

For some time the finest hotel south of San Francisco. For a decade it was the center of social life, and its once beautiful central court with a fountain and tropical foliage, was the scene of many a notable entertainment, and was familiar to travelers from various parts of the world.

Its parlor became a rendezvous for the socially elect, and the flower-filled patio with its fountain, was the delight of all who dined there.

Pico House, a three-story structure, built in a substantial but ornate style of architecture, once the pride of all Southern California, during its best days, was noted for its sumptuous banquets, with unrivalled cuisine. But today it has lost all its glamor and serves as a poolhall and cheap lodging house for Mexicans.

After California entered the Union in 1850, the Bella Union (on the east side of Main Street, just north of Commercial) was the chief hostelry during the fifties and sixties. At this period the "most distinguished residence in town" was the noted Carrillo home, located on the ground where Pico House still stands. This land had been granted to Don José Carrillo in 1820. His *casa*, facing the Plaza had a high gabled roof, covered with red tiles, while its white walls contrasted strongly with the flat roofs and clay-colored walls of its neighbors. The wings extended back, parallel with Main Street to the end of the block, enclosing a pleasant patio with flowers

and shade trees. In its spacious *sala*, or ballroom, many gay parties took place, when the beauty and chivalry of the *pueblo* and surrounding ranchos gathered to dance in the light of flickering tallow candles.

This home was distinguished for years by the generous hospitality of its master, Don José, "a magnificent and lavish entertainer." He was also well known as the politician who deposed Governor Victoria, and placed Pio Pico in office. When Don José married Pio's sister, Dona Estefano, relatives and friends came up from San Diego, and down from Northern California ranchos, to attend the festive celebration that lasted for ten days. After Dona Estefano's death, Carrillo married her sister, Jacinta. At the wedding of Pio Pico and Maria Ygnacia Alvarado, in 1854, another sumptuous fiesta was held at the Carrillo adobe; the feasting and dancing continued for a week, with all the aristocratic families in attendance.

So the well known Carrillo home, one of the most historic structures of early Los Angeles days, stood here for more than half a century. It was only natural that the Angelenos expressed much regret in 1869, when Pio Pico announced that it would be razed to make way for his new hotel. The *News* (September 7, 1869) commented sadly:

The old tile-covered house on the corner of Main and the Plaza is being torn down and removed, and a first-class hotel is to be erected on the lot by the owner thereof, Pio Pico. Thus one by one, the old landmarks are disappearing, and Los Angeles will soon have few things to remind the visitor that she is one of the oldest cities on the Pacific Coast.

By this time, various changes were taking place in the community; and the days of the "splendid, idle forties" on the nearby ranchos were about over. The "sleepy pueblo" of Los Angeles, with its 6,000 inhabitants, was becoming more commercial; several small factories were established; and with the coming of more travelers and settlers additional hotel room was needed.

Everyone was excited about the "magnificent brick building" that was rising on the old Carrillo site. C. F. Kyser was the architect, and men named C. Stoppenbeck, C. P. Switzer, and J. Wexel, the contractors. The corner stone was laid with appropriate cere-

## *Pico House*

monies on September 18, 1869. During the months of the hotel's construction, there were many rumors in town about its outstanding furnishings, and the fact that "one who ranks as a prince among caterers will be connected with this magnificent house."

All the Angelenos were eager to see the completed building, and they enjoyed reading these details that appeared in the *Los Angeles Republican*, May 26, 1870:

This ornament to our city will be open for the accommodation of the public about the tenth of June. The delay in opening is on account of irregularity in the packing and receipt of furniture from New York. A day or two since by the politeness of Mr. Johnson, we were conducted through the entire building and inspected all the rooms. Work is nearly completed on the second and third floors, the carpets being down, and curtains hung, and some of the furniture placed.

The building is on the southwest corner of the Plaza on Main Street and fronting 120 feet on Main Street and on the Plaza 95 feet, and reaching to Sanchez Street, thus facing three streets and being amply provided as to light and ventilation. The walls are of brick, resting on heavy stone foundations, and on the Plaza and Main Street the fronts are stuccoed, the coloring being nearly a blue limestone. The windows on the first and third floors are arched, those on the second, though not arched, harmonize, and the walls are so heavy that all windows are in recess. The height of the building is three stories and the ceilings are lofty.

Viewed from the street the building makes a very neat appearance, and would not be ashamed if set down in New York. The first floor rooms and the one adjoining it on Main Street will be let for stores. The main entrance is on Main Street, whence an ample starway leads to the upper floors. At the right of the hall is the office, and next the reading room and bar, all on Main Street. There are three dining rooms, facing the Plaza. The kitchen and its offices are on Sanchez Street. The building encloses a court, and a portico reaching to the third story runs around the court. A fountain will be placed in this court, and flowers planted. On Sanchez Street are wide sliding doors which will permit wagons to drive inside for convenience in unloading baggage, etc.

At the head of the stairs, on the second floor is a drawing room which will be richly furnished. Two large mirrors and some pictures will decorate the walls. The remainder of the second floor will be largely assigned to lodgers, especially, those who may wish suites of rooms. The billiard room will also be on this floor. The third floor is designed entirely for sleeping rooms. There are 81 rooms in the house, besides those intended for public use. All the rooms are elegantly furnished. On the second



floor all carpets are brussels or velvet. On the third floor are best ingrain carpets of neat patterns. The halls are covered with oilcloth with a walking strip of carpet in the middle. The furniture on the second floor is mainly walnut; on the third floor of lighter woods and less costly, but all are pleasing to the eye, and are of good quality. The rooms on the third floor are many of them suites. From the windows on Sanchez Street a fine view is had of San Pedro Bay as well as of the plains and mountains to the east. Wardrobes are furnished for every room, and water and gas have been carried to every hall and will be taken in various rooms when it is desirable. There are bathrooms for gentlemen on the first floor, for ladies on the second floor, with dressing rooms attached, and water closets on every floor.

Mr. Antonio Guyas will be landlord. He has had extensive experience in the hotel business. For several years he was proprietor of the Barcelona Hotel in New York City. Mr. Johnson will also assist in the management. Two French cooks of high reputation have been engaged to give the table a high reputation. Parties wishing accommodations can engage board without rooms, or rooms without board, or you can have both. The new hotel is a credit to the city, to the architect, Mr. C. P. Kyser, and its projector, Governor Pico, and we hope and believe that its liberal spirited projector may be well repaid for his enterprise.

The building was finally completed at a cost of \$85,000; and elaborate preparations were made for the formal opening. Harry Carr, in his *City of Dreams*, tells of a funny happening on the day before this important event. Pio Pico, a portly gentleman, with thick white hair and beard, was dressed in his usual florid style, that included an enormous watchchain draped over his blue-flowered vest. In order to show the wife of Senor Antonio Cuyas around his new establishment, he took her up the graceful stairway; on a landing was a large mirror. In his state of pride and great excitement, Don Pio looked at the glass and took it for the entrance to one of the rooms. Hastily, he tried to walk through the supposed door, and at once he and his surprised companion were showered with glass.

The elite of Los Angeles and outlying ranchos met at Pico House for the inaugural festivities. The charming Dona Luisa de Garfias (daughter of the Avilas whose adobe on nearby Olvera Street had served as headquarters for Commodore Stockton in 1847) was the belle of the ball, and led the grand march with the former gov-

## *Pico House*

ernor. This was just the beginning of many gay social affairs at the new hostelry.

Both the townspeople and travelers who visited Pico House were delighted with many of its modern features. In the central court, with its fountain, birds were singing gaily in their cages, while plants and vines decorated the galleries surrounding the patio.

The hotel office was fitted with a large safe; and there were speaking tubes for sending messages to other parts of the building. The comfortable reading room was furnished with easy chairs where patrons could read local papers, and those from the East and abroad. One of the store rooms on the first floor was occupied by the Wells Fargo Express Company, who had moved here from the older Bella Union. Also a doctor, M. J. Werder, from San Francisco had his office in the new structure.

Two of the dining rooms, facing the Plaza, were for families with children, while the third was used by "general guests." The kitchen, adjoining the dining rooms, and facing on Sanchez Street, was fifty feet long and twenty wide. It was fitted with culinary conveniences and had a pastry room, and storage space for meats and groceries nearby.

Guests were loud in their praises of the fine furnishings: for example the public parlor was lighted by two large chandeliers; and its hangings, and the upholstery of its easy chairs and lounges were of "green and gold reps." The bedrooms had thick carpets, carved wardrobes, attractive pictures, while the bridal suite was luxurious with rosewood furniture.

Besides the manager, Don Antonio Cuyas, his assistant, Albert Johnson, the staff included George Pridham, formerly the clerk of the Bella Union. The fully appointed bar was presided over by a well-known character, J. H. Gregory. The chief steward was "French Charlie"—Charles Laugier, famous for his achievements as a chef and caterer.

One of the most sumptuous parties given here, according to Harry Carr, had as its host Don Joaquin Almada. He was a member of an illustrious family in Old Mexico, and owner of a rich silver mine there. The story went that when his daughter was married in Mexico, her father had the street, in front of the church paved

with silver. At the long-remembered party at Pico House, food was served in abundance and "elegance" while "champagne and wines ran like rivers," dazzling local citizens.

This hostelry was a novelty for the Californians and also for eastern visitors. Many well known and popular personages stayed here. However, one patron, Vincent Collyer, was not given a very warm welcome. In 1871, Collyer had been sent to Arizona by the government as a peace commissioner, during the Indian troubles in that territory. He made himself unpopular by pleading for the Apaches, who had been scalping Americans. So popular opinion was strongly against Collyer, when he reached Los Angeles. One local reporter even went so far as to say that if the citizens wanted to see a monster, they should "stand before Pico House and watch Collyer pass to and fro."

At the Library today, in Exposition Park Museum, you can examine the Pico House register, with the names of persons who stayed there from June 15, 1870 to May 16, 1872. The old book contains signatures of members of prominent early Los Angeles families, with such names as del Valle, Sepulveda, Avila, Carrillo, Rubio, Dominguez, Lugo, Cota, and Garcia. Other well known names include those of Rowland, Lankershim, Narbonne, Hancock, Sansevain, Wolfskill, Rose, Stephen Foster (one of earliest mayors), Hellman, Flint, and Bixby. General Stoneman (later Governor of California) and his family stayed there, as did Charles Nordhoff, a famous New York journalist, who spent much time on the Pacific Coast and wrote glowing accounts of the advantages of living in the Golden State.

The hotel had not been in operation long when trouble broke out between the owner, Pio Pico, and his manager, Cuyas. In April, 1872, the ex-Governor started a suit against the latter to recover possession of the building, and the rent—at \$570 per month—that was due him. At the trial, the judge ordered Cuyas to return the property to Pico and to pay the amount due, plus the court charges.

After this legal episode and hotel was leased for a time to Charles Knowlton (former purser on coastline steamers) who had had charge of a hotel in Paso Robles for three years. Apparently, for a while Pico House was run just as a lodging house. But the



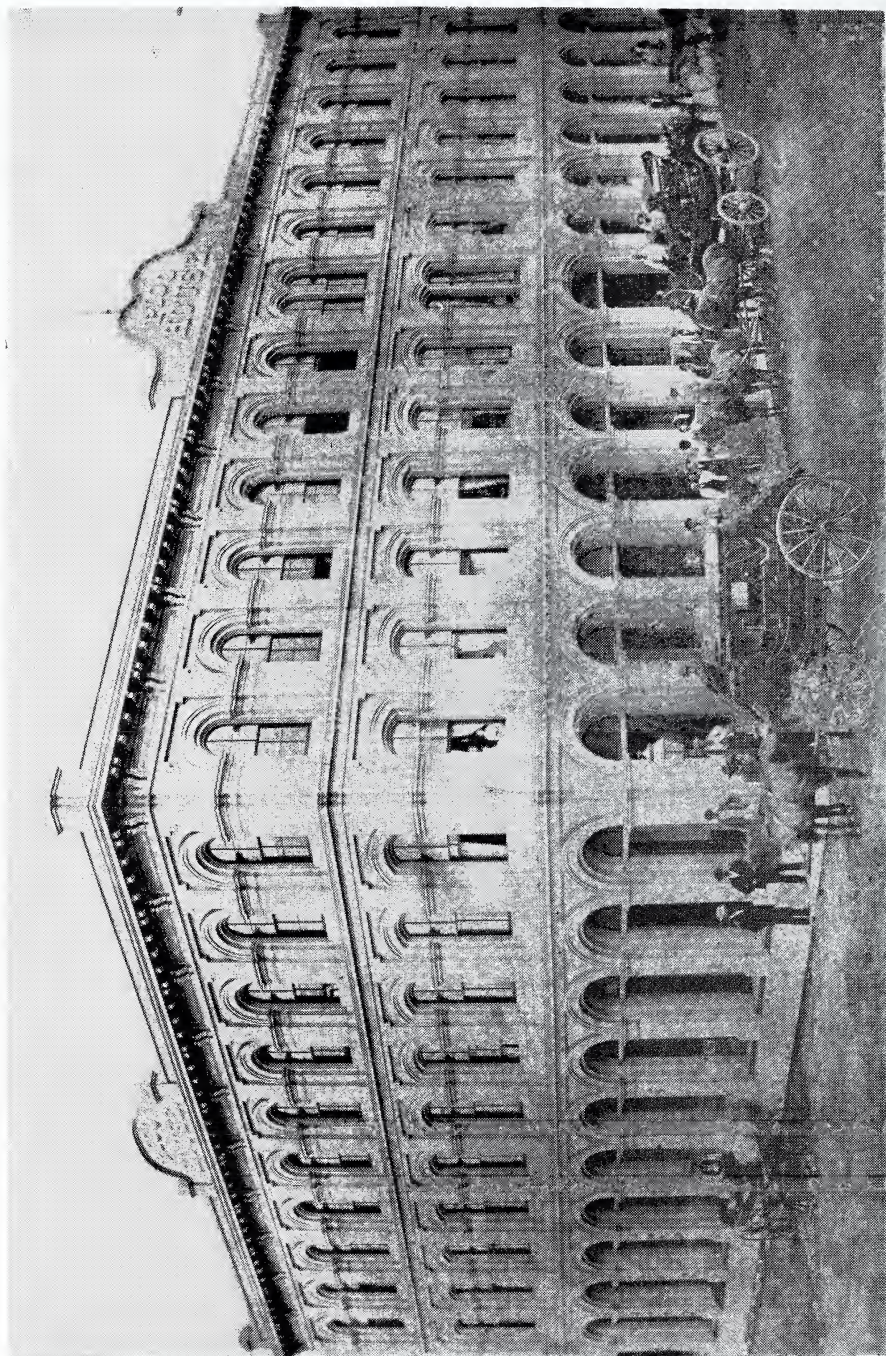


*From Collection of Ava Begue de Packman*

### Pio Pico

*This is probably the last photograph taken of the illustrious Los Angeles pioneer.*





—From Collection of Ava Beque de Packman

### PICO HOUSE ABOUT 1875

*Carriage in center is Pico House bus that met all trains. Stage Coach stands at entrance.*

## *Pico House*

*Express* (April 8, 1873) stated that it would now carry on again as a hotel in all its branches.

The house is being renovated, and in some respects rearranged, and it is intended to make a first-class hotel, where guests may find every comfort and advantage of a desirable stopping place.

But during Knowlton's regime, Pico House encountered many difficulties, financial and otherwise. Tourists were not plentiful, and local people did not patronize the hotel very liberally.

But, in spite of various drawbacks, there was excitement at times around Pico House. In July, 1873, for instance, M. G. Humphrey (of Oakland, formerly a conductor on the Central Pacific R.R.) fell to the pavement from a third-story window of the hotel. Later he told the doctor, that unable to sleep because of the heat, he had seated himself on the window sill, and must have dozed off. A man in the next room heard his body hit the ground; at once the hotel called in Dr. Wise. The injured man had a broken arm and various bruises, but made a complete recovery.

An amusing incident happened here that same year. A visitor noticed, as he was passing through the upper hallway, a stuffed parrot near his room. Next to him was a man suffering from a bad cough. That night the first mentioned visitor was awakened by noises which he thought "resembled the croaking of a frog, interspersed with purrings of a cat." He supposed that the parrot he had seen was causing the commotion and blamed it for his sleepless night.

When the manager greeted him with a cheery "Good Morning" and asked how he had rested, the aggrieved guest said.

"I didn't sleep at all; that parrot you keep in the hall wouldn't let me sleep."

"Parrot?" the manager said, "There isn't any live parrot in this hotel."

"Yes, there is," the man interrupted, "it's hanging right near my door."

When he soon discovered that the parrot really was a dead one, and that the noise had come from the sick man's room, he felt sorry



for the latter. But he asked to have his room changed anyhow—"distant from that parrot, even if it was stuffed."

When Mr. Knowlton's lease expired in April, 1875, Pio Pico couldn't find a manager to take over Pico House. Therefore, after another court settlement with Mr. Cuyas, that gentleman again became manager. At once he began to superintend some remodeling and refurnishing. There were changes in the location of the bar, reading room, etc. The billiard room was furnished with two fine tables, exactly like those at Lick House in San Francisco.

The office, too, was made more attractive, and the dining room enlarged to 165 by 32 feet. The parlor was "gotten up in gorgeous style," and several suites of rooms on the second floor were arranged "to admit of a family living with the privacy and elegance of their own home."

Mr. Cuyas now took a partner, "efficient, rotund, and smiling Captain Swales," formerly of Kingston, Canada. He had been the commander of a fine steamer on the St. Lawrence, and also had owned and successfully operated several hotels. A new clerk, J. W. Stackpole, from famous Tremont House in Boston, added to the dignity of the establishment.

The cuisine also took on new life, as Captain Swales brought with him a cook of exceptional reputation. A corps of Negro waiters was engaged, just as at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. The new management claimed that their service would be unexcelled, in keeping with the fact that "Pico House is a hotel of which all Southern California should be proud." The second formal opening took place in October, 1875, and again the hotel became a paying proposition.

One of the attractions at the hostelry now was a real live parrot, that could say many Spanish words. The bird used to station himself at the Sanchez Street entrance, and throw in irrelevant remarks while the cooks were bargaining with hucksters of fruits and vegetables.

When the Temple and Workman Bank re-opened after its financial difficulties, several friends of Francisco Temple decided to give him a dinner at Pico House as a testimonial of their respect for him. This happy affair was given early in December, 1875.

## Pico House

"The floral decorations were in exquisite taste and reflected great credit upon Mr. Cuyas," so one paper stated. Mayor Beaudry acted as toastmaster, with the honored guest on his right, while Lucky Baldwin sat at his left.

The Mayor paid a graceful tribute to Francisco Temple, but when he called on Lucky Baldwin for a speech, the latter declined. Since many Angelenos still spoke only Spanish, a toast was given in their native tongue. After bountiful servings of burgundy and champagne, "the hour of song, story, and *bonmot* set in, in which the Messrs. Truman, Lloyd, Freeman, Stoneman, and Mayor Beaudry took part."

Later that month, the managers, Cuyas and Swales, gave a banquet in the re-modeled hotel, to honor local newspaper men. Again there was an artistic display of flowers; and the long bill-of-fare "demonstrated that cooks of supreme skill reign over the cuisine at Pico House." Various toasts, to the genial proprietors, then to the press were drunk; and gay conversation made that evening a memorable one.

The management wanted to make the hotel a place of interest to the ladies of Los Angeles, too; so they invited them to use the parlors of Pico House for their club meetings. The ladies did so; and it was here that they made plans for the city to be represented in the Women's Department of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876.

In order to make their establishment the cultural center of the city, the partners, Cuyas and Swales, sponsored concerts in the parlors. One of these featured a premier pianist, Madame Arabella Goddard, who was assisted by Signor Franzini. The *Express* reported another affair of this kind as follows:

A *conversazioni* in which guests of the house participated was given in the ladies' parlor of the Pico House last night.

The musical exercises owed much to the skill of Professors Arvelo Guenette and Falkenau. The Misses Guenette and Garcia acquitted themselves of some delicious instrumentation on the piano, and Mr. and Mrs. McClellan lent their aid to make the evening a success from a musical standpoint. 'Twas a charming affair, and we learn that something of the kind will be given at the Pico House every fortnight.



One of the highlights of the 1875 social season was a formal ball, given in February. The committee, consisting of Colonel R. S. Baker, the Hon. P. Beaudry, and General Stoneman, planned the dance, and invited 275 guests, the socialites of Southern California. The management did everything in their power to make this outstanding. Tables were removed from the large dining room; the floors were waxed; and the walls and arches "tastefully decorated" with evergreens, while mammoth bouquets of flowers were everywhere, on the stairs, along the walls and throughout the reception rooms. Read and La Ransieur's Band "dispersed sweet music"; and the dancers engaged in quadrilles, schottisches, waltzes, the lancers, polkas, and the Virginia reel, until a late hour, when they gathered in the festive supper room.

The supper reflected credit on the skill of the Pico House cook and his assistants. The decorations of the tables were in exquisite taste, and the culinary artists surpassed themselves in both the quality of the viands and their artistic disposition . . .

The hop was graced by the presence of several Eastern belles, many of whom were to be remarked for extreme beauty and for the taste and richness of their dresses.

The Messrs. Swales and Cuyas deserve the thanks of the revelers for affording a large number of persons a delightful evening. — *Express*, February 22, 1876.

Some of the attractive young lady guests at Pico House that season were skilled equestriennes, and often took long rides, visiting places of interest in the vicinity of Los Angeles. Naturally they were accompanied by some of the gallant young *caballeros* about town.

Among visitors this year at the hotel was the artist, Petrovits, considered by many critics one of the best portrait painters of the time. At the International Exhibit in Chile, Petrovits had won several first places because of his work. While at Pico House, the artist painted the well-known portrait of Pio Pico, with his white beard and strongly marked features. General Andres Pico, the ex-Governor's brother, the well-known military man, also sat for his picture.

Richard G. McCormick, Governor of Arizona Territory, with

## *Pico House*

his wife (daughter of Senator Thurman of Ohio) always stayed at Pico House while on their way to or from Washington, D.C., and renewed acquaintance with their many Los Angeles friends. Another well-known business man who also made this hotel his headquarters, when he came down from San Francisco on the steamer Mohongo to look after his interests in Southern California, was Captain Nelson. As master of a Danish vessel, he had reached California about twenty years before, and became a member of the firm of Goodall, Perkins, and Nelson Steamship Company, that was active in the coastwise trade.

Often, too, groups of influential business men arrived from Mexico; and one party of this kind stayed at Pico House while ex-Governor Pacheco was a guest there. During political campaigns, there was much stir around the hotel; for instance, the "Invincibles" of the Republican party escorted Pacheco with a brass band to an open-air meeting in front of the local skating rink. Of course this event included fireworks and the long-winded oratory of the period.

General Edward Beale, who had first reached Los Angeles in the fifties, while taking part in the noted camel experiment promoted by Jefferson Davis (when serving as Secretary of War), again visited the city. He enjoyed his stay at Pico House and was much impressed by the growth of the city and its improvements. His traveling companion was the ex-Secretary of the Interior, Delano. The latter, too, was enthusiastic about the development of Los Angeles and its environs. Before these two gentlemen returned to the national capitol, Colonel Baker drove them down to Santa Monica to show them his new beach resort.

One or two other guests at the hotel during this period had some experiences that were not so pleasant. For example, Alexander Murdock, a traveling salesman from New York, for a harness and saddle firm, left Pico House one evening, about nine o'clock for a walk, and wandered through the Mexican section, Sonoratown, just north of the Plaza.

Here, a bandit attacked him, knocked him senseless, and then robbed him of his gold watch and other jewelry, \$30 in silver, and \$195 in gold. When Murdock recovered his senses, he went back

to Pico House and reported the dastardly assault. A reporter on the *Express* commented:

All this happened within a couple of blocks of the Pico House. It is not an agreeable commentary on the efficiency of our Police Department.

Another out-of-town patron, an Englishman, had an adventure at the hotel that shocked him. He had brought with him a letter of introduction to Hancock M. Johnston (whose father, General Albert Sidney Johnston lost his life at the Battle of Shiloh, in 1863). Young Hancock decided to show the stranger a bit of real California hospitality. Therefore, one evening after dinner, he called on him at his room in Pico House. During their conversation—so the story goes—in the middle of a sentence, Johnston drew his pistol and shot right at the visitor's trouser leg; then he calmly finished the sentence. Meantime, the indignant Britisher had jumped up, demanding what he meant by such doings. Johnson replied, "I'm not going to let any d . . . cockroach crawl up the leg of a man with a letter of introduction to me."

No doubt, the most illustrious guest that ever registered at Pico House was the Archduke of Austria, Ludwig Salvator, who with an Austrian friend and a Spanish valet, had spent the four preceding years incognito, as Count Leundorf, traveling all over the world. At this time the Duke was about 24 years old, "very unobstrusive" for a tourist, retiring in manner; and he made a fine impression on all who came in contact with him during his six-day stay, in 1876, at Pico House. The young Archduke, a fluent linguist, could speak five languages, English, German, Italian, Spanish, and French.

During his visit, he did not reveal his royal rank, or take part in local social affairs. He spent his time visiting the community and surrounding ranchos, took many notes, and drew good sketches that showed his marked artistic ability. The Archduke made detailed inquiries about local history, plant and animal life, geography, industry, and transportation.

This royal traveler (who owned a large estate on the island of Minorca) told some Angelenos he was better pleased with this district than any others he had visited on his extensive travels, and expressed the wish that he could return and buy a ranch here.

## *Pico House*

As a result of his studies and travels, the Archduke wrote about forty books. The account of his stay in California in 1876 was entitled *A Flower from the Golden Land*; it was written in German, printed in Prague, and translated into English some years ago in this country. It is a paradox that one of the best descriptions of life in and around Los Angeles at this period, was written under such circumstances. Here, for instance, is his account of Pico House:

The best of these hotels is the Pico House, which like all four leading hotels is down on Main Street. This is an imposing building of two stories with 14 windows on its facade. Built of extra heavy construction, it is supposed to be the most safe in the entire city in the case of earthquakes. It was built under the supervision of Senor Cuyas, an amiable and intelligent Catalonian. The building, which was begun in 1870, cost \$48,000, and was furnished at an expense of \$34,000 more. It has 82 rooms, 21 of them suites with baths, and is lighted with gas. The handsome parlor is the rendezvous for many of the elite of the city.

This year, 1876, Los Angeles was thrilled to observe the national centennial; and there was much going on around the hostelry when the biggest Fourth of July celebration in the history of the town occurred. A long parade, with decorated floats, graced by beautiful young ladies, took thirty minutes to pass the reviewing stand. All public and private buildings had a festive appearance. The entire front of Pico House was festooned with garlands and wreaths of evergreen, while long lines of miniature flags of the Union and other nations added many bits of color. As reported by the press,

The Pico House led the van in the extent and elegance of adornment. In front of the building, the proprietors had erected a column surmounted by a flagstaff bearing a liberty cap. On the four sides of the column were the following legends:

TO THE PATRONS OF THE PICO HOUSE  
May you live 100 years.  
NO NORTH, NO SOUTH, NO EAST, NO WEST  
A FOURTH OF JULY FOR ALL  
Independence Day  
A WELCOME TO OUR GUESTS

But the crowning event of this notable year of 1876, when so



many important events happened here, was the completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad to Los Angeles. This placed the pueblo on its first transcontinental line and brought assurance of its prosperity and future growth. On September 5, 1876, the first train from San Francisco met one from Los Angeles in Soledad Canyon. Crews of Chinamen soon completed the track laying; another golden spike, like the one used at Promontory Point in 1869, was placed; and the distinguished guests from the north came on to Los Angeles for a joint celebration at Union Hall.

Although this banquet did not take place at Pico House itself, Mr. Cuyas, his chefs, and assistants planned and served the food to the 250 guests. As can be seen from the lengthy menu which has been preserved from this occasion, Californians enjoyed a variety of foods, and were quite cosmopolitan.

# BILL OF FARE

## SOUP

Consomme Royal

## FISH

Filet of Salmon

## HORS D'OEUVRES

Olives, shrimps, anchovies, apple sauce, cranberry sauce, butter, pickles

## SALADS

Mayonnaise de Homards Monte      Mayonnaise de Chicken a la Italienne

German Salad

## ORNAMENTAL DISHES

Noix de veal a la Montmorency a la jelly      Turkey galantine en bell vue

Pates de Foies au attelle belle vue      Pates de Quail a la jelly

## ROASTS

Ham de Mayence roast a la jelly      Turkey truffles aux papillettes

Smoked Tongue en arcade

Chicken bards a la gelee      Quail Piques de Cores

Chaux froids de chicken decorated

Quarter de venison veal a la creme      Aspic Financiere belle vue

Preces de Flanc

## PASTRY

English plum pudding and maraschino sauce

Fruit cakes, glace blaue      Ladies kisses      Mushroom meringues

Cakes a la genoise, diversee      Vanilla souffle

Macaroons

## *Pico House*

Almond dessert *de sucre a la plume*  
Lemon cream pie, apple pie, peach pie

### *Pieces Montees*

Nougat baked *garnie* with fruit caramel

### DESSERT

Champagne jelly *a la rese*

*Blanc Mange punache*

Vanilla ice cream

Coffee (cold and warm)

Tea

All kinds of fruits

Several wines

The Mayor of San Francisco, high railroad officials, and other guests returned home on the first train to the north on the new line. Later, that year, when construction of the Southern Pacific was being pushed eastward, several prominent railroad men, including Colonel Charles Crocker, Arthur Brown and Colonel G. A. Gray, stayed at Pico House; then left to inspect the progress of the road in Gorgonio Pass.

Late in 1876, because of poor health, Captain Swales, retired as Mr. Cuyas's partner at Pico House. The new assistant manager was a Mr. Summers.

During the winter tourist season the hotel was the center of the city's social life, with balls and concerts for the visitors. One musical event was especially enjoyed; it was under the direction of Professor Arelo, assisted by Madame Marra, who had been an opera singer in Europe and had settled in Los Angeles as a voice teacher. A talented local violinist, Eugene Meyer, contributed several pleasing solos. The audience included hotel guests and especially invited members of the old California families.

Pico House also became popular as a place for weddings and receptions. One reporter on the *Express*, Walter S. Maxwell, was married in the hotel parlor to Amelia Lanfranco. In May, 1876, it was reported that seven young married couples were living at the hotel, and that this made some of the bachelor guests feel rather out of place.

During this same year, the famous *El Palacio*, the home of Abel Stearns and his wife Arcadia, at the corner of Main and Arcadia Streets, was razed to make way for the construction of the ornate Baker Block. After her husband's death, Dona Arcadia had married

Colonel Baker. So they occupied a suite at the Pico House while the new building was erected.

Some of the women guests at the hostelry, in the spring of 1877, decided to stage a strictly feminine affair—a picnic at the Arroyo Seco. This caused the editor of the *Express* to declare that they were “cruelly excluding all gentlemen from participation.” Next day he stated, “For this dereliction they were caught in a rainstorm and visited with other unpleasant misfortunes.” We are not told whether the ladies relented and let the men go on the next outing, after these mishaps.

A group of newspaper men, in March, 1877, came down from San Francisco and enjoyed “a sumptuous repast” at the Pico. Afterwards they visited vineyards and ranchos in the vicinity, before continuing their journey to the end of the Southern Pacific line, then nearing Yuma. Again on their return trip, the reporters sampled the hotel’s excellent cuisine. Henry Channing Beals, of the San Francisco *Commercial Herald*, praised the delicious strawberries, with rich cream, and other fine fruits he had eaten at Pico House.

The host of the Pico spread a banquet fit for the appetite of Lucullus . . . and called it ‘merely a little lunch for the editorial party.’ There was no remnant of it left to bear witness to its excellence.

Other notable transients during the seventies were the editor of the Panama *Star*, named Boyd, General Palmer, president of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and Manager Hunt of the same line. They were returning from Yuma, after riding on the new Southern Pacific.

Often there was something unusual going on around the hotel, such as a well advertised “Balloon Ascension,” by Don Innocencio, who was billed to perform the stunt in front of the building. Also, a billiard match, between two experts, one, an ex-mayor of the city, and the other, a Polish count, attracted many on-lookers to the Pico. People were lined up outside on the sidewalk, three deep; and one paper reported that the venerable ex-Governor, Pio Pico, was an absorbed spectator, at this contest.

The hotel builder was without doubt the most picturesque

## Pico House

figure on the streets of Los Angeles for many decades. A. J. Hermann described him as "a fine courtly gentleman of the old antebellum school." In *Harper's Magazine* of December, 1882, a visitor had an article, "Southern California," which contained this description of Pio Pico:

Don Pico is one of the picturesque sights of Los Angeles. Above 80 now with his stocky figure, square head, and bright eyes, contrasting with his bronzed skin and close cropped hair and beard. He has a certain resemblance to Victor Hugo . . . carries himself with a bearing still erect and stately . . .

The old Don liked to dress well, and often wore a short overcoat with velvet collar and cuffs. His taste in jewelry was rather eccentric; for he usually appeared in public with his vest almost covered with gold chains and various Mexican decorations he had received for performing official duties under that regime, before the *gringos* arrived to take over the rule of California. In Pico's most prosperous days, he went around with his pockets full of gold slugs—worth \$50 each—which he lavishly distributed to his friends.

The ex-Governor's gallantry, wherever ladies were concerned, had become proverbial; a contemporary reported:

He was so courteous, especially to the ladies—to see him bow and gallantly kiss the feminine extended hand was to me an epic.

When, in April, 1877, the old Don returned from a visit outside Los Angeles, the Pico House flag was unfurled in honor of his return. The press commented:

Mine Host Cuyas has thus paid a delicate compliment to the owner of the house and to a gentleman with whom he measured a lengthy sword in the law arena.

A month later, Senor Cuyas gave a complimentary dinner (reported in the *Express*, May 7, 1877), "as fine a feast as ever was spread in this city," to honor Pio Pico on his seventy-seventh birthday. Many toasts were drunk to the old gentleman, some being proposed by the ladies present.

In his tribute, Senor Cuyas referred to the fact that eight years before, when the foundation of Pico House was laid, people thought



he was crazy to advise Pico to build such an expensive hotel. But by this time, the critics had to admit their mistake. The manager also declared that the trouble between him and the ex-Governor had been fomented by others. Mr. Cuyas then climaxed his remarks by stating that he was now renouncing all claims between Pio Pico and himself, and that he would put this statement in writing the next day. After congratulating the old Don on his birthday, he gave him this toast: "Health, long life, and prosperity to Don Pio Pico!"

This action was a complete surprise and caused quite a sensation. When Pico rose to respond to this unexpected speech of Cuyas, he was almost overcome by his feelings:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I rise to speak, but am much perplexed, inasmuch during the 76 years of life to which age I today attain, I have never experienced such pleasant feelings as I do at this moment. Mr. Cuyas, in addition to the high compliment of inviting me to this agreeable reunion, has given utterance to words that will ever remain in my memory, and which I assure him and you will accompany me to the grave. Overwhelmed with feelings of sincerest gratitude, I propose the health of Mr. and Mrs. Cuyas.

Not long after this banquet, in January, 1878, the ownership of the lease to Pico House changed, first to a man named Cabot, who in turn sold it to Messrs. P. N. and E. Roth. They had already been in charge of the hotel saloon for the past two years. As these gentlemen were well-known in the community, and were familiar with the hotel business, the press predicted that the house would continue to be well run. Manager S. G. Hough added much to the prosperity of Pico House, for "his urbanity of manner, attention to details, and accomplishments as a caterer have been recognized."

There often was trouble around the hotel during these years. One bit of excitement was a shooting affair between two prominent Angelenos. It happened in front of the hostelry, just after the editor of the *Herald*, Joseph D. Lynch, had come out of the building to go to his office. William Spaulding, a reporter on the rival paper, the *Evening Express* had been waiting for him, when he came out, about eleven A.M. Immediately, Spaulding "peppered away with a bulldog pistol at his rival," but he wounded a bystander. Lynch "fum-

## Pico House

bled for his shooting iron," but before he could return the shot in his attacker's direction, A. de Celis and others ran up to stop the fight, and made it too dangerous for the editor to do any shooting.

Another disturbance, that same spring, near Pico House, was caused by a party of five drunken fellows, who had arrived from Yuma. When Officer McFadden arrested the ringleader of the gang, a companion interfered and tried to rescue him. Then Officer Sand came up, took the second man into custody, while patrons of the hotel watched the fracas.

When "Professor" Montrose reached town to put on a performance of legerdemain at Turnverein Hall, he invited fifty prominent ladies and gentlemen of Los Angeles to attend a private exhibition in the reading room of Pico House, so he could show his art and attract more people to his paid performance. At the hotel, Montrose gave a fine show, and stood the tests made him; and all the guests were delighted with his skill and cleverness.

But, when the Professor reached the Turnverein, several people to whom he owed money, appeared and demanded a settlement. Montrose promised to pay them and was released. But later, the *Herald* asserted that the magician "achieved his champion trick of legerdemain by making himself invisible. Those who went to the Turnverien yesterday, were not aware that the Professor had jumped the town on Sunday morning on a freight train."

That the Pico House was still keeping up its reputation for good cuisine is shown by the following bill of fare for dinner, November 2, 1879, as seen in the Los Angeles *Morning Journal*:

### BILL OF FARE

#### SOUP

Chicken, vegetable, comsomme

#### BOILED

Beef, horseradish, ham, tongue, mutton, capersauce

#### COLD MEATS

Beef, mutton, veal, pork, ham, tongue

#### ENTREES

Pates a la Financiere

Tenderloin of venison, sauce Pouvalade

Chicken saute, with mushrooms

Pigs' feet a la mericole

Smoked sheep's tongue, green peas

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ROAST

Beef, mutton, pork, veal, apple sauce, lamb, mint  
sauce, tame duck

VEGETABLES

Green corn, string beans, lima beans,  
mashed potatoes, baked sweet potatoes,  
stewed tomatoes, boiled onions

RELISHES

Worcestershire sauce, pickles, tomato catsup,  
lettuce, horseradish, celery,  
chowchow, French mustard

PASTRY

English plum pudding, brandy sauce,  
custard and apple meringue pie

DESSERT

Vanilla ice cream, grapes, apples,  
walnuts, raisins, assorted cakes

COFFEE

TEA

As late as the eighties, Pico House was advertised as the largest and most elegantly appointed hotel in Southern California. But competition was increasing, for newer and more modern hostelries were being built in the growing City of the Angels. In a rather unusual advertisement, in an effort, apparently to attract more customers, the Pico announced that the "unpleasant odor of gas has entirely disappeared since the building of the new sewer."

When the noted writer, Helen Hunt Jackson reached Los Angeles in 1881, she made Pico House her headquarters, and spoke of it as very "quaint and rubbishy." During her stay she gathered material for her novel, *Ramona*. Each day Mrs. Jackson drove from the hotel to the home of Don Antonio F. Coronel, and his wife, Dona Mariana, a charming and intelligent woman. While the two women sat together on the porch, Senora Coronel talked of old times in the region and Mrs. Jackson took many notes.

Dona Coronel advised the author to use the del Valle *hacienda*, at Camulos Rancho, north of town as one of the locations of her novel. Mrs. Jackson visited the rancho; and today the beautiful little chapel is preserved there, just as she described it. In *Ramona*, the writer acknowledged her debt to Senora Coronel, and presented her with the first copy of her book.

## *Pico House*

Another distinguished woman guest who stayed at Pico House in its better days was the Polish actress, Madame Helena Modjeska. With her husband, Count Bozenta Chlapowski, she attended the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. Deciding to settle here, with some other Poles, they started an idealistic colony in Southern California.

As this was not successful, Modjeska prepared to go back to the stage by studying English intensively for several months. After making her American debut in San Francisco in 1877, she began a career that took her to all parts of the United States and Europe. Between tours, she and her family enjoyed life at their home, "The Forest of Arden" near Santa Ana; and often when en route, to or from the estate, Modjeska, her husband, and son, Ralph stopped at Pico House. For example, when the family reached Los Angeles in July, 1883, after registering at the hotel, they were warmly welcomed by their friends and elaborate parties given in their honor.

As time passed, Pio Pico (like other Southern Californians who had been used to unlimited resources in early days, when the cattle and hide trade was at its height) got into grave financial difficulties. When he was unable to pay the interest and principal of the mortgage on Pico House and other property, the hotel was sold at public auction in San Francisco to the Savings and Loan Society for \$16,000, in July, 1880. Don Pico also lost his favorite home, El Ranchito, near Whittier. Poverty-stricken, he lived with a friend in Los Angeles, where he died in 1892 at the age of 93. Pio Pico had outlived nearly all of his early friends—those grandees who had lived so well on their ranchos during California's "golden days."

Pico House, after 1880, was in hands of various owners, including Charles Prager. Its name was changed to National Hotel in 1892; and five years later G. Pagliano and G. Borniatico leased it. The former bought the property for \$120,000 in 1930, and this family still owns it. The original name, Pico House, was restored; and in 1934 the Los Angeles Parlor of the Native Daughters of the Golden West placed a marker on the building so townspeople and visitors could know of its former history.

The structure, so sturdily built in 1869, is now more than eighty years old. It has stood the test of time; and it is said that,



in spite of many earthquakes that have occurred here, its walls have not cracked.

But this "ancient hostelry," where "all the early grandees left their memories" is now a Mexican lodging house, a shabby place with musty, odoriferous rooms. The former dining room serves as a pool hall, and the once charming central court has lost all its beauty and glory. Some small stores occupy the downstairs rooms. However, efforts are being made to preserve and restore this once prominent landmark.

It is fortunate that aristocratic Don Pio Pico and Senor Cuyas are not here to see the sad state of their once famous hotel—Pico House—one of the few remaining monuments that remind us of the gay festivities that took place in Los Angeles and of the many celebrities that "Slept here."



# Lillie Langtry and Her California Ranch

*By Helen Rocca Goss*



MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT LILLIE LANGTRY, the famous beauty and uninspired actress of the last century, but in her well-publicized life there is still one little-known chapter of particular interest to Californians. That interlude centers around her connection in the 1880's and 1890's with a ranch in Northern California not far from the quicksilver mine where my family lived at the time.

In her heyday Mrs. Langtry had everything from hair styles and articles of clothing to saloons and whole towns named for her. There were, for example, the "Langtry bang," the "Langtry toque," and the "Langtry chemise."<sup>1</sup> The latter garment, explained the San Francisco *Examiner* of September 10, 1889, was "no more a chemise than a walking suit," but rather "a short, gray dress with queer flowing sleeves to the elbow," a dress which gave its wearer the novel effect of looking like "an idealized governess."

But far more important than these frivolous and transitory items were the political subdivisions or pieces of real estate to which Mrs. Langtry's name is still attached: The town of Langtry, Texas, with its Jersey Lily Saloon, and a large tract of land in Lake County, California, known in the eighties and nineties and still usually referred to as the Langtry Ranch. And when, just before the turn of the century, Mrs. Langtry finally succeeded in dissolving her marriage with Edward Langtry, it was Judge Crump of the Superior Court of Lake County who granted the divorce—and thereby received the kind of sensational publicity in the San Francisco newspapers which was, no doubt, most distasteful to the modest judge.

Lillie Langtry was born on the island of Jersey in the early 1850's as Emile Charlotte Le Breton. In her autobiography she

characterized her Christian names as "both dreadful," adding that, perhaps because of her unusually fair skin, she was happily nicknamed "Lillie" early in life.<sup>2</sup> When she was about twenty years old, she married Edward Langtry. After a short period in Southampton, the couple moved to London, where Mrs. Langtry's beauty and charm soon made her a great social favorite. Soon after 1880, however, the Langtrys became estranged, and before long they separated permanently. Thus thrown on her own resources, Mrs. Langtry chose the stage as a means of livelihood. She was only a mediocre performer, but she did have poise and she was handsome.<sup>3</sup> Soon, too, her fame was enhanced by the great admiration shown for her by Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales, an admiration which, under slightly different circumstances, might have made her the Wallis Simpson of her time.

It was in the season of 1882 that Mrs. Langtry made her first American theatrical appearance, playing at Wallack's in New York in *An International Dinner*.<sup>4</sup> Four years later she went to California to fill an engagement at the Baldwin Theater in San Francisco, her repertoire including leads in *A Wife's Peril*, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, and *The Lady of Lyons*.<sup>5</sup> Although the San Francisco critics were in agreement that her acting was "amateurish," "stilted," and "completely lacking in fire or any touch of genius," she herself was described in much more favorable terms. They found her to be "a distinctive personality," or "a woman of splendid equipoise and high breeding," who was as "stately and magnificently dressed" as a goddess. "She cared for herself like an aristocrat," one newspaper critic wrote, "and not a touch of coarseness marked her talk or behavior."<sup>6</sup> With such advance billing, curious crowds packed the theater at every performance and paid steep prices to see the woman who was then at the height of her popularity.

About a year later, Mrs. Langtry returned to San Francisco in the role of Lena Despard in *As in a Looking-Glass*, but, according to the *Examiner* of December 26, 1892, "the character was far beyond her," and "the romance of her life was worn out with the people." In spite of the fact that admission prices were much lower at that time, the theater was usually half empty. It was during either that or her previous San Francisco engagement that Mrs.

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Langtry leased for a year a house on the 21st Street hill, just off Valencia Street. That was done, she said, because she had taken a fancy to the climate and wanted an opportunity to look around for a permanent home in the country, where she could indulge her fondness for livestock and outdoor life.<sup>7</sup>

After consulting various people about the climate and advantages of the different sections of the state, Mrs. Langtry decided upon a tract of land near Middletown in the southeastern part of Lake County. In her autobiography she explains the decision as follows:

My second season took me to the Pacific Coast, where I became smitten with the climate and beauty of California, and . . . I hoped, with the help of General Barnes, an eminent lawyer of San Francisco, . . . who personally inspected the property for me, that I had found the exact tract of land which was to increase in value to such an extent as to make me an ultimate millionaire.<sup>8</sup>

There was no income to be derived from the property at the moment, and considerable expenditure would be necessary to put the place in working order. But Mrs. Langtry was assured by General Barnes that a railroad—then in course of construction and passing through the ranch—would treble the value of her property. Of that enterprise, Mrs. Langtry wrote many years later:

I may say here that a few hundred yards of abandoned grading was all that I found to establish the fact, and that the present owner of the farms told me lately that work on it has never been resumed . . .<sup>9</sup>

Although one searches in vain in the pages of Mrs. Langtry's autobiography for so much as a hint that there was any more romantic motive behind her purchase of land in California than her admiration for the climate, the newspapers of the day did not show a comparable reticence about her private life. Events at the time and later indicate that the press was justified in its belief that the land was bought in part, at least, to give Mrs. Langtry a residence status for divorce purposes. She had apparently tried to claim residence in California on the basis of the house she leased in San Francisco, and through her attorney negotiations for a divorce had been opened with her husband. According to statements in contemporary newspapers, the matter was dropped because Mr. Langtry demanded a



large sum of money to relinquish his claims, and Mrs. Langtry was advised that a divorce in America on the statutory ground of desertion would probably not be legal in England.<sup>10</sup>

In any case, it was in company with Frederick Gebhard, one of her most devoted admirers, that Mrs. Langtry purchased the Guenoc Stock Ranch, as it was then called.<sup>11</sup> Gebhard was a New York racing man, described in the newspapers of the era as "a leader of society youth," or as "a familiar figure in the club, on the turf and around about town."<sup>12</sup> For several years he was Mrs. Langtry's constant companion, and their names were romantically linked in dozens of newspaper stories. On one occasion, in March 1889, the press even went so far as to announce that "Mrs. Langtry Is Now Mrs. Frederick Gebhard," or, more sensationally, "The Languorous Langtry Weds Her Waiting Lover"—a statement which Mrs. Langtry refused either to deny or confirm.<sup>13</sup> The marriage was supposed to have been performed secretly, and by the time the rumor became known, Mrs. Langtry was conveniently suffering from an attack of tonsillitis. A spokesman for her answered all inquiries by saying that Mrs. Langtry was too ill to be disturbed and that moreover "she was understood to wish to remain non-committal as regards any divorce, or marriage, past, present or future."<sup>14</sup>

The piece of property for which Mrs. Langtry reputedly paid \$81,000, comprised about 4,500 acres and had originally been three farms. It was situated in Coyote Valley, near the Napa County line, and eight miles from Middletown, the nearest post office. Gebhard purchased the adjoining 3,200 acres in the valley for \$44,000, according to press reports.<sup>15</sup> Writing many years later, Mrs. Langtry described her property as being composed of "two arable farms with rather good ranch-houses," but she made no mention whatever of her partner in the venture, implying that she herself bought both ranches.<sup>16</sup> In fact, there is no evidence anywhere in her autobiography that in her old age she had even a memory of the man whom the press frequently referred to as "the long-forgotten Freddy Gebhard." Mrs. Langtry had several good barns on her ranch, and the Gebhard Ranch had the unusual attraction of a fine lake, covering about 150 acres. The two houses were only about a hundred yards apart.<sup>17</sup>

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Charles W. Aby — or Abby, as his name was equally often spelled in the press — was engaged as joint manager for the ranches. He was a protégé of the editor of the New York publication, *The Spirit of the Times*, and had been stud groom for Lucky Baldwin.<sup>18</sup> A Frenchman was imported from Bordeaux “to cope with the vineyards,” as Mrs. Langtry put it, and to supervise the wine-making, while Beverly, Mrs. Langtry’s butler, came from England to take charge of the household.<sup>19</sup> Lillie Langtry herself spent all of her spare time during her two weeks’ engagement in San Francisco in what she described as “the absorbing occupation of furnishing one of the houses on my yet unseen property in the simple and comfortable manner I thought desirable.”<sup>20</sup> These purchases, with Beverly in charge, were despatched to the ranch, where everything was already in a state of feverish excitement. The preparations for Mrs. Langtry’s visit included the construction of a rather elaborate Dutch oven so that she could be assured of bread as light as that to which she was accustomed.<sup>21</sup> That Mrs. Langtry was both a gourmet and a hearty eater is borne out by numerous newspaper items. The San Francisco *Examiner* of April 17, 1889, for example, in an article on the difficulties her French chef was having in catering to Mrs. Langtry’s tastes on the modest sum she allowed him to spend, reported that “there is nothing ethereal about the Jersey Lily’s appetite.” The article stressed her fondness for “bountiful repasts on toothsome delicacies,” and mentioned the fact that in addition to the regular meals, at which Frederick Gebhard usually presided, pleasant after-midnight suppers with her friends as guests were a part of her regular routine.

Finally, everything at the ranch was in readiness for the new mistress, and Mrs. Lantry set out with a party of friends in her private railway car, which she had christened *Lalee* — an East Indian word meaning “flirt.” This luxuriously-appointed coach was described by its owner as bearing “a family resemblance to Cleopatra’s barge minus the purple sails and plus wheels.” On the outside it was “gorgeously blue” (Mrs. Langtry’s favorite color), and “emblazoned wreaths of golden lilies” encircled the name on either side. The roof was white, with “an unusual quantity of decorative brass wrought into conventional designs of lilies.” The massive

teak platform had been imported from India, and other importations were used in decorating the interior of the car. The rose-colored silk curtains in the sleeping room, for example, were "trimmed with a profusion of Brussels lace," while the cream and green brocade in which the drawing room was upholstered was "made especially in Lyons." Besides these two rooms and a bathroom with silver fittings, there were two guest rooms, a maid's room "complete even to a sewing machine," a pantry, a kitchen, and sleeping quarters for the staff. The car was also equipped with a huge ice-chest, "capable of housing a whole stag." In commenting on the car's general appearance, Mrs. Langtry added that it was "most attractive, and though striking, not so garish as the description might indicate."<sup>22</sup>

To any one acquainted with the route the party took to reach the ranch, Mrs. Langtry's ignorance of California geography is amusing. In that era, and until a much later date, the Napa Valley trains were ferried across one arm of San Francisco Bay. This process Mrs. Langtry describes accurately enough, but she refers to the body of water they traversed as "a stupendous lake." She then says, quite properly, that Saint Helena was her nearest railway station, but Sacramento, which was many miles from her property, in true English fashion she refers to not as the state capital but as her "county town."<sup>23</sup>

It must have been a great day for Saint Helena when the *Lalee* and its occupants arrived. Surely the natives had never seen anything quite like this imitation of Cleopatra's barge in their quiet, rustic village. But if they were amazed by Mrs. Langtry's means of transportation, she in turn was equally astonished by theirs, and years later she wrote of seeing her faithful Beverly, waiting with "two private Wild-West coaches" among a great quantity of the "queer looking wagons and buggies used in those outlandish parts."<sup>24</sup> According to her own account, the entire population was massed, autograph book in hand, to welcome the famous visitor and to shower her with gifts and offers of hospitality. She held an informal reception in the car, and then the party set out for the ranch, traveling in the two stagecoaches. Mrs. Langtry was not enthusiastic about the comfort of these vehicles, which had leather thongs for springs, nor about the twenty miles of rough, narrow, corkscrew

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road they covered. But she added that "the beauty of the well-wooded gorges, green and cool, with rapid rivers hurrying through them, well repaid us for our thumps and bumps."<sup>25</sup> The time of year, she says, was early July, showing as profound an ignorance of California's seasons as of its geography. Certainly in that section of the state, rapid rivers do not hurry through cool, green gorges in mid-summer!

But Mrs. Langtry's real appreciation of the beauty of the scene, treasured in memory and recorded so many years later, makes one overlook such lapses. She wrote:

The huge plateau appeared a dream of loveliness . . . Vast masses of ripe corn [ *i. e.*, grain] waved golden in the light summer breeze, dotted here and there with the enormous centenarian, evergreen oaks . . . In the distance were the boundary hills of the far side of my land, hazy and blue as the Alps sometimes are, and on which . . . my numerous cattle ranged. On and down we drove, each turn of the road making us gasp with the new picture disclosed, till, threading our way through my vineyards and peach orchards laden with fruit, which covered a great part of the near hills, we reached *home*.<sup>26</sup>

Mrs. Langtry entered into the life of the ranch with her customary whole-hearted enthusiasm. She spent what she termed "a golden time" there, planning gardens, avenues of eucalyptus, and alterations to make the house more livable. She "galloped about on a cowpony, exploring every corner of the land," and returned famished to relish the meals cooked for her by squaws from the neighboring Indian reservation. "There were no white servants, male or female, to be found in those wilds," Mrs. Langtry wrote, so while she was there, the squaws came in relays, and there was "a continual coming and going of blanketed, moccasined-footed women."<sup>27</sup> They did fairly well, she acknowledged, in preparing tasty meals of the beef, trout, and quail supplied by the ranch itself. She and her guests hunted bear and deer, kept the larder full of rabbits and "the partridge-like crested quail which were extremely plentiful;" and, with her "cowboys of every nationality, including a Chinese," took part in the roundups.<sup>28</sup> She was amused by a tame fawn which wandered at will in the ranch house and which she found several times lying on her bed "with its forelegs round the cat's neck."<sup>29</sup>



Only two things on the ranch failed to elicit Mrs. Langtry's approval — the multitudes of rattlesnakes and the hundreds of black pigs, which had reverted to nature, become "as savage as wild boars," and created constant havoc in her "corn."<sup>30</sup> As for the rattlesnakes, Mrs. Langtry describes a snake-bite adventure so completely unlike the terrifying reality that one wonders how she could have learned so little from her observations of them on the ranch; and one can almost see the suppressed laughter on the face of some local wit as he concocted this tale for the consumption of the distinguished tenderfoot:

The lucky escape of a young English girl, a Miss Gray, from death was told me. She was sitting quietly sketching somewhere in the neighborhood, when she felt a pricking at the back of her neck, but, without paying much heed, continued her painting. Her sister luckily saw the rattlesnake at its deadly work, and, with great presence of mind, beat the life out of it with her stick. Miss Gray's life was saved through wearing a woollen scarf, which absorbed a good deal of the poison, but she was very ill for a long time.<sup>31</sup>

Mrs. Langtry visited Middletown, or "Middleton," as she called it, frequently and described it as "a street of wooden shanties . . . which boasted a general store, a bar, and a barber's shop." She added that from what she saw of the local inhabitants she doubted if there was "much practice for the *coiffeur* or the barber."<sup>32</sup> Although she says that the fortnight she was able to spare from the theater "seemed quite insufficient" for all she wanted to do on the ranch, her memory seems to have been at fault here, as it was in several other instances. Contemporary newspaper articles and the memory of persons living in Middletown at the time make it clear that she spent a minimum of six weeks and perhaps as much as three months on the ranch.<sup>33</sup>

Since Mrs. Langtry, Gebhard, and Aby were all enthusiasts for horses and racing, it was natural that they should go in for the raising of blooded stock. To that end, Mrs. Langtry imported an English stallion, named "Friar Tuck," and invested in a number of mares, most of which had been good winners at various Eastern tracks.<sup>34</sup> These animals had such attractive names as "Lucky Star," "Little Sister," and, no doubt in deference to the mines in the region, "Quicksilver."<sup>35</sup>

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Early in August, 1888, more than a score of high-grade horses destined for the two ranches were involved in a railway accident at Port Jervis, New York. In *The Days I Knew*, Mrs. Langtry says that "nearly all the animals were maimed or killed,"<sup>36</sup> but according to her own statement to the press at the time, as well as the information given by her manager, she actually lost only one mare, valued at \$1,500. Gebhard, however, lost heavily. Ten of his finest animals, valued at more than \$300,000 and including his most celebrated horse, "Eole," were killed. The groom in charge of the horses was seriously injured and lost a valuable mount of his own.<sup>37</sup>

The San Francisco *Chronicle* for August 20, 1888, carried the interview of a New York reporter with Mrs. Langtry on the subject of the accident and her own immediate plans. Mrs. Langtry, who was then expecting to leave for the West in a few days, was quoted in part as follows:

Of course, I have been a great deal upset by the accident to Mr. Gebhard's people and horses, and by my own loss of my mare Pauline, of whom I was extremely fond . . . I am going to look after my ranch in California. My brother went out there about a month ago, and though he is very seldom enthusiastic about anything, he writes of it in wonderfully glowing terms. There are about 5,000 acres, 1,500 of which are under wheat, and the rest is used for vines, cattle and other purposes. It is a very picturesque place, and there are some noble old oaks on it. The California oak does not seem, however, to be much good except for its beauty. The branches appear to be constantly breaking off, and the wood will not work up into furniture like our English oak . . . I expect to stay there until it is time for me to get ready to begin my season.

The reporter then asked Mrs. Langtry the inevitable question: "Is there any truth in the reports that you may return to us entitled to bear another name?" To which she replied:

How is that possible? I have not obtained any divorce. While I remain the wife of Mr. Langtry it would be scarcely delicate, to say the least, to discuss the probability of my marrying another man. I know that it has been stated that I am going to California to be married, but that is not the case.

A local California newspaper—the *Calistogian*, published in Calistoga, a town at the head of the Napa Valley, nine miles from

Saint Helena—also reported the accident to the horses in its August 15, 1888, issue and announced that "The Lily and Fred are traveling toward California in a special car." Their plans were apparently changed at the eleventh hour, however, and they did not go West after all. In her autobiography, Mrs. Langtry says that "it is positively tragic to think" that, through a combination of circumstances, she never saw the ranch again. She goes on to explain that just when she was able to plan on spending "a few months at Langtry Farms" with a family party, including her brother and sister-in-law, who had come from England expressly for that purpose, the accident to the horses took place. Indicating that the accident happened two years later than it actually did, she continued: "This so disheartened me, and of such ill-omen did it seem, that I renounced the visit I had been looking forward to so keenly for three years, and we all sailed for England instead."<sup>38</sup>

No doubt the accident must have dampened the ardor for horse-raising and racing for a time, but it was only four months later that Manager Aby passed through San Francisco on his way to Kentucky to buy a carload of thoroughbreds for Mrs. Langtry and Gebhard. In an interview published in the San Francisco *Examiner* of December 10, 1888, Aby said that he already had five fine mares at the ranch, that he intended to bring out three other excellent ones saved from the Port Jervis wreck, plus the two stallions, "St. Savior," and "Owas," and that he hoped to buy many more mares. In fact, he said, he was out "to get the best lot of horses that can be found." At that time, Aby said that Mrs. Langtry had about 300 good graded cattle on her ranch and 700 acres of wheat, barley, and oats. The manager spoke in as glowing terms of the beauties of the ranches as did Mrs. Langtry herself. He was quoted as saying in part:

I have no adequate words to express the magnificence of the place, nor its surroundings. The soil is very fertile and the scenery is perfect, but there are no roads and taxes are very high. Roads are needed exceedingly, but the country is slow. It is forty years behind the times . . . Both ranches will make magnificent places when they are fixed up a little.

When asked about Mrs. Langtry's plans to return to California, Aby said he did not expect her until the following June, if then,

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because "They are very anxious for her to go to Europe this coming summer." He was confident, however, that she would surely spend the summer of 1890 at the ranch, but like many of Mrs. Langtry's other expectations, that plan was not realized.

The horses were trained on a mile-long track on the Gebhard Ranch, and a number of them were raced at Emeryville, California.<sup>39</sup> For many years, advertisements of the Guenoc stallions appeared in *The Spirit of the Times*. However, as the *San Francisco Examiner* observed in an article about the Langtry Ranch on December 26, 1892, "as a horse raising venture it has not been a great success . . . The ranch has not produced one first class racer." Mrs. Langtry herself states that, because her manager entered the mares in some of the biggest produce stakes of the world, years later she lost heavily in forfeits, when her horses failed to race as scheduled.<sup>40</sup>

Wine-making, it seems, proved no more of a financial success. Mrs. Langtry wrote that, although she was convinced her Frenchman made the best wine ever produced in California, the passage of a law putting all liquor into bond for a period of years ruined the sale of the wine in bottles which had her picture on the label. And, writing in the Prohibition era, she added: "I suppose now that the country is dry my portrait still adorns the customs."<sup>41</sup>

According to several articles in the contemporary San Francisco newspapers, Aby was more zealous in protecting Gebhard's interests than Mrs. Langtry's, and the financial failure of the ranch was often attributed to bad management. Thus, the *San Francisco Chronicle* of May 28, 1897, said:

Mrs. Langtry has been unfortunate with her ranch managers. First she had Dr. C. W. Aby and then she sent out Arthur G. Preston McNalty to succeed him in the early part of 1894. This did not seem to better matters much as a year and a half later attachments to the amount of \$7,000 were placed on the ranch.

At the time of the financial difficulties at the ranch in 1894, most of the stock was sold, including a pair of cream-colored mules, which aroused much interest in the neighborhood.<sup>42</sup>

Toward the end of the 1880's, the press kept up its apparent insatiable appetite for articles speculating on whether or not Mrs.



Langtry would ever marry Frederick Gebhard. Thus, the San Francisco *Examiner* of October 14, 1888, published one of Bill Nye's typical humorous articles on the subject. Nye wrote:

Frequently people ask each other the question, "Does Mrs. Langtry really love Mr. Gebhard?" And yet it is unsettled. I do not think she really and truly feels a longing for him. On the contrary, she looks upon him as she does upon the fence she built in front of her house to keep idle people from seeing what she had for breakfast or counting her washing on Mondays from the street, or as she would use the essential oil of pennyroyal which people bestow on their complexions in order to keep off the insects. She may marry him some day, but I shall maintain that it is on the same plan; and that she does it as a protection . . ."

The April 24, 1889, issue of the same newspaper carried an item on the subject of Frederick Gebhard and Mrs. Langtry by a Frenchman named Mezirand, a former chef in her household. "Mr. Gebhard is a mere figurehead," Mezirand is quoted as saying. "We used to look at him as the great bouncer, and he will probably remain such until he gets the grand bounce himself." This statement seems to have been prophetic, and by 1891 there was ample evidence that Gebhard had been given "the grand bounce." Newspaper articles about Mrs. Langtry in that year spoke of a Londoner as "Freddy Gebhard's successor" and often mentioned the fact that she had "transferred her affections elsewhere." In 1894, Gebhard married another woman regarded as a striking beauty of the day—Louise Morris of Baltimore.<sup>43</sup>

At the end of 1892, Mrs. Langtry had a serious illness from which, for a time, she was not expected to recover. In commenting on the floods of letters and telegrams of sympathy and inquiry she received then, one newspaper article said that it was noted in the London clubs that "with the exception of the Queen, no woman in England could have awakened deeper and more widely diffused interest."<sup>44</sup> Richard Le Gallienne, in his Foreword to *The Days I Knew*, makes much the same point in the following quotation:

To have had Judge Roy Bean at her feet, to have had Oscar Wilde sleeping on her doorstep—so that Mr. Langtry, returning home, stumbled over his prostrate form—to have drawn the sting of Whistler's waspish butterfly, and to have had the austere Mr. Gladstone for one of her admiring

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intimates, sometimes reading Shakespeare to her, sometimes bringing her books, sometimes giving her good advice . . . — this surely is an astonishing gamut of fame.<sup>45</sup>

For several years following Mrs. Langtry's recovery from her serious illness, little was heard in California either of the ranches or their owners. Suddenly, however, on May 13, 1897, Mrs. Langtry's attorney, Henry C. McPike of San Francisco, appeared in the courtroom at Lakeport, the county seat of Lake County, armed with depositions purporting to show that Edward Langtry had deserted his wife and that she was therefore entitled to a divorce.<sup>46</sup>

Mrs. Langtry's testimony, taken in England, stressed the fact that she was a *bona fide* resident of Lake County, that the property she owned there was her separate estate acquired from the proceeds of her theatrical career, and that "Mr. Langtry had never advanced a dollar to mend a fence or shoe a colt." Since Mr. Langtry had been duly served with the summons, which he failed to answer, the divorce was granted. With a picture of Judge Crump and a long front page article, the San Francisco *Examiner* of May 14, 1897, announced the news under these headlines: "Jersey Lily is Given Divorce, Famous Mrs. Langtry Made Free from Marital Bonds, In Lakeport's Court Judge Crump Signs the Decree."

From England, however, word came a few days later that Langtry himself refused to recognize the California divorce. "You may say," he was quoted as announcing, "that I treat the decree with the same contempt as I did the citation, which I threw in the fire in the presence of the man who served it on me."<sup>47</sup> The charge of desertion, he added, was particularly absurd, since he had remained at home, while Mrs. Langtry "had been over the world with all sort of fellows."<sup>48</sup> And about three months after the divorce had been granted, the local Middletown *Independent* for August 21, 1897, published this item:

A telegram from London states that Edward Langtry will sue the Jersey Lily for divorce. An "exalted royal personage will be named as one of the correspondents." Mrs. Langtry was recently divorced in this county, where she claims a legal residence. The ground was that of desertion, but the husband refuses to recognize the divorce as valid, and will sue on

his own account. The "exalted royal personage" is the Prince of Wales, who was formerly a close friend of the British beauty.

Whether Mrs. Langtry's Lake County divorce was eventually recognized in England or another divorce was subsequently granted there, is not clear, and it is of no particular importance to this article anyhow. It is clear, though, that she was divorced and later remarried. But she herself makes that fact apparent only in the caption under one of the photographs reproduced in *The Days I Knew*: "At the time of my marriage to Sir Hugo de Bathe," and from the name "Lady de Bathe" in parentheses on the title page after the name Lillie Langtry.<sup>49</sup> Sir Hugo, therefore, seems to have been only slightly more successful than Frederick Gebhard in kindling old memories when Mrs. Langtry sat down to write her autobiography.

To return for a few moments to the final chapter in the story of "Langtry Farms," toward the end of May, 1897, about two weeks after the divorce was granted in Lakeport, the San Francisco newspapers, as well as the local Middletown *Independent*, were all agog with the news that Lillie Langtry was to return to California to spend about four months on her ranch. Through her attorney, Mrs. Langtry announced that she intended to restock her farm and "to go extensively into the business of breeding high-class cattle and the best strains of horses."<sup>50</sup> Her racing stallion, "Carrick," which she had shipped from England, had already reached New York and would be sent on to California after a brief rest. Mrs. Langtry was expected to sail in time to reach San Francisco by July 1st and would personally supervise many improvements which she had in mind—such as refencing and restocking the place, putting up a number of new buildings, and developing the sulphur springs. But these plans, like the ones in the summers of 1888 and 1890, were apparently never carried out, for reasons which do not appear either in Mrs. Langtry's autobiography or in the press, so far as I have been able to discover.

Mrs. Langtry herself concludes the account of her connection with the Langtry Ranch in a single sentence—"I continued to own the property for a good many years, and at last was glad to sell it

## *Lillie Langtry and Her California Ranch*

for about half the price I gave for it.”<sup>51</sup> She adds that, although she was apparently well advised, none of her speculations in land proved profitable. That fact she accepted philosophically, merely remarking in passing: “All my life I have found it easier to make money than to keep it.”<sup>52</sup>

It is now nearly seventy years since Lillie Langtry and Frederick Gebhard spent those idyllic weeks on their Lake County ranches, and both properties have changed hands a number of times. The names of the successive new owners are attached to the places without, however, supplanting the old ones. When those of us who have been long absent return for a visit and inquire about some unfamiliar name that chances to be mentioned in conversation, we are told: “Oh, they bought the old Gebhard Ranch,” or, “They are the new owners of the Langtry Ranch.” I believe, too, that a part of the old race track, where “Little Sister,” “Lucky Star,” and the others were once put through their paces, still exists. It did, in any case, when I visited the ranches a good many years ago.

### NOTES

1. San Francisco *Examiner*, Feb. 2, April, 1, 1888; Sept. 10, 1889.
2. These quotations and the background material on her early life are from: Lillie Langtry (Lady de Bathe), *The Days I Knew* (London, c. 1925), Chapter I. Mrs. Langtry's own spelling of her given name has been used in this article, although in the press it was invariably spelled “Lily.” In the interesting Foreword to her autobiography, Richard Le Gallienne, in commenting on Mrs. Langtry's awareness of her own importance, makes this observation: “That she should be conscious of her own significance in the history of her time is to be expected. For her to ignore it would be the most tasteless of affectations. It would be like the British Museum pretending not to know that it is the British Museum.” (p. 10).
3. San Francisco *Examiner*, June 16, 1897. As an illustration of Mrs. Langtry's poise, the San Francisco *Examiner* of April 9, 1891, quoted from the London newspapers of the previous day an account of “a ridiculous accident to Mrs. Langtry's leading man” and her skillful handling of the situation. On that occasion, Mrs. Langtry's stage husband rushed with “a gasp of joy” to embrace his wife. Unfortunately, “in his ecstasy he gasped so earnestly that the suction caused him to swallow one side of his drooping mustache.” Although aghast at what had happened, Mrs. Langtry calmly pulled off the other side of the mustache, and her leading man continued to play his role with shaved lips. The article concluded by saying that “when the public recovered its serenity,” the play was received “with favor, and Mrs. Langtry is to be congratulated on an excellent performance.”
4. New York *Evening Post*, March 11, 1911, Supplement, p. 2. According to *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, on her first tour of the United States Mrs. Langtry also played in *As You Like It*, *As in a Looking-Glass*, and *Lady Windemere's Fan*, the latter play having been written especially for her by Oscar Wilde.
5. Editorial, “She Walked in Beauty,” summarizing Mrs. Langtry's career, in San Francisco *Examiner*, December 26, 1892.
6. *Ibid.*
7. Langtry, *op. cit.*, p. 212; San Francisco *Examiner*, May 14, 1897.



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8. Langtry, *op. cit.*, p. 212.
9. *Ibid.*
10. San Francisco *Examiner*, December 26, 1892.
11. *Ibid.* Gebhard's name was frequently spelled "Gebhardt."
12. Obituary notice in Springfield (Mass.) *Weekly Republican*, September 15, 1910; San Francisco *Examiner*, January 16, 1892. In an article in the *Examiner* of January 17, 1892, Gebhard was described as "a tall, rather stout young man, with a dissipated face and a blasé air."
13. San Francisco *Examiner*, March 11, 1889.
14. San Francisco *Chronicle*, March 12, 1889.
15. May 28, 1897.
16. Langtry, *op. cit.*, p. 213.
17. San Francisco *Chronicle*, May 28, 1897; San Francisco *Examiner*, December 10, 1888 and April 6, 1893.
18. San Francisco *Examiner*, December 26, 1892.
19. Langtry, *op. cit.*, pp. 218, 213.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 213.
21. From notes of a conversation in the spring of 1939 with an old friend of my family—J. J. Hughes. As a resident of Middletown in the 1880's and 1890's, Mr. Hughes remembered a number of interesting facts about Mrs. Langtry's visit and about the ranches themselves. He said it took more than a week to construct the Dutch oven.
22. All of the quotations in this paragraph are from Langtry, *op. cit.*, pp. 194-195.
23. *Ibid.*, pp. 213-214.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 214.
25. *Ibid.*
26. *Ibid.*, p. 215.
27. *Ibid.*, pp. 216-217.
28. *Ibid.*
29. *Ibid.*, p. 218.
30. *Ibid.*, pp. 219-220.
31. *Ibid.*, p. 219.
32. *Ibid.*, pp. 217-218
33. According to Mr. Hughes, she spent "at least six weeks" at the ranch; the San Francisco *Chronicle* of May 28, 1897, says she spent "several months" there.
34. Langtry, *op. cit.*, pp. 216-217; J. J. Hughes; San Francisco *Examiner*, December 10, 1888.
35. J. J. Hughes.
36. P. 220.
37. San Francisco *Examiner*, December 10, 1888, interview with Charles W. Aby.
38. Langtry, *op. cit.*, pp. 220-221.
39. J. J. Hughes.
40. Langtry, *op. cit.*, pp. 216-217.
41. *Ibid.*, p. 218.
42. For this information I am indebted to my sister, the late Beatrice Marie Bates, who in turn received it from another family friend and former resident of Middletown—May Donovan.
43. San Francisco *Examiner*, January 3, 10, 1894. According to the Springfield (Mass.) *Weekly Republican* of September 15, 1910, the marriage ended in divorce a few years later, and Gebhard's second wife was an actress named Marie Wilson.
44. San Francisco *Examiner*, December 25, 1892.
45. P. 13. Other artists who painted Mrs. Langtry were Millais and Burne Jones, according to *The Columbia Encyclopedia*.
46. San Francisco *Examiner*, May 14, 1897.
47. *Ibid.*, May 18, 1897.
48. *Ibid.*
49. According to *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, the marriage took place in 1899. This same source gives Mrs. Langtry's dates as 1852-1929.
50. San Francisco *Chronicle*, May 28, 1897; Middletown *Independent*, June 5, 1897.
51. Langtry, *op. cit.*, p. 221. Mr. Hughes told me that Mrs. Langtry sold her property to the McCreery family—a name not only long associated with the ranch but prominent for many years in the San Francisco Bay area.
52. Langtry, *op. cit.*, p. 221.

# Historical Profiles

*By Marco R. Newmark*

## XVI

### HOMER LEA



ONE DAY, IN 1896, I WAS WALKING up a rather steep hill on my way to the old Los Angeles High School, when I saw ahead of me a little hunchback. He was five feet in height and weighed one hundred pounds. He was trudging along carrying a number of books. Approaching him, I offered to help him carry the books. Thus started an intimate friendship which endured until the last day of his life.

Homer Lea was born in Denver, Colorado, on November 17, 1876. He studied privately in his home for a few years, after which he entered the Denver High School, and in 1894, he came to Los Angeles with his widowed mother, Mrs. Alfred Lea. He attended Los Angeles High School during the years 1896 and 1897.

Because of his deformity, he was naturally a conspicuous figure in the school but otherwise it was not generally thought that there was anything outstanding about him. However, at an election of the Lyceum, the school's debating club, one of the members who sensed that he possessed unusual ability nominated him for one of the offices. He declined, but in so masterful and compelling a manner that he immediately became a leader in the school's student activities.

He was a cripple from boyhood, he could not take part in the school's athletics but his pluck was such that he used to go on long hunting trips with the other boys and no one ever saw him quit.

After leaving high school he attended Occidental College for a while and then entered Stanford University. While there he came into contact with some Chinese students. It was through them that he began to take an interest in the Chinese people, and among

others he met Wong Wai, leader of a secret society whose purpose was to overthrow the despotic Manchu dynasty.

Homer had already started to study military tactics but in Stanford he took up the subject more seriously. While in the university he went to San Francisco for a slight operation. In the hospital he suffered an attack of smallpox. This left him in such a weakened condition that he was compelled to give up his studies, and in 1900 he decided to go to China for the purpose of organizing an expedition to capture the dowager empress, Tsi An, and release the young emperor, Hong Hsui, who was under her domination and virtually a prisoner.

Harry Carr tells us that Homer came to realize one day, long afterward, in the course of his studies in Stanford that all great careers in the world have been carved out with swords. (This, of course, was an exaggeration). He told him that somewhere and somehow he would carve out such a career for himself, and that the obstacles did not deter him as they would have any other man. Nature had set him a very early lesson in the way of overcoming terrible handicaps.

There was a considerable fatalism in it, too. Homer always felt that he had been called by Destiny. I am not sure that he believed in the transmigration of souls, but from what he told Carr, one day, it was evident that he had a firm belief that he had figured in China and in China's big affairs at some other day and in some other existence. At any rate, while General Lea was in Stanford, the old dowager empress had grabbed the throne from her son and the first mutterings of the storm that overturned the empire were heard over the whole world. The great Won Gui sprang up. His purpose was to restore the boy emperor to the throne, and Carr further states that we began to hear of Homer as the guest of honor at big banquets in Chinatown in San Francisco. Then he slipped away and went to China.

Carr has told me some interesting fragments of his adventures there. I have never heard the full account and don't believe any one else ever has. This was during the Boxer Rebellion before the allied troops took the field. Homer also told Carr that he was commissioned Lieutenant General in the so-called Reform Army that

rallied to the bay emperor's standard. His troops took part in several hot engagements with the forces of the dowager empress but the campaign was inconclusive.

I will revert, now, to the Boxer Rebellion. While it was still raging the emperor issued a decree that he was physically unfit to rule, and, with the consent of the dowager empress, who had been forced from the throne, he appointed Pu Tsun in his place. Homer was compelled to flee, with a price on his head. He went to Japan and during his temporary sojourn in that country he became aware of the dreams of its rulers for world conquest, including the occupation of the West Coast of the United States.

General Lea told Carr of a sensational attempt he made to capture the dowager empress. He learned of her intended flight from the "Pink Walls of the Forbidden City" to her summer residence—somewhere inland. Then, leaving his troops, he took two native aides-de-camp and tried to head the old lady off. He didn't succeed, owing to mistaken information, but he did have his adventures. They were compelled to take shelter from a furious thunderstorm in an old Buddhist monastery. While waiting for the storm to pass some of the monks took to reading palms to while away the time. One of them took Homer's hand, looked at it, and prostrated himself in the "grand salaam."

"What is the matter," asked one of the monks in amazement.

"This is the hand of a King," whispered the prostrate monk.

During this same pursuit they came upon a village which was in the hands of the Boxers and wild riots were in progress. In the natural course of events a white man would have been torn to pieces.

Homer told Carr further that his aides were terribly frightened and that he did not know why but he was not in the least alarmed and had not the slightest doubt about the outcome.

They were traveling in three palanquins and ordered the other two to drop behind and he stepped out of his and went on foot to meet the mob. At the head of it was an immense Chinaman brandishing an immense weapon. Homer did not say anything but walked straight toward him. As they came close, he came to a sudden stop and the mob stopped behind him too, so that they faced Homer



like a wall. With what contempt he could muster in the circumstances, he motioned for them to step aside.

They parted to the right and left in dead silence and he passed down the lane of humanity—and so on through the village. As they were passing through the crowd one of his aides heard the leader of the mob inform his followers that Homer had the power of a devil in his eyes, that he could see nine feet beneath the surface of the earth; and they had better be careful.

Homer Lea reappeared in Los Angeles after the Boxer Rebellion (in 1901), and became the “man of mystery” of this continent. He carried a little military “swagger stick,” which was beautifully engraved with a dragon and with an inscription denoting its presentation “to Gen. Homer Lea,” by some Chinese viceroy, (Sun Yat Sen).

Even the strongest characters have a weakness. Homer was no exception. He picked up the swagger stick after he dressed in the morning and, except during his meals, it was never out of his hand until he retired. He was wont, occasionally, to join a boon companion on a spree. During these bibulous adventures, he sometimes became over-enthusiastic, and although he lost his sobriety, he never lost his head. He always arrived at his home, the swagger stick still in hand.

After his return to Los Angeles he was frequently to be seen on the lawns of Westlake Park (after World War II changed to Douglas McArthur Park) on an Indian rug, poring over works of strategy. None of us knew what he was doing and to tell the honest truth, few believed in him. It was too incredible to see the boy who sat next to you at school as the lieutenant general in an oriental army, all too violent an assault upon human probabilities to be taken at one dose.

Soon there was a convincing experience. There came to Los Angeles an imperial prince who had differed with Tsi An. He was in a hurry . . . there had been a big reward offered for his death. The name was Li Ang Kai Chew. He reported for duty to General Lea like a district messenger boy. If you asked him a question for publication, Prince Chew turned helplessly to Homer to be told



*Photo courtesy Marco R. Neumark*

## HOMER LEA

*Portrait of General Homer Lea in the costume of a Chinese Mandarin*





## Historical Profiles

what to say. Later, when Kang Yu Wei, the former Prime Minister of China, came to Los Angeles, it was the same.

About this time one of the most remarkable events ever seen on the Pacific Coast took place in Los Angeles Chinatown. Nearly all the young Chinamen cut off their cherished queues (a symbol of servitude to the Manchu dynasty) and formed themselves into an infantry company. It was drilled nearly every night in an inclosure in the Chinese quarter.

Homer was not the drillmaster. He generally supervised the work; but the actual drilling was done by Ansel O'Bannion, who was a First Sergeant of Troop A, fourth United States Cavalry. He was honorably discharged, and on December 26, 1905, was commissioned Captain of Troop D, First Squadron California Cavalry. Eventually the drilling of Chinese was abolished because of a law forbidding the drilling of foreigners in the United States. It is however, worthy of note that many of the Chinese who had been drilled later became officers in the Chinese army.

In Carr's obituary of Homer he states that without military education other than his own private reading this boy became not only a world figure, but the only consulting strategist the world had ever seen. The finest military minds in Europe and America turned to him for advice and counsel.

In 1904 Homer returned to China, where he met a former prime minister, Kang Yu Wei, for the purpose of discussing the establishment of a republic in that country.

In 1905 he returned to the United States in bad health and established his residence in Laguna Beach. Here he wrote *The Vermillion Pencil*, a romance based on the inner life of the Chinese people. It was published by the McClure Company in 1908. It was dedicated to his father.

In August, 1908, he moved to Long Beach, and there he wrote *The Valor of Ignorance*, which was published in 1909 by Harper and Brother. It is dedicated to Honorable Elihu Root. In Long Beach, also, he wrote *The Day of the Saxon*. It was published in 1912 and republished in 1942, by Harper and Brother. It was dedicated to Field Marshal Lord Roberts.

The *Valor of Ignorance* was written for the purpose of warning



the American people of the ambition of Japan's rulers to capture the Philippine Islands, Hawaii, Samoa, Alaska and the towns along the western seaboard of the Pacific Coast.

To obtain data about the topography of the coast, he made a number of trips of investigation, including the mountains. One evening, during these investigations, he dined in our home. After dinner he related to us that he had been in the mountains, his only companion being a burro. He told us that he fell down and hurt his ankle. He could not arise and had resigned himself to dying of thirst, when the burro suddenly began running to and fro, whinnying excitedly. Homer managed to crawl along behind the animal and it led him to water. After the conclusion of his recital of this adventure he wagged his fingers up and down at my wife, looked her straight in the eye, and said, "And do you know, Mrs. Newmark, that burro is the most intelligent female it has ever been my pleasure to meet."

*The Day of the Saxon* was a warning to England that Japan's rulers had the intention of attacking that country. This book created a sensation. The King of Italy ordered the officers of his navy to read it and it was made a "must" in the German army.

It was at this period that, on Homer's advice, all the secret societies espousing the revolution were consolidated, under the Leadership of Sun Yat Sen as the Young China Party.

In October, 1911, Homer married Ethel Powers, who had been his secretary and of great assistance to him in the preparation and writing of his books. Mrs. Lea died on November 4, 1934. Twenty years before her death I visited her one day. During the visit three officials of the Chinese Nationalist League came in. They had two missions. One was to invite her to a banquet to be given to honor General Hwang Hsing and companions in the Los Angeles Chinese quarter, and since I was present they did me the courtesy of sending me an invitation, which I still have.

The other mission was to tell her that they wished to visit her husband's tomb. When she informed them that he had been cremated they were terribly shocked, the reason being that the Chinese believe in preserving the bodies of the dead. (I recall that in early days in Los Angeles the bodies of nearly all Chinamen were sent

to China for burial, a custom which is still followed, though only to a limited extent.)

In the year of their marriage in 1911 Homer and Ethel went to Wiesbaden, Germany, to consult a specialist, Homer's eyes having become very bad. While they were there Homer wrote me a letter, which I still have and from which I quote: "My eyes are so much improved that I am now quite confident that they will soon be cured. It has been very slow work, of course, but trouble of twenty years standing cannot be cured in a month or so. Consequently, I have been patient and now begin to see the end, I hope. (The hope was fulfilled). "I am up to my neck in work at present and hope that I will be able, soon, to give you some news that will be real news. There is nothing new to report except that I have just been in England and had some very interesting conversations."

Because it was so characteristic of Homer, it might be of interest to relate Harry Carr's account of his first meeting with Sun Yat Sen, as related in his obituary:

One Sunday morning (I think that it was July a year ago) Homer sent me one of his imperious telephone messages. He wanted me to come to breakfast with him at the Lankershim Hotel.

I found him there, waiting with a Chinaman, a taciturn, silent man in well-fitting American clothes. We three—General Lea, the Chinaman and myself—went in to breakfast. I didn't catch the Chinaman's name.

We talked a long time about the military affairs of the world as they stood at that time. From time to time Homer referred some question of figures to the Chinese gentleman. He seemed a veritable encyclopedia of information. Without a second's hesitation he reeled out the position of every ship in the Battle of Tushima Straits; he knew as many figures about the Japanese army as though he had invented it.

After breakfast, another man came in and began talking of the probabilities of getting certain funds from the Paris Rothschilds. I knew then that some great military move was in contemplation.

The man then left us. Gen. Lea looked across the table at me with a peculiar expression of amusement in his eyes and said, "I am not going to tell you who that Chinaman is, just now. But I will tell you this, that he has only to raise his finger, and 65,000,000 men will obey. Don't forget his name because he is the most powerful man you will ever eat breakfast with in your whole life. His name is Dr. Sun Yat Sen."

Now to return to Wiesbaden; while they were there Homer received a call from Sun Yat Sen stating that the revolution had broken out prematurely and at his suggestion Homer went to London, where he and the doctor met and perfected their plans.

In 1911, Homer and Mrs. Lea went to Nanking and at a convention in that city the Republic of China was established.

Immediately after this historic event Homer suffered a stroke of paralysis. His wife, who had always bestowed on him a deep devotion, took him to Ocean Park, California. A day or two after their arrival, Homer sent for me. I found him sitting in a wheel chair. He said to me, "I know, Marco, that I am going to die. I called you here for two reasons."

"Do you remember that time when you became engaged to be married, I told you that you were a damn fool, that now you will have a family, that you will lead a monotonous life and be of no use to anybody? Well, I wanted to say to you that I made a mistake."

"The second reason is that after I have gone I want you to keep in touch with Ethel and watch over her."

Homer's mission had been fulfilled. On November 1, 1912, this thirty-six year old man, who had left a record seldom equalled and, considering all circumstances, probably never surpassed, passed from the earthly scene.

Two days later Mrs. Lea; Homer's sister Hersha; Harry Carr; Captain O'Bannion; Isaac O. Levy, a friend from high school days; Charles Van Loan, for many years a regular contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*, and I gathered in the little cottage by the sea to bid Homer our last, sad farewell.

He lay on a bed, clad in the uniform of a lieutenant general of the Chinese army, his cherished swagger stick beside him.

There was no service. Two men came in with a casket, placed in it the wasted little body that had been the home of so mighty a spirit and conveyed it to a crematory.

"Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return."

XVII

JOSEPH MESMER

Joseph Mesmer was born in Tippecanoe City, Ohio, on November 3, 1855. In the early spring of 1859 his parents brought him to San Francisco. They stayed there three months and in the latter part of July, the family came to Los Angeles, where the boy attended private and public schools.

Later he found employment in a general merchandise store and in 1877 he went to work for a shoe store. In 1878 he opened the Queen Boot and Shoe Store at 104 (now 204) North Main Street. In those early days the streets were thick with dust in summer and mud in winter, and for this reason most men wore boots, but by 1893 the streets had been so greatly improved that boots were almost passé and Mesmer accordingly changed the name of his business to Queen Shoe Store, which he disposed of in 1906.

On April 22, 1879, he married Miss Rose E. Bushard.

In 1907 he became the sole owner of the St. Louis Fire Brick and Clay Company. He served on the City Planning Commission, 1921-1925. In this capacity he brought about many street improvements such as the opening and widening of a number of streets.

Of his many contributions to the development of Los Angeles, the most important was his sponsorship of the plan to buy the Downey Block, which was located at the northwest corner of Temple and Main Streets and his leadership in raising the money to buy it to present to the government for use as a federal building. When the bids were opened in May, 1906, the lowest bid was much more than the government was prepared to pay. This delayed matters until October when the post office, which was located at the corner of Main and Winston Streets, was sold for three hundred thousand dollars. This solved the problem and before long the federal building was under construction.

In addition to Mesmer's service on the planning commission, he was on the Board of Freeholders in 1887; on the Park Commission, 1892-1894, and was on the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California, 1927-1929.

He passed away on November 28, 1947.



## XVIII

## HARRIS NEWMARK

Harris Newmark was born in Loebau, East Prussia, on July 5, 1835. In 1853 he left his native home and came to Los Angeles. After his arrival he took a position as a clerk in the store of his brother, Joseph P. Newmark, who had come here in 1851.

Six months after Harris' arrival his brother sold out and moved to San Francisco. He then decided to go into business for himself and opened a clothing store. On March 24, 1858, he married his cousin, Sarah Newmark. Of their eleven children I am the only survivor. In 1862 he abandoned the clothing business and went into the commission business.

At this time practically all merchandise for Los Angeles came to San Pedro by boat and was thence transported to its destination by stage, at a charge of \$7.50 per ton. There were then two transportation companies, one owned by Phineas Banning, the other by J. J. Tomlinson. The former did a large business with Arizona, but the latter had practically all the business of the Los Angeles merchants.

One day, in 1865, a friend told Newmark that Prudent Beaudry, owner of a general merchandise store, had boasted that he would drive every Jew in town out of business. Newmark decided to do something about it. Knowing that Banning would not be adverse to settling his score with the Los Angeles merchants, Newmark proposed to him that they establish a partnership, he to provide the capital and management, Banning to haul the merchandise free of charge. The deal was made and so was established the firm of H. Newmark and Company.

The freight advantage enabled them to undersell their competitors. On January 1, 1866, they bought out Beaudry and before long two other merchants were compelled to give up, after which Banning sold his interest to his partner.

In 1872, Newmark and eight other citizens organized a voluntary library association and established a small library. In 1878, under a provision of a new city charter, the library was made a department of the municipal government.

## *Historical Profiles*

On December 5, 1885, he withdrew from the firm of H. Newmark and Company to be succeeded by his junior partners, and since the oldest of them was Morris A. Newmark, the name of the firm was changed to M. A. Newmark and Company, who sold out in 1937.

After his withdrawal, Newmark joined his nephew, Kaspare Cohn of the firm of K. Cohn and Company, dealers in wool and hides. In 1896, this firm was dissolved. Cohn retained the wool end of the business and Newmark took over the hides, reviving the old name, H. Newmark and Company. In 1899, the two former partners founded the town of Montebello. On January 1, 1906, Newmark retired from business.

In 1913, sixty years after his arrival in the little town of Los Angeles, he began the preparation of his memoirs. He asked his two sons, Maurice H. Newmark and myself to serve as editors, and Dr. Perry Worden, a well-known historian, co-operated with us as literary advisor.

The manuscript was completed and sent to the publisher in the latter part of 1915; but on April 4, 1916, just a few months before the book, *Sixty Years in Southern California*, came from the press, the author passed away.

\* \* \*

## XIX

### WILLIAM ORCUTT

William Orcutt was born in Dodge City, Minnesota, on February 14, 1869. He was a direct descendant of Miles Standish, John Alden and Alden's wife, Priscilla Mulines through whom he traced his ancestry back to William the Conqueror.

The family came to California in 1881. He attended the public schools in Santa Paula. He entered Stanford University on October 1, 1891, the day it was opened. He specialized in geology and engineering, which afterwards became his life's work.

After graduating from the University in 1895 he located at Santa Paula, where, on June 9, 1897, he married Miss Mary Logan.

In Santa Paula he established himself as a hydraulic engineer, and, besides, he served as United States Deputy Surveyor until May, 1899. He was then made Superintendent of the San Joaquin Division of the Union Oil Company of California, a position which he held for a number of years.

In 1901 he was appointed geologist and engineer of the company, with headquarters in Los Angeles, and subsequently was made Manager of the Geological, Land and Engineering departments. He later served as consulting head of these departments and as vice-president of the company.

In the early years of the petroleum industry the employment of experts was unusual. It was the successful work of Orcutt in the employment of scientific principles for solving the problems of oil development that changed this situation; and the Union Oil Company was the first on the coast to organize a geological department for research and the discovery of new fields.

Orcutt made the first geological maps of the Coalinga, Lompoc and Santa Maria oil fields, and was assigned the duty of selecting and purchasing properties in these districts for the Union Oil Company. He was a member of important executive committees in many business organizations and vice-president and president of a number of them.

In 1901 Orcutt discovered the famous La Brea Fossil Beds north of Wilshire Boulevard in the western part of the city, on the old La Brea Rancho. The story is a most interesting one as related by Mrs. Orcutt in the December 1954 issue of *The Quarterly*, to which those who are not acquainted with it are referred.

Mr. Orcutt, who made such significant contributions to science and to the oil industry in California, passed away on April 27, 1942.









—Photo courtesy Los Angeles Times

### ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE, 1955

*Members of the Historical Society of Southern California Landmarks Committee who arranged the 1955 Annual Pilgrimage to the site of former Lake Vineyard. From left to right: John C. Austin, Miss Anne Wilson Patton, grand-daughter of Benjamin D. Wilson and sister of General George S. Patton, Jr., Edmond F. Ducommun, Mrs. Jean Giles, Marco R. Newmark and Frank P. Putnam.*

## *Activities of the Society*

### MEETING, APRIL, 1955

President John Fishburn, Jr. asked new members present to stand and be welcomed into the membership of the *Historical Society of Southern California*.

The speaker, Rev. William Trower, Rector of the Seminary of our Lady Queen of the Angels and administrator of the old Mission San Fernando Rey de Espana, was introduced. It was further told of the padre's service in World War II on board U. S. Cruiser *Atlanta* in the Pacific theatre. Rev. Trower also served with the Navy Department in Washington, D.C. and then at the advent of the Korean War he gave his services on transport duty between Seattle and Korea.

Father Trower gave a very true word picture of the founding of Mission San Fernando in 1797. He also told of the secularization and of the return of the Mission and grounds by orders of President Lincoln.

Director Oscar Lawler contributed a very interesting chapter on the Pious Fund and its effect on the Missions of California.

The talk was well illustrated with historic photographs and maps that were displayed on the walls.

In conclusion, President Fishburn invited members and friends into the refreshment room where hostess Mrs. Edmond F. Ducommun extended hospitality. At the urns were Mmes. B. Sabichi Mitchel and Ernest Yorba.



### MEETING, MAY, 1955

President John E. Fishburn, Jr. introduced the speaker, Mr. Frank B. Putnam, assistant cashier of the Farmers and Merchants

National Bank and a director of the *Historical Society of Southern California*.

The subject of his talk was "Roaming the Royal Road—Then and Now" . . . from San Diego to Sonoma.

With black and colored slides the speaker traveled from mission to mission, also stopping at the nearby landmarks. This was a vivid picture of long ago. Mr. Putnam rambled over *El Camino Real* along Highway 101. He covered the development of California through one hundred and eighty-six years.

The black slides were from the collection of Ana Begue de Packman; the colored slides were made by Mr. Chester L. Hogan.

Members and friends expressed their delight at so real a historic journey.

Hostess Mme. Edmond F. Ducommun announced that refreshments would be served. Pouring at the urns in the refreshment room were Mmes. Thomas H. Smith and Robert Varnam.



#### MEETING, JUNE, 1955

This was the Twenty-Eighth Annual Pilgrimage of the *Historical Society of Southern California*. It was held at Rancho San Pasqual on the homesite of the Pioneer Benjamin Davis Wilson, Lake Vineyard, a small part which is now Lacey Park in San Marino. After a luncheon *al fresco*, the pilgrims journeyed to the Huntington Library where they were addressed by Dr. Robert Glass Cleland, California historian.

The event was under the auspices of the Landmarks Committee: Edmond F. Ducommun, chairman; John C. Austin; Mrs. Edmond F. Ducommun; Clement J. Gagliano; Mrs. Jean Giles; Marco R. Newmark; Frank B. Putnam; Edward P. Ripley; Robert Raphael; Mrs. Florence Dodson Schoneman; David I. Worsfold and Ernest J. Yorba.

Past-President John C. Austin introduced the guest of honor, Miss Anne Patton. Miss Patton is the granddaughter of Benjamin Davis Wilson, daughter of George S. Patton, first mayor of San Marino and sister of the late General George S. Patton of World War II fame.



### *Activities of the Society*

Miss Patton enumerated the members of her family—2nd Lt. David Wilson Patton, U. S. Army, just graduated from West Point; Lt. (j.g.) Peter Wilson Patton, oldest of the two adopted sons, is now a pilot in the U. S. Navy Air Force. Captain George S. Patton, son of the general, is a graduate of West Point and now an instructor at the Point teaching in the tactical department. He has two children, a son and a daughter.

The wife of the late General Patton is deceased. They had two daughters, Ruth Ellen and Beatrice.

Miss Anne Patton was born on old Fort Moore Hill, North Broadway, in Los Angeles, during the years her father, George S. Patton, was district attorney of Los Angeles County. Her father came here from Virginia when he was 12 years old. Miss Patton's mother, Ruth Wilson Patton, was born on the ranch (Lake Vineyard) where Miss Patton still lives. She was the daughter of Benjamin Davis Wilson and Margaret Herford Wilson, second wife of Don Benito. Wilson's first wife was Ramona Yorba.

Miss Patton reminisced, "Our amusements were, of course, very simple but lots of fun. We had many relatives and friends who visited us from Los Angeles. We had horses to ride and drive, a tennis court and plenty of ground on which to play. We picked wild flowers, and believe it or not we played in the swamp just up the canyon, not a mile from here. We had a great deal of fun in and around Wilson's Lake, just about where we are now (Lacey Park)."

Miss Wilson has more than ordinary deep affection for her home, for she has lived there all her life, except during the time she spent in the East at school. The twenty-room mansion nearby was constructed by her father, George S. Patton, on the 400 acres of Lake Vineyard Ranch after he retired as district attorney.

Her grandfather, Benjamin D. Wilson, (Don Benito) (1811-1878) died before Miss Anne Patton was born, but she has recollections of her father and illustrious brother that would fill many volumes.



## *Gifts to the Society*

*In each issue of THE QUARTERLY there appears a list of the donors and gifts made currently to the Society.*

*The Society is making an especial effort to build up its collection of historic materials, such as diaries, letters, account books, early newspapers, theatre and other programs, pictures of early-day life in California and costumes. We need your help.*

*Many members having treasured ancestral keepsakes were impelled to give them to the Society because of the realization that in private possession they would, sooner or later, disappear or deteriorate, whereas, in the custody of the Historical Society of Southern California they will be preserved indefinitely.*

MARCO R. NEWMARK,  
*Chairman, Committee on Gifts and Bequests*



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MR. MARCO R. NEWMARK: File of *Pony Express* Historic Publications; Photograph of U. S. Senator Stephen M. White.

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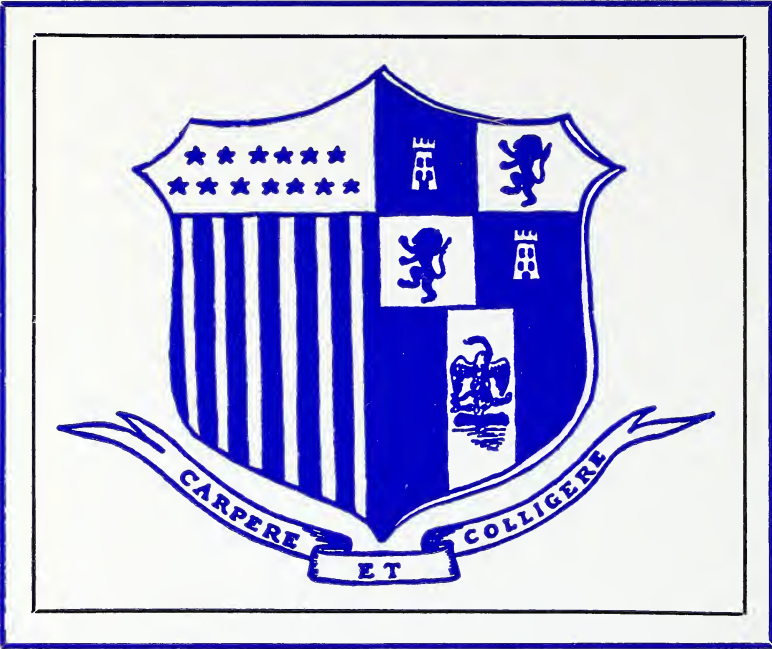
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September, 1955

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*The*

*Historical Society of Southern California*

# QUARTERLY



—Photo courtesy Bernice Miller

MRS. HERBERT HOOVER

See "Laying Foundation Stones"—page 243





THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA was organized in 1883, and has enjoyed a record of continuous activity for over half a century. Commencing in 1886, and each year until 1935, the Society issued an Annual Publication. In 1935 this *Quarterly* was initiated. It is published at Los Angeles, California, each March, June, September and December.

The purposes of this Society are to preserve and protect the archives and historic sites of the Southwest, with particular stress on Southern California; to publish material of permanent historic interest and significance; to assist and encourage all persons and organizations engaged in similar activities; to hold regular monthly meetings in Los Angeles, except during the summer months, and at least once a year to gather in a pilgrimage to some spot of historic significance.

The Society welcomes to its membership all persons who are in sympathy with its aims. It derives its entire income from the dues and gifts of members, and all regular publications are offered to members without further charge.

It is the aim of the Editorial Board to render this *Quarterly* a publication of general historical interest. Suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed, and all persons, whether members of the Society or not, are invited to submit for the consideration of the editors original articles, old letters, documents, maps and other material bearing upon the history and development of this region.

\* \* \* \* \*

Address articles, stories, books for review, and all material to appear in the *QUARTERLY*, and general Society correspondence to:

THE SECRETARY,  
THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA  
2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California

*The*  
*Historical Society of Southern California*

# **QUARTERLY**



HOME OF THE  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

*The*  
*Historical Society of Southern California*

**QUARTERLY**

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VOLUME XXXVII

September, 1955

NUMBER 3

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FOUNDED NOVEMBER 1, 1883

1955

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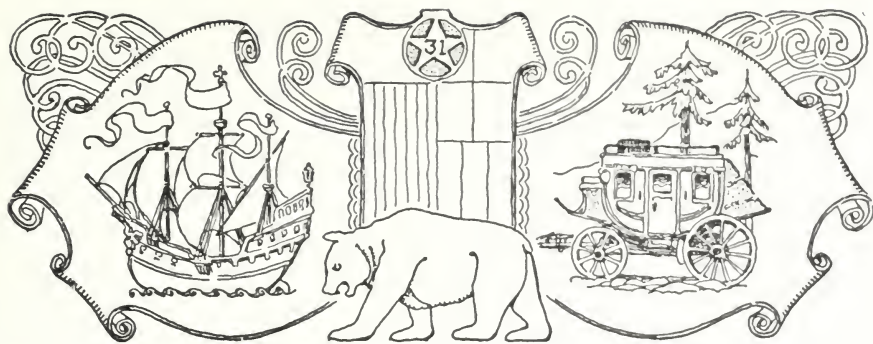
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GUSTAVE O. ARLT, *Editor*

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*The Historical Society of Southern California* QUARTERLY for September, 1955

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## The Merced Theater'

*By Moshe Yaari*

### AMERICAN THEATERS OF LOS ANGELES PRIOR TO 1870

**I**T HAS BEEN GENERALLY ACCEPTED that the Merced Theater was the first American theater of Los Angeles. A careful study of the history of this period proves this to be erroneous. According to Dr. Sue Earnest, the first American theater in Los Angeles was the Don Antonio Coronel Theater,<sup>2</sup> which opened on July 4, 1848. It was an addition to the home of Don Antonio and cost over five thousand dollars. With a covered stage, proscenium, drop-curtain, painted scenery, a balcony for the ladies, and an open air pit, this theater seated three hundred. Paid performances were given by military personnel stationed in the area.

It is assumed that this theater was later called the Rough and Ready Theater, opening July 16, 1851, under the management of a Herr Ritter. Admission was one dollar, children half price, the lame and the blind free. Here also, the military were the performers.<sup>3</sup>

The most important theaters in existence prior to the Merced were Stearn's Hall and the Temple Theater. Stearn's Hall, which opened July, 1859, was used as a theater up to 1875.<sup>4</sup> Built by Don Abel Stearns, the Hall was used for meetings, balls, gymnastic exhibitions, festivals, concerts and dramatic performances.<sup>5</sup> Although it was not built as a theater, it had the distinction of being the first commercial theater in Southern California, for the first American professional company to find its way to Los Angeles, the California Minstrels, played there in 1859.<sup>6</sup>

The Temple Theater was the first theater equipped to house American professional companies.<sup>7</sup> Built by John Temple it was completed in February, 1860.<sup>8</sup> The stage was 45 x 25 feet, with a private box on each side, painted scenery, a gallery with two tiers of raised benches, and a parquette with armchairs.<sup>9</sup> The Great Star Company of Stark & Ryer of San Francisco,<sup>10</sup> which appeared at the Temple Theater from October 28 to November 12, 1860, was the first professional American company to perform legitimate drama in Southern California.<sup>11</sup> This company presented Shakespearean drama and the plays of European playwrights of the time. After them it would seem that the performances were mostly of a variety and minstrel type with some Spanish drama, performed by troupes from Mexico. The Temple Theater was sold in 1866 and became a courtroom in 1871. Thus, Stearn's Hall remained the only theater in Los Angeles until the opening of the Merced in December, 1870.<sup>12</sup>

#### HISTORY OF THE SITE OF THE MERCED THEATER

A history of the Merced Theater would not be complete without some mention of the site upon which the building still stands. Some twenty years previous to the building of the Merced, Colonel J. Bankhead Magruder<sup>13</sup> and his friend Samuel R. Dummer, retired army captain, decided that Los Angeles needed a high class bar. They bought a lot on Main Street and sent to Boston for a pre-fabricated building.

The first wooden building built in Los Angeles was erected in 1851. It was framed in Boston, and the material, all shaped ready for putting

## *Merced Theater*

together, was shipped around the Horn—a sea voyage of 18,000 miles. The material was hauled from San Pedro to the city on old *carretas* or Mexican ox carts. This building was erected on the site now occupied by the old Merced Theater, on North Main street, just south of the Pico House . . . .<sup>14</sup>

The El Dorado bar took up the ground floor, and sleeping quarters were on the second. In 1853, Reverend Bland bought the building.<sup>15</sup>

Rev. Adam Bland, Presiding Elder of the Methodists in Los Angeles in 1854, had come here a couple of years before, to begin work in the good, old-fashioned way; and, having bought the barroom, El Dorado, and torn down Hughes's sign, he had transformed the place into a chapel. But, alas for human foresight, or the lack of it: on at least a part of the new church lot, the Merced Theater later stood!<sup>16</sup>

William Abbott purchased the lot on which he later built the Merced Theater.<sup>17</sup> He chose the site because of its proximity to the Pico House, which was the busiest hotel in town.

### THE MERCED THEATER AND ITS BUILDING

William Abbott arrived in Los Angeles in 1853. He brought with him a small stock of furniture and started a store in a small wooden house on a lot next to the eventual site of the Merced Theater. In 1856, Abbott married Dona Merced Garcia. By 1863 his business as well as his family had grown and he decided to build new quarters.<sup>18</sup> His wife furnished most of the capital. Abbott's plans for a three story brick building with lower story for business, the second a theater, and the upper as living quarters, were acceptable to Dona Merced provided, that the building would be the tallest in town.

She refused to build the theater unless it was higher than the Pico House. When it was completed it topped the old hotel by a cornice and a fire wall.<sup>19</sup>

Preparations for building under the supervision of E. F. Kysor,<sup>20</sup> architect, began July 26, 1870.<sup>21</sup> The building was completed by December of the same year. It was a three story brick extending from Main to Sanchez Street, a depth of ninety feet, with a thirty-



seven and one-half foot frontage.<sup>22</sup> An ornamental iron balcony ran along the entire front. Balconies also projected from each window of the third floor. The sign, "Merced Hall," was placed on a shield near the top of the facade.<sup>23</sup> The basement and first floors were used for business establishments. A stairway on the extreme right of the building led from the first floor to the theater. The third floor was used by the Abbott family as living quarters.

Interesting to note is the structural plan of the building which has a suspended second story. The floor of the second story is held up by the pillars of the street floor, and the ceiling of the second story is held up by trusses in the third story.<sup>24</sup>

As for the theater itself:

The Merced with a 35 x 25 foot stage, four boxes, two dressing rooms, and board benches, could accommodate 400.<sup>25</sup>

A drop curtain, on which was painted an Italian landscape, was described as beautiful.<sup>26</sup> Drapes were of red plush edged with gold fringe. The stage (18x12)<sup>27</sup> dressing rooms and four boxes were diminutive. Seats were rough benches all on the same level.<sup>28</sup>

The measurements of the stage as quoted in the above paragraphs obviously conflict. In checking the building, I found that the dimensions of the building itself as stated by Dr. Sue Earnest are erroneous. According to her, the building measured 26 x 100 feet.<sup>29</sup> Since the actual measurements of the building are 37½ x 90 feet it would seem likely that the Merced had a 35 x 25 foot stage. However, Dr. Earnest did not state her source material for either measurement, nor did she qualify her statement in any way, and since it is impossible at this time to obtain source material, as it is in the process of being microfilmed, I cannot verify the dimensions of the stage.

On December 30, 1870, the Los Angeles *Star* announced the inauguration of the Merced Theater, praising the good taste of the builder. An advertisement in the same issue ran as follows:

#### MERCED THEATRE

The opening of the New Abbott's Theatre will take place on Friday, December 30, 1870, when a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert will

## *Merced Theater*

be given by the 21st Regiment (Wilmington Band), assisted by several well known amateurs, who have kindly volunteered their services.<sup>30</sup>

The notice appearing on the day following the concert, December 31, 1870, in the *Los Angeles Star*, stated that the Merced was inaugurated successfully.

The theater was available, but the first professional company did not arrive, although it was announced for several weeks in advance.<sup>31</sup>

*The Daily News* of January 18, 1871, reported that there was a "woeful lack of amusements" in Los Angeles and that "This has prompted some of the fun-loving spirits to offer on Thursday night at the Merced, a mirth-provoking exhibition wherein the effect of laughing gas upon different persons will be practically illustrated."<sup>32</sup>

Placards and newspaper publicity announcing the appearance of the first dramatic troupe to play at the Merced were printed in both English and Spanish, the Spanish version giving greater detail. The first positive announcement of date appeared in the January 28, 1871, issue of the *Los Angeles Star*:

THEATRE  
First Class  
from  
Maguires Opera House,  
San Francisco  
will positively appear on  
Monday Evening, Jan. 30th.  
T. Maguire, Proprietor

And in Spanish:

TEATRO MERCED  
Los Angeles  
Junes, Enero 30, de 1871  
Primero Funchion de la Gran  
Compania Dramatica, de Don  
Tomas Maguire, El Impresario  
Veterano de San Francisco,  
Veinte y Cuatro Artistas de  
Ambos Sexos, todos conocidos  
Como Estrellas de primera  
clase.

On the following day the *Star* carried an article and a detailed advertisement.

Tomorrow night "the Drama" will be inaugurated in La Merced Theatre, by the performance of "Fanchon" witnessed, we may safely predict, by one of the largest and most selected audiences ever congregated in this city . . .

---

NEW MERCED THEATRE.

T. Maguire

Proprietor

Monday, Jan. 30, 1871

Grand Opening,

On which occasion the charming and Accomplished  
Comedienne and Songstress

Miss Kitty Blanchard,

In conjunction with the Talented Character Actor

Mr. McKee Rankin

Will make her first appearance in the beautiful  
Drama, entitled

F A N C H O N

The Little Cricket.

In which she will perform her wonderful  
Shadow Dance

---

Look At the Great Cast

FANCHON.....	Miss Kitty Blanchard
Landry Barbeaud, The Twins.....	McKee Rankin
Didier.....	W. W. Powers
Father Barbeaud.....	H. Sinclair
Etiene.....	J. H. King
Pierre.....	F. Cleaves
Colin.....	H. Colton
Father Cailard.....	F. Rea
Mathew.....	J. Crowall
Martineau.....	H. James
Old Fadet.....	Miss Fanny Young
Mother Barbeaud.....	Mrs. F. Rea
Madelon.....	Mrs. H. Sinclair
Mariette.....	Miss Susie Soule
Susette.....	Mrs. R. Darling

Villagers, Peasants, etc.





MERCED THEATER  
*recent photograph shows present use of  
 historic old building*





## Merced Theater

Act 1st.....	The Shadow Dance
Act 2d.....	The St. Andoche Festival
Act 3d.....	The Witch of Cosse
Act 4th.....	The Will of the Wisp (Ignis Fatuus)
Act 5th.....	A Year Later

---

### Prices of Admission

Dress Circle.....	\$1.00
Orchestra .....	1.00
Parquette .....	.75
Private Box .....	5.00

Reserved Seats may be secured 6 days in advance without extra charge, from 10 A.M. till 4 P.M., daily.

Doors open at 7, performance commences at 8.

That the performance was enthusiastically received is evidenced by articles which appeared the following day.

Last night, this theatre was opened by a company from San Francisco, under the management of Mr. Maguire, the veteran of the stage . . . Miss Blanchard and her fresh child-like simplicity wins upon her hearers throughout the evening until the audience see and hear not . . . the talented and versatile actress, but the veritable 'Little Cricket', a despised and injured country girl . . . Mr. Rankin also appeared to great advantage . . . The house was crowded by a fashionable audience, the music was good, the arrangements complete, the actors well received, the whole affair a pronounced success.<sup>33</sup>

Evidently the second night was even more successful,

Long before the curtain rose the house was so full that many were unable to obtain seats . . .<sup>34</sup>

On February 1, 1871, Kitty Blanchard made theatrical history in Southern California by taking a man's role and playing the Earl of Darnley in *Field of Cloth of Gold*.<sup>35</sup> Later presentations included *Colleen Bawn* and *Rip Van Winkle*.

The stage manager also came in for plaudits:

If we consider what care and labor the production of such a play requires, too much praise cannot be awarded the stage manager, Mr. Powers.<sup>36</sup>

In order to maintain audience interest, which had fallen off

sharply after the sixth performance, variety and farce became the bill of fare. Typical was the performance given on February 9, 1871, when *Who Killed Cock Robin* was followed by

... lightning changes on the part of Miss Blanchard in a series of characterization as follows: *The Grecian Bend*, *Par Excellence*, *Valkin dot Proadway Down*, *Weysers Dog*, *Mouth Harmonica*, and *Little Mother*.<sup>37</sup>

The Rankins were followed by the California Minstrels in February, who played for six days. The next to appear were Carter's Dramatic Troupe from Chicago. They were not considered as meritorious as the McKee Rankin Company. The presentation of *Fanchon* which had just been presented by the Rankins was not as well received. Their performances did keep to a fair standard, but Los Angeles audiences, for the first time, were in a position to compare. They were the first troupe to travel overland to the coast by Central Pacific and then to come down south by steamer. They presented nine plays during the seventeen-day stay in April. Of these, five were English: *Lady of Lyons*, *East Lynne*, *Everybody's Friend*, *Ticket of Leave Man*, and *Delicate Ground*; three were French translations: *Fanchon*, *Lucretia Borgia*, and *Camille*; and one was American, *Love in Humble Life*. The key members of the company were J. S. and Carrie Carter, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Cox, Miss Carrie Lypsis, and W. J. Cogswell.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Cox remained in Los Angeles to direct amateur dramatics. Cox became manager of the Merced, he and his wife filling in minor parts whenever needed.

The second company to be sent by Tomas Macquire presented farce, musical olios, and melodrama. This company featured Maggi Moore and Jimmy Moore, who danced and sang, the Harry Sinclairs, comedians, formerly in Los Angeles with the McKee Rankin group. Matinees were presented at half price.

In June the Nathan Juveniles played at the Merced Theater thirteen days. Their presentations were comprised of occasional full-length plays: *The Irish Diamond*, *Limerick Boy*, *The Sentinel*, and many after-pieces; *Paddy in India*, *Irish Tutor*, *Omnibus*, *Austrian Servant Girl*, *Codada*, *Bombastis Furioso*, *Ghost of the Village*,

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and *Youth Who Never Saw a Woman*. The Nathans and their five children, Edward, Salina, Julia, Louis and Marion, were well-received—particularly Marion, who was considered a prodigy. "Play bills are generally full of exaggerations, but when they call a La Petite Marion Nathan a prodigy, they for once speak no more than the simple truth . . ." <sup>38</sup>

The year's last and longest dramatic season was presented by the Bates company. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bates were considered first-class actors, but their supporting cast was very poor. This condition was not uncommon in this time. In an article which appeared in the *Los Angeles Express* of August 15, 1871, the underlying cause for this situation is discussed:

During their engagement, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bates have been untiring in their efforts to please . . . There are many disadvantages which all places outside San Francisco must expect in connection with these entertainments. No manager can come to this city, lose a week en route, and play to small audiences, and at the same time have all first-class talent in his company. If our people want theatrical entertainments of a metropolitan character, they must go to San Francisco, or give a better support to companies that come here from time to time, and thereby encourage managers to give us something better the next time. We have only had a theatre a few months, and during that time have had as much talent on the stage as we have paid for. <sup>39</sup>

Among the plays presented by the Bates company were *Camille* and *The Stranger*. Then on August 19 the playbill advertised the opening of *The Happy Pair*, the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Conjugal Lesson*. On August 20, they played scenes from *The Honeymoon*, *Ingomar*, and a repetition of *The Conjugal Lesson*. This change in the bill of fare did not prove successful.

The hope that the Merced would bring sustained theater to Los Angeles was lost. During the year 1872, the Merced saw little activity—a musical company starring Signorina Adeline and Senor Albert Frenchel appeared in March. As a result of their concert, the press became openly critical of the Merced as a theater:

Scarcely do we think . . . that any star ever appeared before an audience under greater disadvantages . . . It would be difficult to find a



room with poorer acoustics and wherein it is so painful, alike for the artist to perform and the audience to listen . . . The acoustics of the hall are so defective that the best voice either suffers a pitiable death by strangulation before it passes the footlights, or is to all intents and purposes still-born.<sup>40</sup>

The only other presentations during the year were a Spanish-speaking company, a couple of minstrel shows, and a ventriloquist. In December the *Star* announced that the Merced had been closed for nearly a year.

In January, 1873, Abbott remodeled the Merced. The crude benches were replaced by armchairs, the scenery repainted, and the theater was cleaned thoroughly. Harry Parsons took over the management.

The first troupe to appear in the renovated theater was the Frank Wilton Company, playing there in February. They gave regular performances presenting everything from comedy to tragedy with an after-piece for every production. May Heywood sang, her sister Nellie jigged, John Wilkes did comedy songs, Alf Graham sang his own topical numbers, and Georgie sang and danced. There was nothing unusual about the selection of plays which this group presented:

Eight English: *Colleen Bawn*, *The Irish Diamond*, *Arrah Na Pogue*, *Streets of New York*, *Still Waters*, *Ticket of Leave Man*, *Idiot Witness*, and *East Lynne*. Six French translations: *Lucretia Borgia*, *Chamber of Death*, *Camille*, *Medea*, *Don Caesar de Bazan*, and *Victim of Circumstances*. Five American: *Ten Nights in a Bar Room*, *Miralda*, *Under the Gaslight*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Of the after-pieces mentioned, five were English: *Old Clothes Man*, *Betsy Baker*, *Toodles*, *Limerick Boy*, and *Dead Shot*; one American: *Vermont Wool Dealer*.<sup>41</sup>

The Wiltons received enthusiastic press notices:

The house was so full even standing room in the aisles was scarce. Performances were of a high order and were frequently applauded . . . This success is only in keeping with that which is usual with this troupe.<sup>42</sup>

The first professional company to bring Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Romeo and Juliet* to Los Angeles was the Leroy-Duret

## Merced Theater

troupe. No higher praise was ever given any troupe to appear at the Merced before this. Though numbering only fifteen, they played both matinees and nights for over ten weeks. They performed many other impressive plays besides the Shakespeare:

Twelve English: *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *Green Bushes*, *Jack Sheppard*, *Lady Audley's Secret*, *Lady of Lyons*, *East Lynne*, *Octoroon*, *The Honeymoon*, *Oliver Twist* and *The Dowager*. Four American: *New Magdeline*, *Leah the Foresaken*, *Aurora Floyd* and *Enoch Arden*. Two French translations: *Lucretia Borgia* and *Hidden Hand*. One unidentified: *Harriet Routh*.<sup>43</sup>

The Los Angeles *Evening Express*, November 18, 1873, had the following to say when the company left:

They have been with us for more than ten weeks, during which they have made large numbers of personal as well as professional friends, whose best wishes will follow them . . . as a company it was superior to many which had visited our city within the past five years.<sup>44</sup>

The Leroy-Duret group was the last American professional group to appear at the Merced in 1873.

During the run of the Leroy-Duret group, in October, the dress circle was raised to give a better view. November saw the opening of Mr. Abbott's "Theater Saloon" downstairs, complete with scenic wall decorations and billiard tables. Doors connected directly with the Pico House for the use of hotel guests.

The end of the year 1873 and the beginning of 1874 saw the Molla Spanish Troupe from Mexico play in Spanish at the Merced.

The year 1874 was uneventful in comparison with the previous year, the record run for the year being that of the Florence Kent combination which saw one and one-half months. The Templetons, Fanny Morgan Phelps and the Murphy and Wallace troupes stayed only two weeks each, making a total of three and one-half months of legitimate drama for the year.

Fanny Morgan Phelps, with Pierce as her leading man, played *Romeo and Juliet* to an enthusiastic but small audience due to rain. Among their other plays were:

Six English: *Colleen Bawn, Lancashire Lass, The Honeymoon, Black-Eyed Susan, Romeo and Juliet, Katherine and Petruchio*. Two American: *Kathleen Mauvorean, Leah the Forsaken*. Two French translations: *Camille, Actress by Daylight*. One unidentified: *Rachel Ryland*.<sup>45</sup>

The most captivating personality of the year was tiny Fay Templeton who, with her parents John Templeton and Isabel Vane, presented a combination of drama and specialties during March.

The San Francisco company of Murphy and Wallace presented Irish, Dutch, Negro and Chinese comedy in July.

Florence Kent presented drama, with five English plays: *Caste, Duel in the Snow, Lady of Lyons, Dora, Robert Emmets*; two American plays: *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Dick Turpin*. The after-pieces were mostly English. The Kents closed the dramatic season of 1874.<sup>46</sup>

Charles Algernon Sidney Vivian who had been at the Merced and considered as inferior talent, returned in 1875 with a legitimate group. His repertoire included both comedy and drama, but his olios made up of songs and imitations brought him fame. With him were J. B. Robinson, Willie Simons, Madame Muse, C. E. Allen, Nellie Cummins, and others, all from San Francisco under the management of Tomas Maguire. Los Angeles responded as warmly to him as did audiences everywhere. "The Merced Theater was crowded far beyond its seating capacity and many of the auditors were compelled to take their cool comfort standing."<sup>47</sup>

Vivian's repertoire included:

*Little Treasure, Milky White, Love in Humble Life, Rip Van Winkle*, and *Dora* were serious; *Naval Engagements, Check Mate* were comedies. After-pieces: *Cool as a Cucumber, Cinderella, Nan-the-Good-for-Nothing, Marriage at Any Price, Omnibus, Caste, Pocohontas, and Conjugal Lesson*. All authors were English except John Howard Payne's translation from the French, *Love in Humble Life*.<sup>48</sup>

The Ben Wheeler Troupe in March brought more light farce and variety. Kate Denin Wilson, who had been at the Merced in 1874 with the Kent troupe, returned in June with Al Sawtelle as leading man, and received much acclaim. Their season included: three English plays, *Hunted Down, Rip Van Winkle, Pygmalion*;

## Merced Theater

three American plays, *Rosedale*, *The Gilded Age*, *Under the Gaslight*; and one French translation of *Camille*.

Thus ended the 1875 season of American theater at the Merced. Again there were some non-legitimate shows, two Spanish shows, and much music. During May of this year, Abbott remodelled the stage entrance, improved the lighting, ventilation, and added a balcony. But the life of the Merced as a first-class theater was over. Now began its long progressive decline, both in type and quality of performances, and in audience.

### DETERIORATION OF THE MERCED THEATER

July, 1876, J. H. Wood took over the Merced, painted and remodelled it and named it the Wood's Opera House. He featured melodramas, serving drinks during the performances. In January of 1877, Wood was forced to close the Merced because of his inability to pay salaries, which in turn was caused by hard times. He reopened shortly as a strictly variety house, advertising a ladies' night on Fridays and a family matinee on Saturdays. Performers came from the melodeons of San Francisco. Wood continued until March of 1878. In June, he retired bankrupt.

In May, 1878, the Merced became the Armory for the Los Angeles Guards, continuing as such for some time. In 1881, Mrs. Abbott, then a widow, tried to revive interest by running a series of advertisements. In October, 1883, it became again a variety house under the management of the Perry Brothers, Edward J. and John. At first the shows were of fairly good quality, but by 1887 the Merced, then known as the Club Theater, was considered a dive.

It would seem that the Merced was doomed to a short life from the outset. Although when originally built, it was in the center of the Los Angeles business district and next door to the flourishing Pico House, the neighborhood was already being criticised for its disreputable character.

Atmosphere around the Merced Theater 1870: The streets above and about the Plaza, in immediate vicinity of Pico House, are notoriously infested with shameless bawds. Every house occupied on one side of Bath Street is, we believe, in the hands of these people . . . lewd inmates,



often scarcely half-dressed, sometimes in disgraceful attitudes . . . often using foulest language . . .<sup>49</sup>

There were many factors which contributed to the demise of the theater, not unimportant among these was the fact that the Abbotts and their brood of nine children lived on the third floor of the building.

Whenever something was going on in the theater there was sure to be a crowd of Abbott children stationed on the upper stairway, and scurrying across the landing to take in as much of the excitement as they could get free. Old man Abbott, thin and of rather nervous temperament, always more or less unshorn and unshaven, was apt to be in evidence somewhere about the premises, and Mrs. Abbott, a middle-aged Spanish woman of dominating presence, sometimes appeared and took command of the children.<sup>50</sup>

The small size of the stage (18' x 12') was another contributing factor, for when theaters were being built with larger stages, dressing rooms, etc., the Merced became outdated.

### CONCLUSION

On January 14, 1955, some 74 years after the inauguration of the Merced Theatre, I visited the building within which the Merced was once housed. Although most of the buildings in the area have been razed recently to make way for the new Los Angeles Civic Center and freeways, the *Historical Society of California* has seen fit to preserve the Merced, as well as the adjoining Pico House, as historical monuments.

While visiting the building, I met Mr. Jim Mance, son of Paul Mance, last owner of the building, who gave me a detailed account of the building since 1936.

Paul Mance leased the building in 1936 from Carmen Abbott, the granddaughter of William Abbott, the original owner. A real estate broker, La Cava, now dead, handled the transaction. At that time there was a bar in one of the two street-floor stores and a barber shop in the other. The basement had been filled with dirt. The second and third stories were being used as a flophouse.

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In 1937, Mance removed the dirt from the basement and converted it into a night club under the name, The Plaza Club.

In 1940, Paul Mance purchased the building from the owner, for the sum of \$43,000.

In 1951, the third story was condemned as being unsafe and was subsequently repaired by Mr. Mance.

In November, 1954, the Historical Society of the State of California purchased the building for the sum of \$60,000, with the stipulation that the second and third stories will not be used after January 15, 1955. I was able to see the second story before it was sealed by the State. Unfortunately there is no trace of the original theater. It is just a large hall which has been partitioned into sections.

According to the agreement with the State, the street floor stores are to be cleared by December 28, 1955, whereupon the building will be restored to its original state, and once again we will be able to visit the Merced Theater.

## NOTES

1. This article was written in a seminar on the history of the theater at the University of California at Los Angeles.
2. Sue Wolfer Earnest, *An Historical Study of the Growth of the Theatre in Southern California 1848-1894*, Dissertation, (Los Angeles: University of Southern California, 1947), II, 351.
3. *Ibid.*, II, 353.
4. *Ibid.*, II, 361.
5. Harris Newmark, *Sixty Years in Southern California 1853-1913*, (2nd ed.; New York: Knickerbocker Press, 1926), pp. 272, 427.
6. Earnest, *op. cit.*, II., 362.
7. Newmark, *op. cit.*, p. 263-4.
8. *Loc. cit.*
9. *Loc. cit.*
10. Newmark, *op. cit.*, p. 286.
11. *Loc. cit.*
12. Newmark, *op. cit.*, p. 422.
13. Earnest, *op. cit.*, II, 371.
14. James M. Guinn, "Los Angeles in the Adobe Age" *Historical Society of Southern California*, IV, 49 (reprinted from: "Los Angeles in the Adobe Age" *Los Angeles Daily Times*, January 1, 1898.)
15. Newmark, *op. cit.*, p. 103.
16. *Loc. cit.*
17. Newmark, *op. cit.*, p. 186.
18. *Loc. cit.*
19. Boyle Workman, *The City That Grew*, (Los Angeles: Southland Publishing Co., 1936) p. 193.

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20. *Los Angeles Star*, July 27, 1870, in Earnest, *op. cit.* p. 737, this issue out of library for microfilming.
21. *Loc. cit.*
22. Interview with Jim Mance, measurement taken from structural plans.
23. Earnest, *op. cit.*, II, 373.
24. See footnote 22.
25. Earnest, *op. cit.*, I, 45.
26. *Los Angeles Star*, Dec. 3, 1870, in Earnest, *op. cit.*, p. 373.
27. Earnest, *op. cit.*, II, 373, dimensions conflict with those cited in I, 45.
28. *Loc. cit.*
29. *Loc. cit.*
30. *Los Angeles Star*, Dec. 29, 1870.
31. *Ibid.*, Jan. 14-28, 1871.
32. *Los Angeles Daily News*, June 21, 1871.
33. *Los Angeles Star*, Jan. 31, 1871.
34. *Ibid.*, Feb. 1, 1871.
35. Earnest, *op. cit.*, I, 47.
36. *Los Angeles Star*, Feb. 7, 1871.
37. *Ibid.*, Feb. 10, 1871.
38. *Los Angeles Daily News*, June 21, 1871.
39. Earnest, *op. cit.*, I, 52.
40. *Los Angeles Daily News*, March 21, 1872; *Los Angeles Star*, Nov. 21, 1872.
41. Earnest, *op. cit.*, I, 57, footnote 158.
42. *Los Angeles Star*, Feb. 5, 1873.
43. Earnest, *op. cit.*, I, 59.
44. *Ibid.*, I, 61.
45. *Ibid.*, I, 64.
46. There was a great deal of non-legitimate activity during this year.
47. *Los Angeles Evening Herald*, Feb. 10, 1875, in Earnest, *op. cit.* I, 69.
48. Earnest, *op. cit.*, I, 69, footnote 196.
49. *Los Angeles Star*, Sept. 11, 1870, in Earnest, *op. cit.*, II, 379, this issue out of library for microfilming.
50. Wm. A. Spaulding, *History and Reminiscences of Los Angeles City and County*, (Los Angeles: J. R. Finnel and Sons, 1931), p. 185.



# Franciscan Colonization at Santa Barbara

*By Marvin W. Mikesell*

## THE PIONEER PHASE



THE CRUDE MAPS OF THE NEW WORLD which appeared in the early part of the sixteenth century depicted California as an island. Contemporary legends placed it "on the right hand of the Indies" and held that it was inhabited by a fabulous tribe of Amazons who knew only one metal: gold!<sup>1</sup> Inspired by these legends the Spanish made early but unsuccessful attempts to reach the "island" by land and sea. Actual contact with the California peninsula was delayed until 1533, when the Jiménez expedition reached the Bay of La Paz. Two years later a colony was established at the same location. But the hazards of crossing the Gulf, the distance from the mainland, and the unexpected barrenness of the country offered difficulties for centuries to come.

Nevertheless, the Spanish maintained their faith in the "island." The discouraging truths that the area discovered was unproductive of hoped-for riches and that the strait to the East Indies had not been found were dismissed by a belief that both prizes lay farther to the north. It was in search of that "Strait of Anian" that Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo set out from New Spain in 1539. Three years later his expedition landed on the coast of Santa Barbara Channel.<sup>2</sup>

After the departure of the first group of explorers many years



elapsed before the Santa Barbara area was again visited. Then, in 1602, the Viscáino expedition entered the Channel. A spell of bad weather, however, prevented the crew from landing except at a few sheltered coves, and contact with the Indians was reduced to a minimum.

Another long interval, extending over a century and a half, followed before the area was again mentioned by early chroniclers. It remained for land expeditions to fill in geographic details. Fr. Kino's overland expedition from Sonora destroyed the island myth in 1701. In the interval between 1769 and 1774 *Alta California* was surveyed by the Portolá and Anza expeditions. By the end of this period the densely populated Channel coast was regarded as one of the new territory's most promising regions. The colonization of the Santa Barbara area was only natural when fear of foreign encroachment spurred the Spanish to extend their settlements northward.

#### FOUNDING OF THE PRESIDIO AND MISSION

The selection of a site for colonization required careful analysis. Without a large and amenable Indian population a mission could scarcely be established, let alone succeed. Recognizing this fundamental requirement, the Padres established the Santa Barbara mission within sight of a large Chumash village. The original plan was to erect a mission and a presidio at the same time, but political difficulties delayed the founding of the mission until 1786, four years after the establishment of the military post.

The presidio was located near the center of the plain now occupied by the city of Santa Barbara. Bancroft remarked that the site was on "the shore of a small bay affording tolerably secure anchorage."<sup>3</sup> Actually, the site of the presidio was three quarters of a mile from the shore at an elevation of about fifty feet. The "bay" referred to was the slight indentation of the coast east of Loon Point. The mission was located in the foothills, about two miles from the coast and about a mile and a half from the presidio.

## *Franciscan Colonization at Santa Barbara*

There are several explanations for the separation of the two units. The most important of these was the fact that the submissive attitude of the local Indians did not necessitate elaborate provisions for defense. There was little justification for a military post in the area, and as events turned out the colony would have been better served without it. The presidio complex was a relic of the generations of conflict in the "Southwest" and the *Gran Chichimeca* that preceded Spanish expansion into California.<sup>4</sup> In the Santa Barbara area such an establishment was both useless and potentially harmful. By settling away from it, the Padres hoped to minimize undesirable contacts between mission neophytes and military personnel.

The foothill site had practical advantages as well. A scant hundred yards away was the stream now known as Mission Creek. By damming this stream in its upper reaches and through the use of a system of aqueducts and two small reservoirs the mission was able to secure fresh water throughout the year.

In accordance with royal instructions the Santa Barbara Mission was thus established in an area where there was "productive land, water and a large Indian population." The formal organization of the colony progressed along established lines. An initial financial stake was provided by the "Pious Fund."<sup>5</sup> This was to be expended for clothing and various articles useful in attracting the Indians. Livestock, seeds and necessary implements and utensils were to be collected from the surplus of the other missions. The Franciscan Order was prepared to underwrite the first year of activity, but thereafter the colony would be on its own. It would have to satisfy local food demands and train natives in handicrafts. "Luxury items" could be purchased with funds derived from trade in hides and tallow or the harvests of local crops.

In theory, the colony rested upon a dual foundation. The presidio was responsible for protection, while the mission was responsible for the satisfaction of economic needs. In practice, the arrangement proved to be less harmonious. The military contribution was almost entirely negative, whereas the mission provided the very life-blood of the community. As the years passed the two units

came to be at odds with each other. The custom of "peonage" whereby mission neophytes were bound out to the soldiers proved to be a particular source of difficulty, as the latter were often unable or unwilling to compensate the mission for the labor they received.

### PIONEER ACTIVITY

At the time of the founding of the mission, the presidio was already near completion. An imposing structure, it consisted of a large courtyard surrounded by adobe buildings. The latter were used for storage and as quarters for the military staff. A chapel fronted the courtyard on the east and there were heavy gates at the west and south. Enclosing the entire area was a solid adobe wall. The completed unit may have been less fortified than its name implied, but it was still unduly elaborate. Again we are reminded of the conservatism of colonial planning: it was better policy to erect an expensive and impractical structure than to flout tradition.

Construction at the mission was delayed until 1787, but by the end of that year no less than eight buildings had been completed. The first units were constructed of poplar or sycamore poles, clay plaster and thatch; but later when an additional wing was added, walls were made of adobe, pine timbers were used for beams, and tile was employed for the roof. The characteristic "adobe-tile" style eventually became the mode for all buildings, but during much of the pioneer stage of colonization makeshift thatch structures existed alongside those with thick adobe walls.<sup>6</sup>

For the first few years the Indians resident near the mission continued to live in their native villages, but eventually they were settled at the mission in rectangular adobe huts. This final touch of orderliness must have delighted the Padres, but when epidemics of Occidental disease swept over the area at the beginning of the nineteenth century the compact arrangement clearly led to fatal results.

Since it was imperative that the mission achieve self-sufficiency as soon as possible, planting began early in 1786. The agricultural

report of that year reveals that wheat and chick peas had been sown. In the following year corn and barley also were sown. The two-year harvest amounted to 918 bushels of grain. How far the Padres were from the desired self-sufficiency at this time may be inferred from the fact that they were still importing grain from missions San Luis Obispo and La Purísima in 1795. In later years grain yields fluctuated widely. In 1795 only 167 bushels were harvested, whereas in 1821 an impressive total of 12,820 bushels went into mission storage bins.<sup>7</sup>

At first all crops were dry-farmed, but after the completion of the Mission Creek dam in 1806 some irrigation was practiced on the gentle slopes near the reservoir. The inadequacy of the water supply prevented large scale application of the practice. In his *Informe General* of 1787 Governor Fages remarked:<sup>8</sup>

Without doubt it [the mission] will be suffering from lack of water sufficient for irrigating the fields which they desire, and even must begin, to cultivate in spite of the lack of sufficient water. However, if well directed there is hope of a middling sufficiency. In addition it [the mission] has in its neighborhood some plots of land which are appreciable for the raising of crops with the aid of rains alone.

Because livestock assigned to the mission were slow in arriving, there were only 80 head of cattle, 27 sheep and 32 horses at the end of 1787, but natural increase and additional imports raised the total to 3,500 head of cattle, 11,500 sheep, and 800 horses by the end of 1804. The increase was less than had been expected because of "damage done by bears, leopards, wolves and coyotes."<sup>9</sup> The progress in animal husbandry proved to be a compensation for disappointing crop returns. As cattle and sheep were allowed to range widely, the mission expanded the territory under its control. By the end of the eighteenth century animals from the Santa Barbara mission were grazing in the Santa Ynez Valley and for a distance of over thirty miles along the coast.

#### COMMUNICATION

The struggle of the Padres to achieve self-sufficiency is best



understood in light of the existing state of communications. Although better situated than some of the interior settlements, Santa Barbara enjoyed only intermittent contact with the "outside world." Popular routes of travel in the area gradually evolved from simple paths to cart or wagon roads and finally to stage lines, but during most of the colonial period the celebrated *Camino Real* was little more than a trail.

In the Santa Barbara area the trail probably avoided the beach east of the presidio, for it would have been difficult to reach the mission or the presidio from that direction. The 1871 sub-division map of "The Santa Barbara Pueblo Lands" represents *Arroyo Pedregoso* ("Mission Creek") as emptying into a marsh.<sup>10</sup> Farther eastward the area formerly occupied by the race track would have been under water after rains.<sup>11</sup> The practical all-weather route from the Carpenteria area to the mission would thus have been north of the Summerland hills and along the base of the mountains. In the hilly country between the Santa Barbara plain and the Goleta basin the trail probably followed the general trend of the modern 101 highway. East of the Goleta area the best route would have been in the narrow belt of terraces between the dissected foothills and the poorly drained bottom lands.

The practicality of a route along the base of the foothills seems to have been recognized by the early exploring parties, for in Fr. Font's diary of the Anza expedition one finds this note:<sup>12</sup>

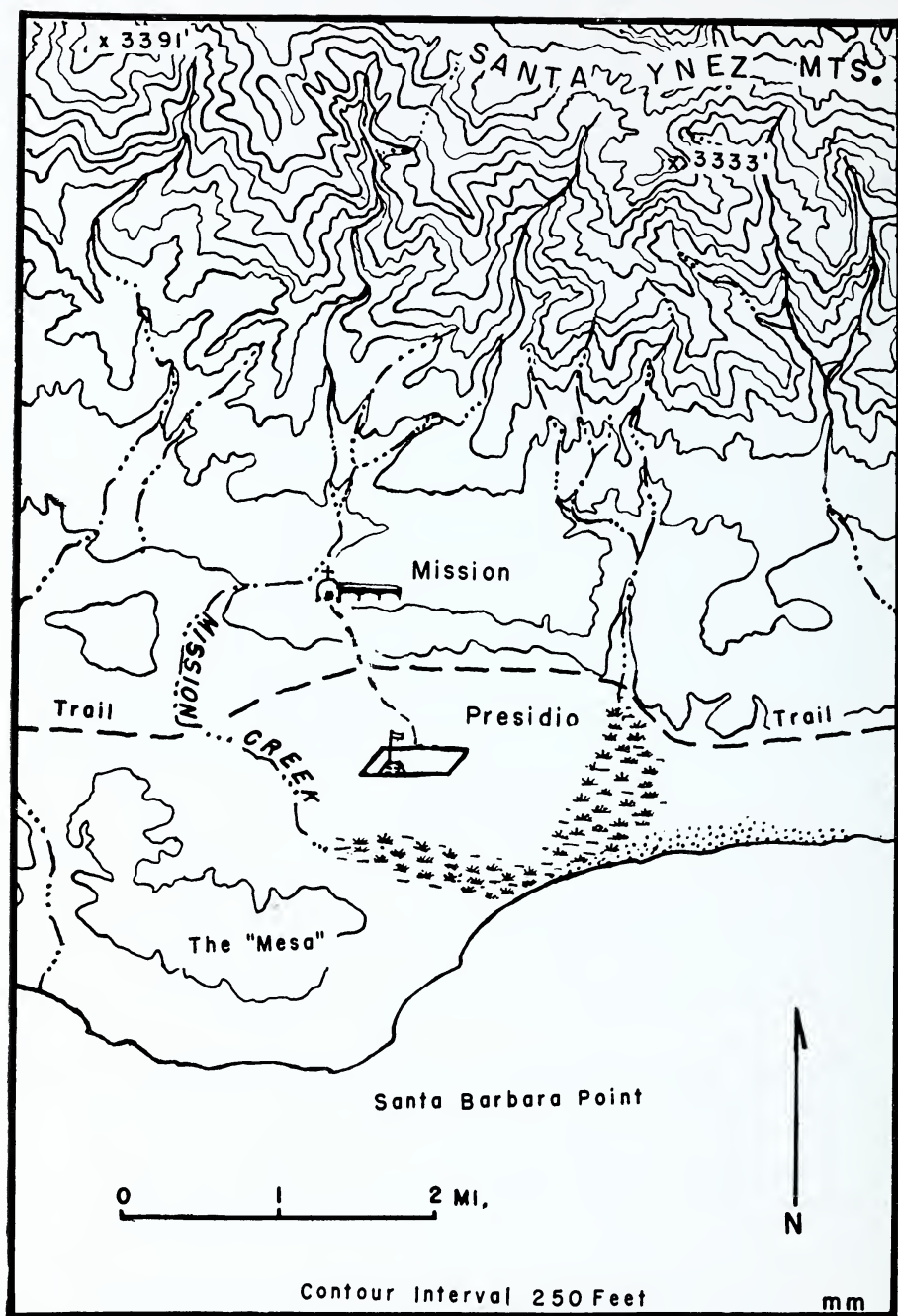
We set out from the Village of La Rinconda [the Chumash village at the mouth of Rincon Creek] at nine o'clock in the morning, and at three in the afternoon halted at a place called The Vicinity of the Villages of Mescaltitan [the shore of ancient Goleta slough], having traveled some nine leagues, about six west by north, two northwest, and finally a short league to the southwest.

A direct pass through the mountains would have been a great advantage for the colony. Unfortunately, nature arranged otherwise. The route progressed more than thirty miles along the coast before Gaviota Pass afforded easy access to the Santa Ynez Valley. It is noteworthy that even today no primary road crosses the moun-



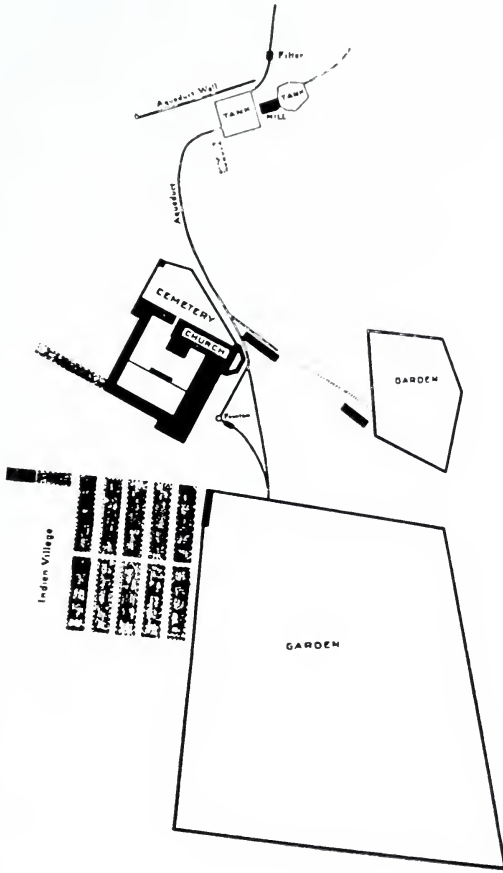
### UPPER MISSION CREEK RESERVOIR

*This photograph, made in 1955, shows the sandstone and adobe mortar construction. In modified form the lower reservoir is still in use*



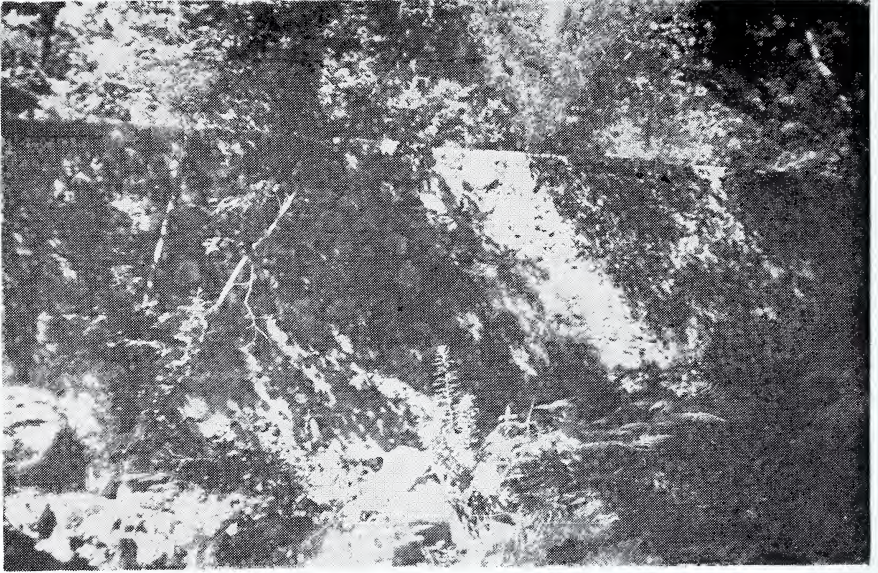
THE SANTA BARBARA PLAIN  
*Sketch map shows sites of the Mission, the Presidio and  
the immediate vicinity*

# MISSION SANTA BÁRBARA



GROUND PLAN OF THE OLD MISSION  
*After Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, Santa Barbara Mission,  
 San Francisco, 1923, p. 85*





### MISSION CREEK DAM

*This view, made in 1955, shows present condition of the dam. Note the substantial character of the construction. Rock used in the dam, which is 110 feet long, 19 feet high and 17 feet thick, was taken from the immediate area*

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tains directly north of Santa Barbara. Crude trails, probably evolved from Indian paths, did exist in colonial times, but they were not suited to heavy traffic.<sup>13</sup> In 1861 Brewer described the condition of one such "trail."<sup>14</sup>

Such a trail as we found that day! The worst I had traveled before was a turnpike compared to that. Now following along a narrow ledge, now in a brook over boulders, now dismounting and jumping our mules over logs, or urging them to mount rocks I would have believed inaccessible . . . The trail ran up by zigzags, at an actual angle of thirty degrees average, and in places over forty degrees! We measured one slope of several hundred feet where the trail was at an angle of thirty-seven degrees, the slope itself much steeper.

With the difficulties of overland travel limiting commerce to occasional inter-mission trade, the Santa Barbara colony turned to the sea for outside contacts.<sup>15</sup> The maritime situation, unfortunately, was only slightly more favorable. During the calm periods of summer and autumn the slight indentation of the coast at Santa Barbara offered safe anchorage. But during the tempestuous months of winter and spring ships were obliged to anchor three or four miles offshore and transfer their cargoes in lighters. This presented an additional problem, since it was hazardous to land lighters through the surf.<sup>16</sup>

The Franciscan colony at Santa Barbara thus enjoyed scant overland contact and fared little better by sea. Because of headwinds it took ships fifty to one hundred and fifty days to reach San Diego from San Blas, and from San Diego to Santa Barbara it took another three or four days. Under such conditions it was imperative that the community early achieve a high degree of self-sufficiency.

### RELATIONS WITH THE INDIANS

A noteworthy aspect of colonization at Santa Barbara was the submissive attitude of the Indians. At no time during the period of exploration or the early phase of colonization does it appear that they actively resisted the Spanish. On the contrary, there are num-

erous accounts of their having offered material assistance. The explorers were met with a welcome that at times became oppressive. After having presented the Portolá party with generous gifts of food, the natives proceeded to entertain the explorers until, as Fr. Crespi relates, "they were sent away, charged with emphatic signs not to return in the night and disturb us; but it was in vain, for as soon as night fell they returned, playing on some pipes whose noise grated on our ears."<sup>17</sup> In the face of growing military abuse, an insurrection was attempted in 1828, but by this time the foundation of the colony was secure.

It goes without saying that such an attitude hastened the process of conversion. In the absence of hostility, the Padres could easily induce the Indians to join their community. This was usually accomplished by offering them gifts such as glass beads, pieces of cloth or, more rarely, food. The presidio was able to recruit labor in the same manner, although in later years the inducement included tobacco and wine. Natives "hired" by the presidio were free to leave after their task had been completed, but the situation at the mission was quite different. Here the "contract" on "conversion" was a lifetime affair. The Indian who fled was regarded as a fugitive, while the neophyte population as a whole was subjected to close surveillance.

At the outset there was disagreement as to whether a neophyte village should be established at the mission. To save expense Neve urged that the Padres should administer to the Indians in their villages, but the missionaries protested that by this plan the neophytes could not be controlled.<sup>18</sup> Neve's plan was abandoned, therefore, in favor of congregating the neophytes at the mission. In time, as the neophyte population increased, it became impossible to accommodate all the converts at the mission and a number were permitted to commute from their villages.

Owing to the submissive attitude of the Chumash and the presence of a large number of potential converts, the growth of the neophyte population was very rapid. The mission register indicates that only three converts had been secured by the end of 1786, but six months after the founding of the mission the number had in-



creased to 70, and by the end of 1788 the population had grown to 307. A year later a total of 425 was recorded, and ten years later a total of 864. An absolute maximum of 1,792 was achieved in 1803, but thereafter the ravages of disease fostered a numerical decline fully as striking as the preceding rise.<sup>19</sup>

To what extent did acquired culture traits set the mission neophyte apart from the ordinary Indian? The question can be answered in part by consideration of what incorporation into mission life involved. The convert was obliged to change his name, his clothing, his housing, and to a lesser extent his diet, livelihood and language. Under the supervision of the Padres he was, in effect, transformed from an acorn gatherer to a farm laborer, from a mat maker to an adobe brick maker, and from a relatively free and mobile being to one subject to rules of movement. The conversion process as it was conceived and put into practice reflected economic requirements as well as a desire to erase pagan ways. In short order some of the neophytes were trained in crafts, such as weaving and wood working, while others were put to work in the fields.

Yet there were occasions for modification in each of these regards. It is unlikely that the neophytes were completely dependent upon mission food. Neophytes living apart from the mission were allowed to continue the old livelihood, including long fishing voyages in their plank canoes. Among the mission neophytes native food always provided a dietary supplement and in times of crop failure was their man sustenance. As Fr. Olbes remarked:<sup>20</sup>

Besides what the Mission gives them, the neophytes are very fond of what they lived on in paganism, as the meat of deer, rabbits, rats, squirrels, or any little animal they can catch, while those on the seashore have a craving for whatever the sea produces.

Furthermore, it does not appear that native dialects were abandoned or that native ceremonies were completely ignored. It is known, for example, that mission Indians offered sacrifices to the pagan god "Chupu" when an epidemic of pneumonia swept over the area in 1801.<sup>21</sup>

Nevertheless, the mission neophyte received a veneer of Euro-



pean culture. He learned to attend mass and acquired a lively taste for Spanish wine. However superficial it may have been, his acceptance of the white man's ways set him apart from his still pagan brother.

### DUALITY IN THE LANDSCAPE

With the beginning of the nineteenth century the pioneer phase of Franciscan colonization at Santa Barbara came to a close. The colony still faced vexing problems: self-sufficiency had not yet been achieved, water supply remained a difficulty, and the mission and presidio continued to compete with each other for native labor. But by and large the foundation of the colony was secure.

During the period of pioneer activity the native landscape was partially transformed. Near the site of the Indian village of "Yanonalit" a presidio was built. A mile and a half northward the buildings of the mission rose out of the foothills—first as makeshift huts, then as elaborate structures. At the turn of the century the mission was beginning to reflect the orderliness of a well-executed plan. The central unit consisted of a church and a complex of store rooms, work shops, and living quarters, constructed of adobe and sandstone, pine timbers and tile. Directly south of the main unit was the neophyte village, which in 1802 consisted of 113 small adobe huts arranged in a uniform grid. Immediately to the east of it the Mission Creek aqueduct irrigated a small vegetable garden, while corn, beans, wheat and barley were dry-farmed on the neighboring slopes.

The environment, too, was beginning to show signs of an invasion. Travelers at the turn of the century viewed a landscape subtly but significantly different from that which greeted the first explorers. Although large scale deforestation and the scars of overgrazing were not yet clearly visible, both trends were under way. The stands of pine on the crest of the mountains and the thickets of trees along the intermittent streams had begun to thin. Through-

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out the lowland the gradual depletion of native perennial grasses heralded the advent of a new era of annual weeds.<sup>22</sup>

To this extent the Spanish had made their mark upon the landscape. But it must be remembered that the "intruders" were still a numerical minority, and that in a large part of the area their features were of a secondary, "novel," character. In the strictest sense Spanish control was limited to the area directly influenced by the mission and the presidio. The dominant cultural feature in the remaining portion of the lowland was still the Chumash village.

At the close of the eighteenth century the cultural pattern of the Santa Barbara area exhibited a duality expressive of the interaction taking place. The Spanish had made an indelible impression upon the landscape, but there remained a substantial area in which the native pattern had not yet begun to fade.

### NOTES

1. *California in Maps 1541-1851: Notes on an Exhibition at the Huntington Library, San Marino, California, 1949*. The Huntington Library possesses thousands of maps which show California as it was known from the time of the earliest exploration until its admission as a state.
2. See H. W. Henshaw's "Translation from the Spanish of the Account of the Pilot Ferrelo of the Voyage of Cabrillo along the West Coast of North America in 1542," Appendix to Part 1, *Report of the U. S. Geographical Surveys West of the 100th Meridian*. Vol. 7 (1879), pp. 293-314.
3. Hubert H. Bancroft, *History of California*. (San Francisco, 1886), Vol. 1, p. 377.
4. Carl O. Sauer, "The Personality of Mexico," *Geographical Review*, Vol. 31 (1941), p. 363.
5. The Pious Fund was an institution for the collection of money for mission support. Originally established to finance Jesuit activity in *Baja California*, it ultimately became the principal financial support of the missions in both Californias. See Chapter 2 of John A. Berger, *The Franciscan Missions of California* (New York, 1941).
6. The best historical account of the buildings of the Santa Barbara Mission is in Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt's *Santa Barbara Mission* (San Francisco, 1923); a useful but rare source of information is the pamphlet of J. I. O'Keefe, *The Buildings and Churches of the Mission of Santa Barbara*. (Santa Barbara, 1886).
7. These figures are from the annual reports of the mission as quoted in Engelhardt (*op. cit.*, p. 304).
8. *Ibid*, pp. 56-58.
9. *Ibid*, p. 64.
10. *Map of the Santa Barbara Pueblo Lands, Surveyed and Compiled by W. H. Norway, County Surveyor, 1871* (copies on file in the Santa Barbara County Court House); the old marsh also appears on the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey chart of "Santa Barbara and its Approaches" published at Washington, D.C. in 1898.
11. See the 1902 edition of the "Santa Barbara Quadrangle," *U. S. Geological Survey Topographic Maps*.
12. Herbert E. Bolton, *Anza's California Expeditions* (Berkeley, 1930), Vol. 3, p. 244.
13. See D. I. Cook, "Indian Trails." *Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, Museum Leaflet*, Vol. 15 (1940), pp. 5-7.

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14. William H. Brewer, *Up and Down California in 1860-1864*. (Berkeley, 1949), p. 65.
15. For a brief sketch of the maritime history of the area see Marvin W. Mikesell, "The Changing Role of the Port of Santa Barbara," *Historical Society of Southern California Quarterly*, Vol. XXXVI, No. 13 (1954), pp. 238,244.
16. The difficulties of landing at Santa Barbara are well described in Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* (Modern Library edition, pp. 59-62).
17. Herbert E. Bolton, *Historical Memoirs of New California by Fray Francisco Palóu* (Berkeley, 1926), Vol. 2, p. 155.
18. Herbert E. Bolton, "The Mission as a Frontier Institution in the Spanish-American Colonies," *American Historical Review*, Vol. 24 (1917-18), p. 53.
19. These figures are from Engelhardt (*op. cit.*, p. 293); see also S. F. Cook, "The Conflict Between the California Indian and White Civilization: 1. The Indian Versus the Spanish Mission," *Ibero-Americana*, No. 21 (1943).
20. Quoted in David Banks Rogers, *Prehistoric Man of the Santa Barbara Coast* (Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, 1929), p. 12.
21. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, *The Missions and Missionaries of California* (Vol. 2, San Francisco, 1912), pp. 613-14.
22. For extended discussion of man's impact on the environment see Marvin W. Mikesell, *The Santa Barbara Area, California: A Study of Changing Culture Patterns Prior to 1865* (M. A. Thesis in Geography, University of California, Los Angeles, 1953), pp. 72-79, 145-54.



# Highwaymen in the Quicksilver Mining Region

*By Helen Rocca Goss*



HAT TYPICALLY WESTERN PHENOMENON, the stage-robbery, has been so adequately covered for the Gold Rush era that it would be presumptuous to attempt any significant additions to the published research on the subject.<sup>1</sup> Detailed accounts of the major bandits of that period and their crimes are to be found in such works as Edward Hungerford's *Wells Fargo* and the late Joseph Henry Jackson's *Bad Company*. But, exhaustive as was the research in *Bad Company*, the book is limited to a period of roughly thirty years, as its sub-title suggests: "The Story of California's Legendary and Actual Stage-Robbers, Bandits, Highwaymen and Outlaws from the Fifties to the Eighties." Stage-robbing did not end in the early 1880's, however, and for my taste some of the more interesting California highwaymen developed their profession not in gold mining days at all but in the quicksilver mining period that followed.<sup>2</sup> The robbers who operated in the general area of Mount Saint Helena in Napa and Lake counties and concentrated on trying to get the pay-roll money of such mines as the Bradford, the Great Western, the Oat Hill, or the Sulphur Bank, did not have Black Bart's or Tom Bell's "itch to write notes"<sup>3</sup> or poems to the officers of the law; but they did seem to specialize in being on such intimate terms with their victims or the passersby that they called them by their first names and tried to send messages by them to mutual friends! And since my father, Andrew Rocca, was for nearly a quarter of a century the superintendent of the Great Western Quick-



silver Mine, he and other members of my family often knew personally many of those involved in a hold-up, including the highwaymen themselves.<sup>4</sup>

During nearly all of the first decade of his superintendency at the Great Western, Andrew Rocca rode his saddle horse to Calistoga once a month and personally brought back the money to pay the mine employees. Since there were no adequate banking facilities in many miles, the men, were, of course, paid in cash, sent by Wells, Fargo & Company to their Calistoga office. On the return journey, often with several thousands of dollars in his saddle bags, Andrew Rocca traveled in the darkness of night for safety, and the exact time for the trip was as closely guarded a secret as it could be.<sup>5</sup>

Another precaution he took was to vary the route from time to time on the homeward journey, and fortunately there were two ways of getting from Calistoga to the Great Western. The most direct route was sixteen miles long—fourteen miles by the Lawley Toll Road over Mount Saint Helena, then two miles from what was known as the “Western Gate,” the point where the mine road branched from the Calistoga-Middletown road. Those two miles, over a very steep grade, described by my mother after she had traveled over it for the first time as “exactly perpendicular,”<sup>6</sup> were a part of the Ida Clayton Toll Road. After passing the Great Western, that road climbed straight up the precipitous hillside to the summit, then dropped abruptly again into Knights Valley. Because the Great Western Company had built five miles of road, those connected with the mine enjoyed a “perpetual right of way, free of toll,”<sup>7</sup> over that route to Calistoga, but the grade was so much longer and steeper than that over Mount Saint Helena that it was seldom used, especially for heavy hauling.

Precisely because the road was less frequented, my father used it more often than the other one when he went after “the treasure.” After her marriage in 1880, my mother found those monthly nocturnal trips a source of great worry, and the near brush her husband once had with a band of ruthless robbers indicates that she had good reason to be concerned. Actually, neither of my parents knew of the danger Father had been in until long afterwards, when the

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bandits were apprehended for another hold-up. But, in the course of their testimony, they confessed that they had once lain in wait for Andrew Rocca on the Ida Clayton road for nearly a week, and they were very much surprised that he had somehow slipped by them. By chance that was one of the times he had taken the other road.<sup>8</sup>

In the middle 'eighties, Andrew Rocca and a partner opened a drug store in Middletown and secured the Wells, Fargo agency. After that date, the pay-roll money for the mine was brought in on the stage with an armed messenger riding beside the driver.<sup>9</sup> From Middletown, the money was brought the last four miles to the mine without any guard whatever, Father himself usually going for it and often taking some or all of his children with him. In fact, Mother encouraged him to take us along, believing that the very presence of the children was some protection to him.<sup>10</sup> Occasionally, William Spiers, the owner of the stage line, brought the money up from Middletown himself.<sup>11</sup>

When it reached the mine, the coin was stacked up on the desk in Father's office—piles of gold in \$20, \$10, and \$5 denominations, silver dollars, half dollars, quarters, dimes, and nickels in paper rolls, "much of it fresh and shining from the San Francisco mint."<sup>12</sup> On pay day, the men would begin arriving at the superintendent's home in the afternoon, the men from the night shift coming first, then the day-shift men after they had finished their work. Because it took some time for Father to work out with the leaders of the two Chinese camps the amounts due to each of the men under their jurisdiction, supper usually intervened while the pay-day routine was still in process.<sup>13</sup> Then, every one in the household would go in to eat, leaving the doors unlocked and no one to guard the remaining cash, thus spread out so invitingly. With the safety of us children uppermost in his mind, Father never permitted a loaded gun to be kept in the house, so it would have been relatively easy to take all of the money, if some one had tried to do so.<sup>14</sup> But, although slight resistance could have been put up if armed men had appeared and demanded the cash, actually the pay-roll money was never lost at the mine itself.<sup>15</sup>

On a few occasions, however, the money was stolen before it reached its destination. The stages plying between Calistoga and Middletown were robbed fairly frequently, and since the robbers schemed to pull off their hold-ups on days when the strong box contained rather large sums for the mines, sometimes the Great Western money was included in the bandit's haul. The loss, of course, did not fall on the company, since Wells, Fargo made it good; but even with the low pay scale of those days, the amount was several thousands of dollars when the crew was at full strength.<sup>16</sup>

One particular stage-robbery when the mine money was lost had an almost unbelievable number of comic opera features and seemed at the time to be connected with an attempt three months earlier to steal the pay-roll money of the Bradford Mine, located directly on the Calistoga-Middletown road and only a few miles from the Great Western. In reporting the earlier event, the *Calistogian* of March 28, 1888, began its article by saying: "Calistogians had more than their share of excitement last week. Wednesday . . . a murder and suicide took place . . . Friday noon, news of the robbing of the Calistoga stage was received . . ." When he was about a mile from the Bradford Mine, on the Calistoga side, the stage driver, Fred Higgins, was forced by a lone highwayman to "throw down the box," but there was only a small amount of money in it. The robber had miscalculated and missed by only one day the arrival of the Bradford pay-roll money he was after.<sup>17</sup>

Three months later almost to the day, on June 23, 1888, the stage was held up again in the same general area by a single robber. Under an article captioned "The Lone Highwayman Again," the *Calistogian* for June 27, 1888, recounts the facts that the driver, E. B. Stoddard, was held up by "a very rough individual" at a point about half a mile or more nearer the Bradford Mine than the site of the previous robbery in March.<sup>18</sup> The robber stepped from the left into the road, only a few feet ahead of the team and directly in front of the nigh leader. Stoddard was ordered to "Throw out," replied that he would have to turn around to get the box and was told: "Then get a move on you." In a letter of July 26, 1955, Mrs. Swanger adds an interesting bit of information on what happened next:

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The horses Dad was driving were very spirited, especially the leaders. He was afraid that when he turned around to get the box he might lose control of them, something which could have been much more tragic than the hold-up itself. So, he asked the robber if he would please stand back a little, in order not to frighten the horses. The robber very obligingly did step back, and Dad got the box.

Meanwhile, the passengers had put up their hands, but the robber said: "Put down hands, I'm not going to hurt you." And when he got the box, he said: "That'll do; go on." But just as Stoddard started off, the highwayman said to him: "Ed, when you get up to Kelseyville, give the boys my regards."<sup>19</sup> Even with that much help from the bandit himself, however, and the detailed description of him that the observant driver and passengers were able to give, plus footprints which gave his shoe size accurately, no one was able to identify him. The newspaper item said he had on a flour-sack mask, wore an old black hat, blue overalls over black pantaloons, and a light blue denim shirt over a dark blue woolen shirt—a rather warm costume for heavy work in Lake County in late June, one might observe! The undergarments, the *Calistogian* explained, could be seen through rents in the outer ones. His shoe size was established as being No. 8, he was about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches tall, he weighed between 160 and 170 pounds, stood erect, and "used a Winchester rifle with ease."<sup>20</sup> The final paragraphs of the article read in part as follows:

The fellow's actions and talk clearly indicated that he was a "road agent" of experience. He was perfectly calm . . . He did his work well and was richly rewarded for his trouble.

The box contained \$2,000 for Andrew Rocca, Superintendent of the Gt. Western Mine, and also other money, but the correct amount cannot be ascertained as W. F. & Co.'s agents are evidently instructed to keep "mum" about losses, unless the sum taken is small. Mr. Rocca admits that there were \$2,000 in the box for him.

In twenty minutes after the robbery, men were in pursuit and his trail was found and followed a short distance; but on account of the roughness of the country there his tracks were soon lost. Men have since been in pursuit, but the fellow will not be found. He's too old at the business to be easily caught.



The mystery remained unsolved for a long time until a local man, well known to all mine residents, a man, in fact, whom my father found to be a particularly congenial fishing companion, became involved in a barroom brawl, was struck over the head with a bottle, and as a result of the injury became temporarily insane. He was committed for a time to the Napa Hospital for the Insane, and while there he confessed that it was he who had robbed the stage on that June day in 1888, giving enough detail to convince the authorities that he was then lucid and telling the truth. Far from being "an old hand at the business," or a "road agent of experience," as the newspapers had said the lone highwayman was, he described himself as a complete novice, who had never tried holding up a stage either before or since that time. He denied having any connection whatever with the earlier robbery in the area, the one in March, 1888, except in so far as that incident had given him an idea when he needed money to get out of a scrape with a woman. She had egged him on, he said, coached him on the technique of the robbery, and then taken every dime of the money herself.<sup>21</sup>

Later, the man was released, but since the evidence given while he was technically insane could not be used against him, he was never arrested for the crime. Whenever a stage robbery took place in the general area thereafter, however, a special point was made of checking up on the man in question. But no evidence ever came to light connecting him with another stage robbery, although he lived in the neighborhood until his death many years later.<sup>22</sup>

Considering the circumstances, perhaps it is more surprising that the mine money was not taken oftener, rather than that it was stolen on a few occasions. As one of my sisters points out:

The messenger and a helper would come to the stage lugging the heavy box, grunting and puffing to advertise to the world what a back-breaking load they were carrying. The box was locked, of course, but the bandits simply shot off the lock when they did get it anyway. It would have been quite easy for a man on horseback to get out of town ahead of the stage and lie in wait for it. And that apparently was what generally did happen when the stage was held up.<sup>23</sup>

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The master highwayman of the area, a swashbuckling desperado named Buck English, who stole cattle and horses and robbed helpless pedestrians as well as stages, never garnered any of the money belonging to the Great Western Company, so far as I have been able to discover.<sup>24</sup> But English did steal their cattle and rob some of the Chinese employed at the Western. He and my father were joined in battle over numerous incidents for many years until the law caught up with English for the fifth and final time.

Andrew Rocca had no sooner assumed his duties as superintendent of the Great Western in September, 1876, than he was confronted with a serious problem quite unconnected with mining. Shortly after his arrival, he was surprised to hear a rifle report late in the night. Since the mine was in wild, wooded country, he thought little of it the first time; but when the same thing happened at almost the identical hour the following night, he became convinced that cattle rustling must be going on. The Great Western Company had a small herd of cattle roaming the open range around the mine, and after careful investigation, the superintendent discovered that some of the cattle were disappearing under suspicious circumstances. Finally, when even one of the oxen used to haul logs to the sawmill vanished, he pressed his investigations further and presented the manager of the mine butcher shop with the incriminating evidence he had been collecting against him. This old man, an Irishman with a large family of children, at first pretended complete ignorance of any irregularity and feigned shock over being suspected of such a crime. "Why, Mr. Rocca," he said disarmingly, "would you really be thinking that a father of nine could be guilty of stealing the company's cattle, butchering them, and then selling them back to the company?" When the superintendent replied very firmly that that was exactly what he did think and that it must be stopped at once, the old man closed his eyes as if in reverential prayer, bowed his head sanctimoniously, and said: "It will be done." Thinking that he was dealing only with a localized case of dishonesty, Father was pleased with the results of his talk.<sup>25</sup> But the date makes it apparent that this incident must have been the opening round of the serious difficulties he soon had with an organized band of cattle thieves under Buck English's leadership—diffi-

culties which necessitated closing the mine butcher shop entirely but also led to the imprisonment of English and some of his gang.

When we were children, Father used to entertain us with stories of Buck English, how he terrorized the populace in the Middletown area, how he would take a fancy to some fine-looking saddle animal, order the owner to dismount and confiscate the horse, saying: "That's *my* horse!"<sup>26</sup> It is clear not only from what Father told us but from the newspaper items of the day that English's cattle stealing and shooting exploits had become so legendary that few dared to resist him. For example, the San Francisco *Chronicle* of May 11, 1895, in commenting on his capture after one of his major crimes, observed that: "Had the Middletown posse known that it was Buck English who held up the stage, it is more than probable that they would have stayed at home." At that time, too, various newspapers published summaries of English's record of lawlessness, as well as the criminal careers of the other members of his family.<sup>27</sup> Thus, the San Francisco *Examiner* for May 12, 1895, reported that "It is said that the whole family of the prisoner are a hard lot," and gave these details to support the statement:

Buck English comes from one of the worst families in this section of the country. The father was a desperado and several of Buck's brothers have met with violent deaths. On the evening of March 14, 1868, Dan English was killed in a fight in Spanishtown, Napa. Charley and Dan English were there with some other Americans and they got into a fight with some Mexicans in one of the houses. Both of the English boys were shot and Dan was killed but Charley recovered.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* for May 11, 1895, also commented on what "a tough family" the prisoner came from, said that Buck was the youngest of six brothers, all of whom "lived violently," and that he was "a terror even in his boyhood days." When he was only about eighteen, the article said, he and a companion held up the Lower Lake stage and broke open the Wells, Fargo box, which, however, happened to contain "only . . . two brass castings." The article went on to say:

Shortly before this he and his companion met four Chinese coming

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down from the Great Western mine. They robbed them of their watches and all their money.

A couple of weeks later, while in a saloon in Middletown, he remarked to a man in the crowd: "Well, it is getting to be about time to meet some more Chinese on the trail." He also said, "The time will come when I will make Wells-Fargo weep."

According to that same issue of the *Chronicle*, English's first shooting scrape was at the Middletown skating rink in the mid-seventies, when he knocked a man down and fired two shots at him without, however, scoring a hit. His next encounter was with a man named Good, a captain in the Hawaiian army. The two men met in the streets of Middletown, exchanged some "bad words," agreed to meet again later in the day to shoot it out. Each emptied his six-shooter at the other, English coming off with no injuries but Good receiving serious arm and thigh wounds. For a short time after that, Buck left the country, but when he returned he was not arrested for the affair with Good.

It was his next adventure—cattle stealing—that got Buck English into trouble with Andrew Rocca. The latter was now sure that more stealing was going on in connection with the mine butcher shop and that his old Irishman was probably only a tool in English's hands. The first encounter between the two men took place one afternoon when Father heard shots being fired in the neighborhood of the mine store. Hurrying over there, he found English and his men engaged in one of their favorite pastimes—frightening whoever happened to be present by their shooting prowess. One of the men would hold out a handkerchief while the swaggering, boastful Buck shot it neatly out of his hand. Enraged at the man's audacity, Andrew Rocca gave him a tongue-lashing and ordered all of the band off the premises. Surprisingly enough, they went fairly meekly, perhaps because it was such a novelty to have some one dare to resist them. But from that time on, Buck English and Andrew Rocca were sworn enemies, English thirsting for revenge, Rocca determined to do whatever he could to see the whole group behind prison bars.<sup>28</sup>

The first move English made was a rather naive one. He sent



word by a mutual acquaintance that he had found a very rich vein of cinnabar in the hills between the Great Western and the Bradford mines and would like to take Andrew Rocca there to inspect it for him. Laughing off this crude attempt to trap him, Father merely said that he had no intention of taking what he knew would be his "last trip," but he continued to gather evidence designed to bring English to justice.<sup>29</sup> Then, one of Andrew Rocca's close friends in Masonry came to plead with him to stop antagonizing English. This friend told Father that he feared for his very life if he did not give up his investigation of English's shady ventures. English, he reported, had sent word by him that he would "tan Andrew Rocca's hide and make shoe strings out of it." With his customary disregard of danger, Father replied that he had no intention whatever of giving up until justice was done, and in turn he sent a message back to Buck. "You tell English," he said to his friend, "that I am not a man to be scared out by a threat. Let him come after me if he wants me. I'll be ready for him."<sup>30</sup>

There was never, I am sure, a physical clash between the two men, and since Andrew Rocca's work was behind-the-scenes gathering of evidence, neither the newspaper items of the day nor the meager records at Lakeport of the court cases on the subject give a clear picture of the part he had in breaking up the cattle-rustling band. English himself recognized the real source of his downfall by paying Father the compliment of swearing many times that he would get revenge some day for the part Andrew Rocca had had in his conviction.<sup>31</sup> What came to be known in our family as "the shoe-laces threat" was apparently repeated by English on a number of occasions. Though I doubt if it ever gave Andrew Rocca himself much concern, it was a source of worry to members of his family during the periods when English was out of prison. Even I, who was not born until nearly two years after English began serving a life term, remember the fear I experienced in my childhood whenever his name was mentioned, because he had threatened to do such dreadful things to my father.

Father himself used to tell us that when the break came and an official investigation was made of the mine butcher shop, neighbors and farmers from miles away came to look for the hides of

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cattle they had lost. One would spot a familiar hide and say: "Why, that's my cow, Nellie," and another would exclaim: "Look at that, will you! There's that Hereford steer of mine that disappeared over a year ago."<sup>32</sup>

Both the records of the court cases and the *Napa Register* for May 10, 1895, make it clear that the episode must have taken place very early in Andrew Rocca's superintendency at the Great Western.<sup>33</sup> In summarizing English's prison record, the *Register* said that he was first sentenced to San Quentin on October 25, 1876, to serve a two and one-half year term for two commitments of "grand larceny" in Lake County; that he was discharged on May 31, 1877, and taken out for a new trial; that he was back in San Quentin again on January 29, 1878, for a seven year term for robbery in Lake County, and that he was discharged on October 29, 1882.

The article in the San Francisco *Chronicle* for May 11, 1895, to which reference has previously been made, says that Buck English was caught for cattle stealing after "a fierce fight" and sent to San Quentin for two years, and that after his release he started a new reign of terror with a man named Winfield. The *Calistogian* for January 23, 1878, reported that James Winfield, Buck and Eugene English had been indicted by the Lake County grand jury "for highway robbery" on the road between Middletown and Lower Lake, the victim of their attack being a farmer named Pyle.<sup>34</sup> The January 30th issue of the same paper stated that Buck English had been sentenced to seven years for that robbery, and a few months later, on September 4, 1878, the *Calistogian* carried an item on the subject of one of Buck's better characteristics. Under the title "An Extraordinary Memory," the paper wrote that "'Buck' English, the young man now in San Quentin from Lake County, is said to possess the best memory of any man in the state of California." Though it is rather difficult to think of English in church—and the members of the congregation must have clutched their pocketbooks very tightly when they saw him enter—the article said that he had been known to listen to a sermon lasting three-quarters of an hour, walk out of the church and then repeat the sermon almost word for word in its entirety. This, said the article, he had done one Sunday in Middletown only a short time before he was sent to prison. It also

claimed that English had great talents as a mimic, and concluded with the remark: "The man has qualities that with study and attention to business, would place him among the very smartest men of the coast."

English, however, had no apparent intention of going in for "study and attention to business"—unless robbery can be regarded as a business—and he had no sooner returned to Middletown after his release from San Quentin about 1882 than the Lobree store was robbed of both watches and jewelry. English was suspected, of course, but was not arrested, and soon afterwards he went to British Columbia and disappeared for a number of years.<sup>35</sup> Suddenly, in May, 1895, he was very much in the news again with a sensational stage-robbery, the details of which were splashed on the front pages of the San Francisco newspapers for many days. Only my mother told the tale of Buck's capture with an economy of words in these two items from her diary:

May 7, 1895—Stage from Calistoga robbed by two masked men. Money and watches taken from passengers, value about \$1,000.

May 10, 1895—Stage Robbers caught, one, Buck English badly wounded. They were taken yesterday.

The details of the episode were, in fact, as lurid as those to be found in the most melodramatic Western. The hold-up took place on the Calistoga-Middletown road, about three miles south of the Bradford Mine, which by that time had had its name changed to the Mirabel, in sight of the summer home of Adolph Sutro, the Mayor of San Francisco. There were six passengers aboard, four San Francisco businessmen, a Chinese, and a young boy. The driver, A. R. Palmer, who had not been held up in that neighborhood for four years, at first thought it was all a joke. The San Francisco *Examiner* of May 8, 1895, in a story dated the previous day from Calistoga, continues with the account in part as follows:

He made a jocular reply, but one of the robbers jumped to the horses' heads, and both leveled their guns. The weapons and the profanity which accompanied a threat to blow the driver off the box took all the humor out of the situation and driver and passengers awaited the will of the highwaymen . . .

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The highwaymen went about their work like old hands at the business, one in particular being as cool as if he was collecting taxes . . .

The particularly cool robber is about five feet eleven inches in height, the other and shorter is about five feet eight inches. They both wore masks, and each was nearly covered with a dark gray duster, beneath which showed overalls and old shoes. They both wore black slouch hats . . . . The taller man did all the talking as well as all the searching. They were both armed with old-style Colt's revolvers, and cursed and swore at everyone, particularly the Chinaman.

. . . Much excitement prevails here tonight and all roads are guarded by armed men . . .

According to the article, the Chinese was the only one who resisted, and he was "knocked down and badly beaten."<sup>36</sup> As they did their work, the robbers talked incessantly, taking time to joke and make sarcastic remarks. When one of the men protested their taking his valuable watch, the tall robber chuckled and said:

Well, we have our troubles the same as other people, and I think we need the watch, but you can advertise in the *Examiner* and get it back.

One passenger managed to slip some money down into his trousers, but when another tried it, "the jingle of coins betrayed him." The robbers "shook the money down in to his sock, rolled up his trousers and laughed at him as they took the money."

While the robbery was in process, two freight teams from Midletown passed by, one of them driven by Byrd Hunt. "Hello, Byrd, how are you getting along?" the taller robber gaily called to Hunt, much to his complete amazement, since he had no idea whatever of the robber's identity. After breaking open the Wells, Fargo box, the robbers told the driver to go on, and they themselves disappeared in the direction of the Oat Hill Mine.<sup>37</sup>

Posses were formed in both Napa and Lake counties, and the countryside was scoured for traces of the bandits. One of my sisters remembers them coming to the Great Western in their search.<sup>38</sup> The climax came two days later, on May 9th, when word was received in Napa by telephone that the men were on the down-stage from Monticello to Napa. Under Sheriff Brownlee formed a posse of four



men—himself, Theodore A. Bell, the young and promising District Attorney of Napa County, J. Williams, and J. N. True—who set out in, of all things, “a two-seated surrey” to apprehend the robbers.<sup>39</sup> Their plan was to ambush the stage at the top of the ridge on the Napa side of Berryessa Valley, but the stage reached the summit and started down the other side before meeting the surrey. As soon as the stage came in sight, Brownlee immediately recognized the tall man with the shotgun across his knees, seated next to the driver, and his companion just behind him as the hunted pair and gave the order to “Stand them up!” But the tall man—Buck English, of course—was too quick for them, fired both barrels of his gun, shot Brownlee’s gun right out of his hand and peppered his face and breast with shot. A badly frightened passenger on the rear of the stage jumped to the ground and started running wildly as Williams fired an answering shot at the tall robber, who swayed visibly, then half fell. But he held a gun to driver Gardiner’s head and shouted: “Drive fast, you — — — — , drive fast, or I’ll blow your head off.”<sup>40</sup> Gardiner whipped the horses, and they started racing down the steep grade at a terrifying pace. Bell fired at the retreating stage as he pursued it on foot, and the tall man fell against the driver, but still the stage sped on. After a few more moments of running, however, Bell came upon the stage, which had come to a stop, when English, badly wounded, could no longer hold a gun to Gardiner’s head. Gardiner, too, though less seriously wounded, had received some of the shot intended for English. The other robber, who was captured without a struggle, and who at first refused to give any name but “Smith,” was a man named Breckenridge from Oregon, where he had a criminal record.<sup>41</sup>

It was Bell’s shot which wounded English so badly that his capture was inevitable, but Gardiner had contributed materially to that result by his level-headed behavior. The morning of the 9th, the two robbers ate breakfast at Charles Moore’s place five miles from Monticello. Moore told Gardiner that he believed the two men were the robbers and that they might take his stage to Napa. In his statement published in the *Napa Register* of May 10, 1895, Gardiner said that he first passed the men on the road and then took them aboard at Pratt’s. He then continued in part:

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From there I sent word back about the robbers by some school children to Constable Phelan who had the information telephoned to Napa. At Windy Flat the men paid their fare to Napa, \$1.50 apiece. There they and I went in and got some beer . . . I didn't try to give the alarm at the Flat. The officers had been notified and I didn't want the robbers to suspect me . . .<sup>42</sup>

The Napa *Register* for May 9, 1895, under such headlines as "Captured! The Mirabel Stage Robbers Brought to Napa. One of Them Desperately Wounded. Brave Conduct of a Sheriff's Posse . . . A Day of Excitement. Buck English One of the Robbers . . . A Good Piece of Work," described the scene when the robbers were brought back to town:

Both robbers were brought into town about 11 o'clock this forenoon and for several hours the exciting details of their capture furnished the sole topic for conversation of the many throngs that gathered on street corners and elsewhere.<sup>43</sup>

The following day, May 10th, the *Register* commented:

The Sheriff's posse who brought in the stage robbers Thursday received well merited compliments and congratulations on every hand. "It was well done," is the universal verdict. Under Sheriff Brownlee will know who to pick for his helpers when he has another tough job on his hands. But he will have to have a new shotgun.

The District Attorney will have the pleasure of having another shot (legal) at one or both robbers when their case comes into court. He will make a dead center at that time.

English was so seriously wounded that no one—himself included, apparently—thought he could possibly live. Many days later the newspapers were reporting that the county physician expected him to die. In reporting on his condition the San Francisco *Examiner* of May 10, 1895, said in part:

He is past surgical skill. The physician found he was bleeding internally. He has lost a great quantity of blood, and though he has a splendid physique and the grit of a bulldog, it will be a miracle if he lives, for the buckshot has torn him horribly. He does not talk much and will not even admit that he is suffering. When he was asked to give an account of the robbery he looked at his questioner for a moment and then coolly said: "Well, you have got your gall along with you."

The *Examiner* of the following day, the 11th, said: "There is no likelihood that English will make a statement about the crime. He will go to his grave the same cool, determined desperado that he showed himself when he guyed the passengers as he took their money at the pistol's point." But, badly wounded as he was and able to speak "only with the greatest difficulty," the *Napa Register* of May 10, 1895, reported that Buck's first question to Brownlee was: "'How many of you fellows did I kill?'" and was seemingly disappointed when told he had not succeeded in killing any." This "How-many-men-did-I-kill" question was a favorite quotation of my father's to illustrate the hardness of Buck English's character.

English did survive, but even at the time of his arraignment early in July—nearly two months after his capture—he was still very ill and weak. The *Napa Register* of July 6, 1895, reported that:

"He was not taken to the Justice's regular court room on account of his weakness. It was with great difficulty that 'Buck' made his way up the stairs, stopping for a breathing spell every now and then."

But his weakness did not prevent him from trying to escape only a few days before he was sentenced. That same July 6th issue of the *Napa Register* said that the long-expected attempt of Buck English to break jail had been frustrated by some "exceedingly clever" detective work on the part of Sheriff McKenzie. The sheriff became suspicious when he found a padlock partially sawed through and the hole filled with beeswax. He caught the men involved by waiting until they had completed their work of sawing through the padlock and then turning a squirt-gun filled with red ink on them. Two other men beside English had the red stains on their clothing.

At the trial, English was defended by an attorney named Hogan, while Bell was the prosecuting attorney. Since English entered a plea of guilty and requested that sentence be passed upon him at once, the trial consisted only of Bell giving a brief history of the robbery and Hogan making a "somewhat lengthy but eloquent speech."<sup>44</sup> When English was sentenced on July 9, 1895, the *Napa Register* for that day commented editorially as follows:

The sentence this morning passed upon the outlaw caught and with

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some difficulty detained here until the court's judgment day was reached, puts in a safe place a man who preferred the life of a freebooter to that of an honest citizen—a man who had already served four terms in State's Prison without effecting a sign of repentance in him. For a fifth and last time he has been deprived of a freedom he seemed not to appreciate, a freedom used by him in preying upon his fellows.<sup>45</sup>

The Buck English arrest and conviction are interesting not only in themselves but because of their effect upon the political career of Theodore Arlington Bell, who was only in his very early twenties when elected district attorney of Napa County. As one can readily understand, Bell's fearless conduct in asking to be included in the posse, and his dashing capture of the bandit he was later to try, caught the fancy of the public, and he became something of a hero overnight. The *Napa Register* for May 10, 1895, said that the people of Napa were very enthusiastic over all the officers involved in the capture, particularly Bell, that they were made to tell over and over again the story of the fight, adding, ". . . it is probable that some public notice will be taken of their conduct." The incident was a great asset to Bell's political career—a career which included membership in the 58th Congress (1903-1905) and nominations on the Democratic ticket for governor of California in 1906 and 1910. Bell became a close personal and political friend of my father's, and during my childhood he was often a guest in our home.

Buck English served nearly seventeen years of his life term, and he was sixty-two years old when he was released early in 1912.<sup>46</sup> I remember very well my father's keen interest in the newspaper accounts of the release and his musing with a wry, sarcastic little smile: "I wonder if he *still* wants my hide for shoe-laces!" If, however, the final picture of him painted by the *Calistogian* at that time is accurate, English had developed into a sober, rather anxious, even conscientious man whose chief concern was to make sure that his successor in his prison job would do the work as well as he had. The article reads in part:

It has been English's work for years to make the rounds of the prison every night and light the lamps. He instructed his successor in the task and as he approached the gate he looked back anxiously at the lamps of



the prison yard. "I'm afraid I'll have to come back and give him another lesson," he said as he bade his friends good-bye.<sup>47</sup>

Of English's subsequent history I have no definite knowledge, but apparently he lived only a short time after his release.<sup>48</sup> I believe he never returned to the Napa County-Lake County area of his early life, and rumor there had it that he had gone back to Canada in 1912. Of one thing I am certain, whatever grudges he may still have had against Andrew Rocca, no attempt was ever again made to carry out the shoe-laces threat.

#### NOTES

1. A few observations—based on reading many old newspapers in the gold mining era and regions, particularly the Sonora *Union Democrat*—which I have not seen elsewhere might, however, be of interest. The importance attached to stage-robberies is evident from the fact that events were often identified by their happenings "on the day the stage was robbed." The Milton stage seems to have been a favorite with the robbers, and it was held up so frequently that the *Union Democrat* once began one of its stage-robbery stories by noting that the Sonora-Milton stage had been "robbed again today at the usual place," almost as if such an event were as much a part of the routine as stopping at a station along the way! Sometimes, too, one almost detects a note of pride in the number of robberies in a particular area. Thus, the *Union Democrat* of March 27, 1875, in reporting on a very successful robbery of the Milton stage near the top of Reynold's Ferry hill, netting the robbers some \$6,000 in "gold bars and retorted gold," observed that "Calaveras county is adding to its notoriety, fast earning the reputation of being the banner county for stage robbery."
2. No implication is intended here that there is a hard and fast division between the highwaymen of the two periods, and some of them had such long careers that they operated in both eras and sections. Thus, Black Bart, with his record of holding up twenty-eight stage coaches in six years, is generally thought of as a highwayman of the gold country, but he was responsible for four hold-ups in the Ukiah-Cloverdale area and two on the Lakeport to Cloverdale line in the period between October, 1878, and April, 1883. See Appendix II, pp. 334-335, in Joseph Henry Jackson, *Bad Company* (New York, 1949). He did not, however, have any connection with the quicksilver mining region covered by this article, so far as robberies are concerned, though he is supposed to have visited Napa County frequently.
3. Orville Prescott, book review of *Bad Company* in the *New York Times*, Dec. 30, 1949.
4. In preparing this article I had generous assistance from three sisters and two brothers, who, either verbally or in written statements, gave me their memories of the events described here. Later, all of them read and commented on the first draft of the manuscript, the statements of each thus being checked against the memories of the others. The names of those members of the Rocca family who assisted me and the dates of their statements are as follows: Lillian L. Stewart of San Diego, March 17, 1945; Florence G. McFarling of Ukiah, February 20, 1947; Idalene B. McCollum of Healdsburg, conversations in the summers of 1949 and 1951, from which I made notes; Andrew Rocca, Jr. of South San Francisco, March 8, May 18, June 5, 1947; and Bernard T. Rocca of Berkeley, April 4, 1948. In subsequent footnotes only the initials and last name of the person supplying the information will be used to identify those statements. Another source of information was the diary which my mother, Mary Thompson Rocca, kept from January 1, 1891, to July 19, 1896. In succeeding footnotes it will be cited as: M. T. R., *Diary*, and the date of entry.

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5. F. G. McFarling.
6. Mary Thompson to Amanda and John Thompson, April 1, 1879.
7. Abraham Halsey and R. M. Wilson, *Description of, and Report upon the Great Western Quicksilver Mine and Property, in Lake County, California, December 10, 1879*, p. 47.
8. F. G. McFarling.
9. *Ibid.* Andrew Rocca's first partner in the drug store was Dr. Frank Mitchell. Later on, he and John Voluntine were the owners.
10. L. L. Stewart; M. T. R., *Diary*, Aug. 22, 1891—"Mr. R. and all the children went to town for treasure;" Sept. 25, 1891—"Mr. R. and all the children went to Mid. after coin."
11. M. T. R. *Diary*, Mar. 18, 1893; Jan. 23, 1895.
12. F. G. McFarling.
13. For a more detailed account of the method of paying the Chinese employees, See Helen Rocca Goss. "When East Was East in the Old West," *The Historical Society of Southern California, Quarterly*, Vol. XXXVI, No. 4, p. 293.
14. That fear of loaded guns around small children was increased by a tragedy in the home of some friends in 1892. On October 4th that year, my mother wrote in her diary: "Yesterday aft. P. Reed's little boy accidentally shot himself. Died instantly."
15. Once, however, in July, 1892, the pay-roll money suffered another kind of mishap. Andrew Rocca and his brother, Joseph, were bringing the "treasure" and a crate of oranges home from Middletown when the horse became frightened, backed the buckboard over the steep grade just below the mine, and scattered both money and oranges all over the hillside and the canyon. The money was all recovered, but Father suffered a painful side injury, since one of the wheels of the vehicle passed over him in the accident. M. T. R., *Diary*, July 25, 26, 1892; F. G. McFarling; L. L. Stewart; A. Rocca, Jr.
16. In the nineties, the standard wage for the Chinese workmen underground was \$1.25 a day, that for the white ordinary laborers was \$2.25. The hoist men received around \$100 a month. The highest paid men of all—the so-called master mechanics—received \$120 a month. F. G. McFarling; A. Rocca, Jr.
17. *Calistogian*, Mar. 28, 1888.
18. The Stoddard and Rocca families have been close friends for two generations, and I am indebted to E. B. Stoddard's elder daughter, now Mrs. Delmar D. Swanger of Inglewood, California, for verifying the story as I have told it here and adding the interesting comment quoted in the text. Mrs. Swanger writes that her father was only twenty-two years old at the time of the hold-up, a married man and the father of two children.
19. Although accurate in most details, the article in the *Calistogian* neglects to say that the robber called the driver by his first name in sending a message to "the boys" in Kelseyville. Mrs. Swanger assures me that she has heard her father tell the story many times and that she is positive the robber did call her father Ed. That is exactly the way Father told the story to us, too.
20. *Calistogian*, June 27, 1888.
21. L. L. Stewart; F. G. McFarling; I. B. McCollum; A. Rocca, Jr.
22. L. L. Stewart; F. G. McFarling; I. B. McCollum.
23. F. G. McFarling.
24. In a few newspaper items, English's name is given as L. B. English, but even in the court records at Lakeport, he is simply called Buck.
25. A. Rocca, Jr.
26. F. G. McFarling.
27. In *Our Mountain Hermitage* (Stanford, California, 1950), p. 35, Anne Roller Issler says that Bill Spiers told her Buck English "was a neighbor of the people he victimized, coming of a respectable family on the Lake County side of the mountain." Spiers was a close friend of my father, and I know that his word could be relied upon. The first part of the statement is definitely true, but the idea that English came of "a respectable family" I find hard to reconcile either with what Father told us or the facts about his brothers which are presented in this article. I believe there must have been some difference between the idea Mr. Spiers intended to convey and what Mrs. Issler understood him to mean.
28. B. T. Rocca.
29. A. Rocca, Jr.
30. F. G. McFarling; A. Rocca, Jr.
31. F. G. McFarling; I. B. McCollum.

32. B. T. Rocca; A. Rocca, Jr.
33. In the "Register of Actions" of the Superior Court of Lake County, in the courthouse at Lakeport, there is reference to a case listed as action No. 16, The People of the State of California *vs.* Buck English, under the date of September 26th, the year apparently being 1876, though that is not clear. Under the date of March 28, 1877, action No. 104 is listed as The People of the State of California *vs.* Buck English and William Turner, "on remittance from the Supreme Court for a new trial," but probably because of the appeal, all the papers on the case are missing from the records. Since Andrew Rocca said that William Turner was involved with English in the cattle cases, these actions must have been the beginning, at least, of those cases.
34. According to the article in the *Chronicle* for May 11, 1895, Pyle was robbed of \$115, most of which belonged to his neighbor, a man named Connelly, who was then farming in the Guenoc area but later managed the boarding house at the Great Western for many years. Connelly had sent his tax money to Lakeport by his neighbor. The *Calistogian* for July 17, 1878, reported further on the criminal records of Charley and Eugene English. They and two brothers named Donelson were accused of committing highway robbery on some Chinese near Shasta. Charley and the Donelson boys were caught and then detained in the Shasta jail, but Eugene escaped. The three who were apprehended had in their possession at the time of arrest, a horse belonging to Constable McCall of Middletown and a stolen saddle, the identity of the owner not yet being known.
35. San Francisco *Chronicle*, May 11, 1895.
36. The reader will have noticed English's apparent dislike of the Chinese, of whom he took advantage whenever he could. That was no doubt an added reason for Andrew Rocca's resentment against English, since he himself liked and befriended the Chinese.
37. The Napa *Register* of May 9, 1895, remarked that Buck English "was well acquainted with the country through which they traveled." The robbers were tracked from the Oat Hill Mine down through Pope Valley by a peculiar mark made by their shoes, according to that issue of the *Register*.
38. F. G. McFarling.
39. San Francisco *Examiner*, May 10, 1895.
40. *Ibid.*
41. *Ibid.*
42. The Napa *Register* for May 14, 1895, contains a small item from Berryessa which reads: "Had it not been for the Monticello telephone the chances are that the officers would still be whistling after the Mirabel stage robbers."
43. According to the San Francisco *Examiner* of May 10, 1895, Bell remained beside English all the way back to town, and it was necessary to support him, because he was so faint and weak from loss of blood.
44. Napa *Register*, July 9, 1895. Commenting on English's behavior when he was sentenced to San Quentin "for the rest of his natural life," the article said: "'Buck' made no sign. He was evidently prepared for the worst. The crowd retired and he was escorted back to the jail, there to make preparations for departure this afternoon in charge of Sheriff McKenzie."
45. According to several reports, English's fourth prison term was served in Oregon. In defending Breckenridge, Hogan asked for clemency on the grounds that his client had been led by English and that he made no resistance when captured. The judge sentenced him to twenty-five years, which the defendant himself regarded as a severe penalty. Napa *Register*, May 29, 1895.
46. *Calistogian*, Feb. 9, 1912.
47. *Ibid.*
48. Issler, *op. cit.*, p. 35, says that, like Black Bart, English was a model prisoner in San Quentin and that he died "soon after" he was paroled, "still in the prime of life, still a handsome, well-mannered 'gentleman'."



# Laying Foundation Stones

*By Ralph Arnold*

## *Part II*

### THE 1922 SENATORIAL PRIMARY

#### *Moore vs. Johnson*



THE 1922 U. S. SENATORIAL PRIMARY of California, when Charles C. Moore ran against Hiram W. Johnson, was one of the most important fights affecting the political destinies of Herbert Hoover.

As far as we were concerned, this primary fight began at the Hoover's apartment in New York shortly after the close of the 1920 Republican National Convention. As mentioned in the previous chapter, Hoover had consented to keep his hat in the presidential ring if we would gain control of the Republican organization of California. Such control was absolutely essential if Hoover were ever to be nominated for President.

The strategy of our little group was to defeat Senator Johnson at all costs and thereby remove him from Hoover's path. Johnson, obviously, intended to seek re-election to the Senate in 1922, so our first battle with him was to be the Senatorial Primary in August, 1922. At the time Johnson held the Republican party "in the palm of his hand." This was proven by his victory over Hoover in the 1920 presidential primary by 161,207 majority.

After my conference with the Hoovers, following the 1920 convention, it was agreed that I should return to California and re-organize our "grass roots" group to take over the control of the Republican party by defeating Johnson in the 1922 primary. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," was never better exemplified



than by our group undertaking to beat Johnson in this election. To find a suitable candidate to run against Johnson was the main problem. Upon my return to California in the fall of 1920 we immediately began conferences with Hoover leaders up and down the state. No one seemed to have a good suggestion. True, there were several who could measure up for the job far better than Senator Johnson, in our opinion, but for one reason or another they were not available for a campaign. Then, again, there was the spectre of almost certain defeat for any man who essayed to beat Johnson for this position. This kept the timid ones in the background. The discussion of possible candidates extended over the entire year of 1921. Early in 1922 the situation became desperate—some one *had* to be drafted to oppose Johnson. One logical candidate seemed to be Francis V. Keesling. We had conferences in Los Angeles and San Francisco. He was a Hoover booster, a real Republican, had served his party well in various capacities and had many things to recommend him for our choice. I had known and admired Keesling ever since college days, and so I wired him to come down to my house for a conference. I didn't even disclose the subject for discussion in my wire, but simply said it was important. He came down immediately, and after a full discussion said he would take the proposition under advisement. I was to meet him in San Francisco the next week for his answer. At our San Francisco meeting he said he had decided it were best that he not run. He had several convincing arguments, which I accepted; but he had a real suggestion for the right man, and said he would introduce me to him. So he took me over to the office of Charles C. Moore and pointed him out as the man of the hour. Moore was a successful engineer and business man, had made good in a big way before the state and nation as Director of the San Francisco World's Fair in 1915, was head of the State Boy Scouts, and was known and loved by a host of people from one end of the state to the other. He owned the biggest olive ranch in Southern California (and of course this meant the biggest in the world) which was a good argument for the Southern California and agricultural votes. However, Charley did not feel that he could make the grade for several reasons and remained adamant against Keesling's and my arguments.

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This lead was then dropped. In February I left for the East where I was out of direct contact with the California situation but in the meantime the quest for a budding senator went merrily on among our Hoover group. They had faith and hope but no candidate.

During my stay in the East I had many conferences with leaders in several states in our 1920 campaign. Some were quite important. One in Omaha, Nebraska, with Mr. and Mrs. Neale and associates, on April 19th. Pershing sentiment was strong, with Hoover second. On arrival in Washington, April 22nd, I had a "mighty interesting half hour with Hoover. He told me a lot of inside stuff about the California Senatorial situation that was worth knowing. Gave me many of President Harding's views that are intensely illuminating." Obtained much confidential gossip along the same line from our staunch Hoover supporters, Robert Armstrong, Washington correspondent of the *Los Angeles Times*, Senator Shortridge and Representative Walter Lineberger, and Harry Chandler, who was in the East at that time.

Upon my return from the East late in May I found the political situation in California much as I had left it. Such leaders as Harry Chandler, Edward A. Dickson, Marshall Hale and others said there was no hope; every possible lead had been canvassed with no results; besides it was then almost too late to start. But Charley Moore kept coming back into my mind; he seemed to have all the attributes necessary, if we could only persuade him to run. So all of our leaders were again canvassed, and they were for Moore to the man and would support him with time and money if he would go. I learned through his San Francisco office that Moore was expected from the East in a couple of days, so I went to San Francisco and found all the leaders there strong for him, and secured their pledge of militant support. What was more, they agreed to get up a big reception committee to meet Charley on arrival if I would contact him in advance and prepare him for the shock. So I went to Sacramento, met his train, located him and told him all of California that was worth while was for his entry into the race. Furthermore, I told him of the reception that awaited him in Oakland and San Francisco. He didn't believe a word I told him of the reception. "Why," he said, "this is Saturday afternoon, and still you say Mar-

shall Hale and several good friends are going to give up their afternoon's sport to meet me on a mission of politics. Never! Don't try to fool me any more." However, I extracted the promise from him that if the delegation was there to meet him, as I had said, that he would give the senatorial proposition serious thought, particularly if a delegation from Southern California should come up and bring their pledges of support for that part of the state.

Well, the delegations were there—one at Oakland and a larger and most enthusiastic one at the Ferry Building in San Francisco. Prominent merchants, professional men, labor leaders and bankers—all there to add their welcome and their plea for him to run. Everybody was enthusiastic about it except one in the reception committee, and that one was Mrs. Moore. She was skeptical and she was adamant. Mr. Moore turned her over to me for conversion, but I left for the South without getting her consent for her husband to run; but I didn't give up hope.

Just before starting for the train that afternoon I saw Ray Benjamin in the Palace Hotel. Ray always had been considered one of the keenest politicians in California for lo! these many years. He had been Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, was a partner and political manager for Senator Shortridge, and in every way lived up to his reputation. He told me he had heard of the frantic efforts being made to draft some one to beat Senator Johnson, and then volunteered this advice: "Ralph, if you continue this effort to beat Johnson, it will queer you politically and will forever prevent your chief, Secretary Hoover, from securing the delegation from California which is essential to his nomination for the presidency. Lay off this fight this year and see what the future has in store." But we did not want to leave Hoover's fate to the future; we wanted quicker results. Returning to Los Angeles, I contacted all of our leaders, secured the pledges of eleven of them to go north and work on Moore, and two days later (June 28th) we reached San Francisco. We were joined by the Northern California leaders in a conference at the Palace Hotel. The leader of our southern delegation was Marshall Stimson, a former staunch Johnson supporter, also Chester Rowell, another former Johnson lieutenant. Marshall Hale was elected chairman and we got down to business.

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C. C. Moore was there, but his wife had not consented to his running, so it looked as if he were out of the race. Some one suggested drafting Chester Rowell, but this gentleman told the assemblage there were twenty-five reasons why he could not be elected, so his name was dropped. Then the meeting took the bit in its teeth and nominated Moore, and requested me to settle the matter with Mrs. Moore. With the very valuable help of her husband, she finally was won around to give her half-hearted consent, and the Moore-for-Senator campaign was on. The Los Angeles delegation returned south a happy and determined throng, after pledging their full financial and other support to nominate a real Republican and constructive statesman to the United States Senate.

Two campaign committees were set up, one in the north, of which Marshall Hale was chairman; and one in the south, of which William M. Garland was chairman. Intercommittee conferences were held and a plan for campaign mapped out.

The presidential primary campaign of 1920 was what might be termed a "kid glove" contest, as far as the Hoover supporters were concerned. We praised our own candidate and advanced reasons why he was well qualified to fill the great office to which he aspired. We said practically nothing against our opponent. On the other hand Johnson and some of his press supporters brought out all the scurrilous attacks and belittling statements they could. We lost the "kid glove" campaign by 161,534 votes, so in mapping out the 1922 campaign we decided to make it a "knock down and drag out fight." We would ask and give no quarter, Johnson had a lot of vulnerable spots and we knew them, and we fully made up our minds to be belligerent and carry the fight into the enemy's country. The only blows barred were attacks on the private, personal character of our opponent.

Among the weak spots in Johnson's armor was the fact that soon after he went to Washington as Senator from California in 1917 he accepted a retainer fee of \$10,000 from a prominent democrat for legal services. In trying to explain why he did this and how he could serve opponents of the Republican party, and the people of California at one and the same time, he coined the famous



expression "a man must eat." Another of his money transactions which probably he excused for the same reason, was his acceptance of \$25,000\* from the corrupt Tammany (New York Democratic) machine for supporting this machine and opposing the Republican Governor, Miller, of New York in the traction fight.

This liason between Johnson and political opponents was one of the outstanding anomalies of Johnson's political career. Johnson's efforts to break down the Republican party organization and his "knifing" of Hughes in the presidential election of 1916, resulting in California going Democratic and Wilson being elected President, were among others of Johnson's political derelictions which were used against him effectively in the 1922 campaign.

Another far-reaching event in this campaign was Moore's statement on the prohibition question. Moore, who was personally "moist," had agreed to abide by the Committee's platform. The committee which was appointed to draft this consisted of Marshall Hale, Chester Rowell, John Mott and myself. Rowell and I were emphatically for a strong prohibition statement; Mott and Hale were for a wet stand. This was easily explicable as far as Mott was concerned, as his legal firm was noted for defending bootleggers. The result of our deliberations was a "straddle the fence" statement which weakened Moore with the overwhelming dry vote of Southern California and won him nothing in the wet north. Johnson was pretty firmly established as a "dry" in the South and a "wet" in the North.

Another item that entered into the campaign was the part Johnson took in securing the fine treatment California received in the tariff bill passed the preceding winter. Johnson claimed all the credit for getting the high rates on California fruits and nuts. A personal investigation in Washington disclosed that Johnson did very little work during the preparation of the bill, but was very

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\* I tried to get photostats of these vouchers during the 1922 campaign, offering as high as \$500 for them, but the Mayor Hylan administration of New York City controlled by anti-Republican elements, had all channels of access effectively blocked. This fact in itself clearly indicated that some one in the administration believed the transaction was questionable enough to warrant covering up. Shortly after Hylan went out and Walker came in as mayor I was able to get the photostats at about the actual cost of the picture. I now have a photostat of this check.



#### GIANTS OF JOURNALISM

*Harry Chandler, publisher of the Los Angeles Times and Hoover's chief newspaper supporter, is shown shaking hands with William Randolph Hearst, world-famed newspaper publisher of the Los Angeles Examiner, who was Johnson's chief newspaper supporter.*





**CAPTAIN J. F. LUCEY**  
*second president of the Hoover National  
 Republican Club and largely responsible  
 for Texas going for Hoover in 1928*



**MISS NELLIE E. KELLEY**  
*organizer of Women's Republican Club and  
 author of the history of the club's  
 organization*



**HENRY A. WHITLEY**  
*first contributor and organizer of the fund for  
 sending out first letters which started  
 the "Hoover Boon"*





**CHARLES C. MOORE**

*valliant Hoover supporter and candidate  
against Johnson in the 1922 Senatorial  
Primaries . . . the fight that broke  
Johnson's hold on the California  
Republican Party*



**Mrs. O. P. CLARK**

*first Republican National Committeewoman  
and powerful influence in women's  
Republican organizations*



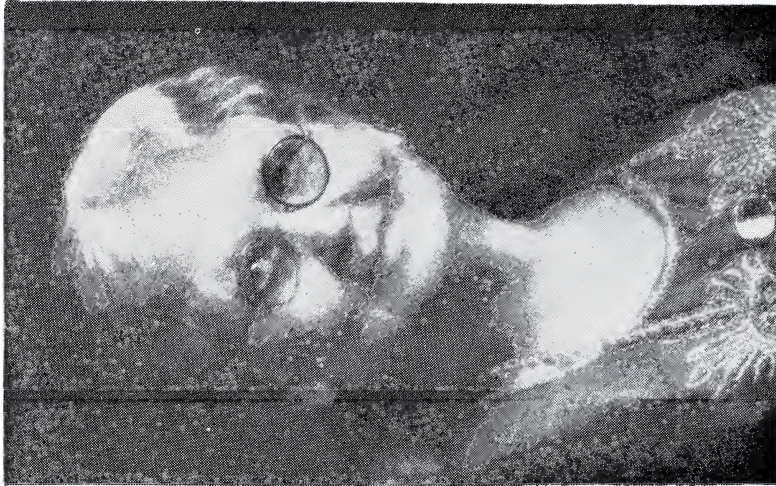
**SAM LINDAUER**

*co-organizer, with the author, secretary and  
field organizer of first Hoover for  
President Club*

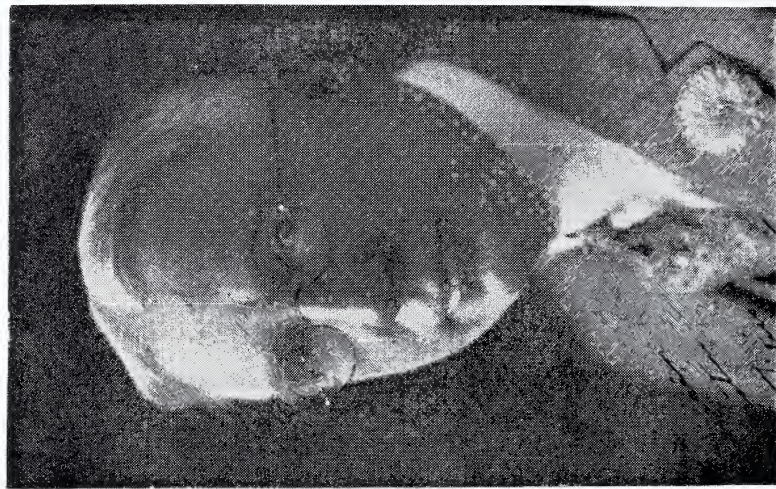




**ROBERT BURNS ARMSTRONG**  
*Washington correspondent for the Los Angeles Times and Washington manager of campaign activities*



**MRS. FLORENCE COLLINS PORTER**  
*the grandmother of all the women's Republican organizations*



**WILLIAM M. GARLAND**  
*strong Hoover supporter and chairman of the Southern California Moore Campaign Committee*



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busy after the bill came on the Senate floor. As soon as it passed he started in claiming all the credit for himself. The facts were Johnson, on account of his "maverick" tendencies, was in disrepute with the regulars who controlled the finance committee who prepared the schedule, and hence was useless in the committee stage of the bill. Senator Shortridge on the other hand, because of his party regularity, dependability and industry, was ace-high with Senator Smoot and other controlling members of the committee and so was able to get practically everything he asked for California products. I tried to get Shortridge to come out with a statement appraising the relative value of his and Johnson's part in the tariff work. He declined to do this, stating that Johnson was his colleague and the ethics of the Senate, as interpreted by him, precluded his embarrassing Johnson in his campaign by any such statement—quite different from Senator Johnson's tactics in the 1926 senatorial primary when Johnson stumped the state for his candidate, Judge Clark, *against* Senator Shortridge. Of course, this action on Johnson's part just added to Shortridge's overwhelming majority. Shortridge and Johnson made a fine team in the Senate for California—Shortridge did the work, Johnson furnished the oratory, and we generally got what we wanted.

Charles C. Teague, "father of cooperative farm marketing" and beloved orange and nut grower of Ventura county, who supported Hoover and opposed Johnson in the 1920 presidential primary swung back to Johnson in the 1922 fight because he believed Johnson had done so much for California in the tariff fight. Some of my associates counseled attacking Teague for this by advertising the fact that Teague employed many Japanese on his Ventura ranches. A majority of our committee disapproved this plan, and the wisdom of our decision against it was proved by the 1924 presidential primary when Teague supported Coolidge and again opposed Johnson. It doesn't pay to attack supporters of your opponent, just concentrate on the principal and try to win his supporters from him.

Pursuant to our promise to Moore and his Northern California supporters at the San Francisco meeting, we raised a goodly sum of money with which to meet the excessive expenses necessitated

by the direct primary law. The allocation of this money was made by our committee, but most of it was actually expended under the direction of our campaign manager, Major O. C. Wyman. Toward the finish the campaign became so strenuous that the expenses went beyond our estimate, and about \$35,000 beyond the money actually collected. Hence, at the finish of the campaign, and with our candidate defeated, our committee was terribly handicapped for future activities. Most people approached for funds with which to wipe it out declined with the comment they did not care to participate in "burying a dead horse." But in the long run the deficit proved a blessing, for it kept our group together and active over a period that ordinarily would be taken up with political lethargy. By dint of hard work, getting a few dollars here, securing a discount from this account or that, we finally cleared off the slate. It might be said that the last half of the deficit was met by three or four men, including Harry Chandler, E. P. Clark, General M. H. Sherman, and one or two others. These men performed an everlasting favor to our organization by their generosity. It can truthfully be said that no one ever burned the cancelled mortgage on his home with more downright thankfulness than our committee exhibited when we cleaned up the last item of the Moore deficit.

Among the most amusing of the incidents in this campaign were the vitriolic attacks launched against Harry Chandler by Johnson in all of the Johnson speeches. Johnson's animosity for Chandler dated back to the time when General Harrison Gray Otis, Mr. Chandler's father-in-law, was living and managed the *Times*. Otis was a good appraiser of human values and hated sham and demagoguery, consequently he was a sarcastic critic of Johnson from the very start of the latter's political career. After Otis' death Chandler carried forward the Otis policies in the paper, and among them was the Otis-Johnson feud.

Johnson's attacks on Chandler reached a humorous burlesque stage when, at the last big Johnson rally of the campaign, in the auditorium, he repeated his usual tirade against Chandler three different times in the same speech. The third delivery of the vituperative onslaught in the stentorian voice which Johnson commanded, nearly brought the meeting to an end in an uproar of laughter.

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The incident clearly proved the effectiveness of the campaign which we had waged against the Senator, as it had left him so exasperated and irritated that he entirely lost control of himself.

But in defeat we had laid the foundation for victory. We had shown the many weak spots in Johnson's political history to the voters of California; we had trimmed down his majority of 161,534 over Hoover in the 1920 primary to 74,219\* in the 1922 primary—a net loss of 87,315. We got a great deal of satisfaction out of that figure, for it meant that we had torn off 87,315 votes from Hiram Johnson's support over the two years we had campaigned against him. Being an engineer, I plotted a little decline curve showing the rate at which his popularity had declined, and projected it into the next two years. It showed that we would carry the state against Johnson by about 25,000 majority at the next election. This decline curve was used as a strong argument for continuing our activities.

We had so irritated and harassed Johnson that he was under a doctor's care for some considerable time after the close of the campaign. He had never been attacked before with the same weapons he used himself, and he didn't like it. We knew we had located the "heel of Achilles," and it boded ill for Johnson's next fight. And Charley Moore was the means of our accomplishing all this.

We had left no uncertainty in anybody's mind about what we were going to do in the succeeding election of 1924 when the senator expected to have his name again before the electorate as a candidate for president. So after the 1922 election was over the battle flags were again unfurled and we assumed our fighting positions and were ready for the third round in our efforts to beat the Senator.

One of the net results of the 1922 primary election was my election as a member of the Republican County Central Committee of Los Angeles County, from the 69th Assembly District. The honor was unsolicited on my part, and I have always suspected either Ida Koverman or Ed Dickson with having put up my name. The primary campaign had been so strenuous that I was pretty well tired out when it was over, and decided to go with my wife on the Los

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\* The vote in the 1922 senatorial primary was: Johnson 318,190, Moore 242,627.



Angeles Chamber of Commerce excursion to Hawaii for a rest. While on the boat enroute I was apprised of my election as Chairman of the Committee. I had been advised before leaving that my name was to be put up for chairman, nevertheless I was surprised and gratified when I found the honor had actually been conferred upon me.

In the same primary in which Johnson beat Moore for the United States senatorship, Friend W. Richardson beat the Johnson candidate, the incumbent Governor William Dennison Stephens, for nomination for governor. Richardson, although conducting pretty much of a lone hand campaign through his associates in the country press association, was nevertheless rated as anti-Johnson. Feeling ran so high that stories began to circulate to the effect that Johnson was going to knife Richardson in the election and Richardson was being accused of planning to knife Johnson. The accusation was made that I was intentionally elected to the chairmanship of the County Committee for the express purpose of using that organization to defeat Johnson. It was reported that Johnson even appealed to President Harding to have me removed and another chairman appointed if such a thing were possible. Of course, such a thing was not possible, for there is no power to remove the chairman of a county committee once he has been duly elected, unless he sees fit to resign. Such was the condition of things when I returned from Hawaii to open the campaign in Los Angeles County.

It so happened that the chairman of the Republican State Committee, Albert E. Boynton, an ardent and consistent Johnson supporter, was a warm personal friend and business associate of mine and a great admirer of Herbert Hoover. When I learned about the serious situation within the party I communicated with Boynton and asked him to arrange a meeting with Senator Johnson for me. This Boynton enthusiastically did.

I went to San Francisco and at the appointed time called at the State Central Committee's headquarters in the Palace Hotel to meet the Senator. I had had no opportunity of conferring with Boynton before the meeting though I had previously written him what I hoped to accomplish by the interview with Johnson. I was to face a man who was noted for his great hatred of anyone who

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opposed him, and we had just finished off a campaign against him, the like of which he had never experienced as regards its intensity of criticism and heated antagonism. At the same time that I hied away to Hawaii for a rest Senator Johnson was recuperating under a doctor's care. The campaign had gone the limit of vindictiveness and abuse on both sides.

When I was ushered into the room with Johnson and Boynton, the former was seated at a table in the center of the room with his back to the door; Boynton was standing near the window. As I entered Senator Johnson stood up and faced me, and Boynton came forward and introduced me. I extended my hand but the Senator was loath to take it; however, I reached out and grabbed his hand and shook it, for I had fully made up my mind before I came into the room that I would not speak to the Senator unless he accorded me the courtesy of a hand-shake.

With that formality attended to, "I am glad to meet you again, Senator." (I had met him once or twice in connection with my efforts to have a good state mineralogist appointed during his term as governor.) "I don't remember having met you before," the Senator replied, adding "but it reminds me of a statement President Wilson once made that he had great difficulty in properly hating any one he had never met." This was the greeting to me, who came to extend the olive branch and pledge support to the Senator's campaign. "I am sorry you feel this way about me, Senator, for I assure you that these political fights are not personal with me and I have no feeling of animosity for you personally; I just don't like your political ideas and ideals," was my reply. "Well," the Senator continued, "if you believed and meant all the things you said about me in the last campaign, I don't see how you can shake my hand." "I did believe and meant all I said, but that is over with now; you have been nominated and I came up here to pledge you my personal support and that of our committee in the coming campaign and to ask you, on your part and for your friends, to pledge your support to Friend W. Richardson for governor." Boynton broke in at this point and suggested to the Senator that it was a mighty nice thing of me to come up and make the offers I had. The Senator softened

up a little and finally said he would pledge his support to Richardson and would do what he could to secure his friends' support as well. And the election figures showed that both sides kept their pledges.

In the little conference which followed this introduction the Senator asked some questions which revealed his attitude toward the coming campaign. He wanted me to give him my ideas as to the functions of the two committees—the County Committee and State Committee. When I told him that my conception of the duty of the County Committee was to effect precinct organization and get out the vote and otherwise handle the details of contact with the voters, and that the functions of the State Committee were practically confined to supervision of the general features of the campaign, I could see a look of disappointment come over him. Later I learned that the State Committee, a strictly Johnson organization, had planned a state-wide precinct organization campaign. This plan was dropped after our conference.

Judge Robert M. Clark, an influential and strong Johnson adherent, was elected vice-chairman of the State Central Committee for Southern California. He also happened to be a good friend of mine and a square shooter, and we cooperated in full measure in electing the full ticket without fear or favor.

The strongest supporters in our "Hoover organization" politics were the women. In the 1922 senatorial primary campaign our leaders had gone before them with all kinds of reasons why Johnson should be defeated, and they had believed and acted on this advice. But Johnson won the nomination in spite of our efforts and our committee was elected and pledged to all candidates on the ticket. So I was delegated to explain to the women why we had had a change of heart and why we needed to support Johnson in the election as hard as we had opposed him in the primary. This is one of the curses forced on us by the direct primary. The argument of party regularity and necessity for supporting the Republican administration with a Republican senator won the women over and they put on a good fight for the whole ticket. Of the County Committee of 231, practically all of whom were anti-Johnson in the primary, all, with one exception, pledged support to the Senator in the fall election.

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Even Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz, Senator Shortridge's sister, told me that, although she had never in her life voted for Johnson, she was going to vote for him in this election. The argument I used with her was that the senator we elected from California might have the deciding vote on some momentous problem, and how terribly we would feel if we returned a Democrat who would turn the tide against our Republican president and his administration. Even Harry Chandler through his *Los Angeles Times* took cognizance of Johnson's pledge for Richardson, and published complimentary things about Johnson before the campaign was over. Such a thing never happened before and never afterwards.

We began the campaign for 1924 immediately after the election of 1922. Among the men who rated high in our advisory councils was Robert B. Armstrong, to whom our Hoover organizations owe more than to any other man for political guidance and publicity support. I can truthfully say that without him the success of our efforts would never have been attained. Armstrong in Washington and Mrs. Ida Koverman in California were our mainstays from 1920 to 1928.

Robert Armstrong was not only Washington correspondent of the *Los Angeles Times*, he was representative and counselor for our Hoover organization in the Capitol. Right from the start he had taken pains to explain to us the peculiar position in which Herbert Hoover, our avowed candidate for the presidency found himself. He was completely incapacitated from doing anything himself or allowing us to do anything for him as long as he was a member of the president's cabinet. So Armstrong advised me to keep in as close touch as I could with President Harding and he offered to see that I met the president and had opportunities to cultivate the latter's acquaintance. I soon learned that Armstrong was the best man in Washington to help us in matters of this kind.

He had been President Harding's publicity manager, was a past president of the Gridiron Club, the top position among the press of the capitol. He was an ardent Hoover supporter. Armstrong's first move was to have me meet President Harding. Regarding this meeting I quote from a letter to my wife, dated Washington, February 12, 1923:



"Washington, D.C.

February 12, 1923

"Began activities by a long conference with Hoover. At eleven in the morning I called on the President. Senator Shortridge made the appointment and was there to introduce me but I was delayed a little in getting in and the Senator had to go. So the President's secretary, Mrs. Christian took me in. Hoover had just been talking with the President so he stayed until I came in, "to vouch for me," as the President jokingly remarked. Had a really interesting talk of about twenty minutes. Started off by Mr. Harding telling me he had always been interested in geology ever since he had heard a lecture course on the subject when he was abroad. Then we drifted into judgeships and veterans' bureau matters and finally I wound up by giving a picture of the California political situation as I see it. He apparently was much interested and asked me to see him whenever I was in town. All in all it was a nice little chat with a man whose great cares and responsibilities are weighing heavily upon him. He told me some of his troubles to explain why he had not done certain things that were expected of him. Saw Mr. Armstrong at his office and had a visit with him and thanked him for the many courtesies he had shown me, including the invitation to the Gridiron Club dinner."

The following also are excerpts from letters to my wife revealing some of the important episodes in our quiet campaign to advance Hoover's interests:

"New York City

February 14, 1923

"Had lunch at Hoovers' Sunday and dinner with Senator Shortridge that night. I called these meals "practical politics." Hoover is certainly making good."

"New York City

February 23, 1923

"Had a wonderful time at Dr. Butler's dinner, last night. Twenty-seven at the table. Lots of notables there. Sir Frederick Kenyon, Director of the British Museum, was guest of honor. Ex-president and Mrs. Hadley of Yale; Mrs. Robinson, President Roosevelt's sister; Augustus Thomas and his wife and some others. I had the honor of escorting Miss Butler in to dinner. A Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert who live on East 57th Street brought me home in their car."

"New York City

March 5, 1923

"Going to Washington to bring Frank Hitchcock and Mr. Hoover together."

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"New York City  
November 11, 1923

"Arrived this A.M. and after breakfast called up Edgar Rickard. Found the Chief was over there, so went right up. He and Rickard and George Barr Baker and myself went into the political situation. Even Hoover doesn't know what the President is going to say in his message, so I guess "Silent Cal" is being true to form. Met Mrs. Hoover and Mrs. Rickard and they wanted to be remembered to you."

We kept things moving slowly until the early spring prior to the May, 1924, presidential primaries. Naturally we had to have a candidate to run against Johnson in this primary and the only one who had a chance of winning was President Coolidge himself. We had become very ardent Coolidge boosters immediately after his becoming president following President Harding's death in San Francisco on July 29, 1923. So, our organization was really a Coolidge organization at the beginning of this critical period. However, we had to know whether the president would allow us to use his name in the California primary.

Practically all of the politicians in the state, Governor Richardson being the most vehement, said that Coolidge would not permit this as it had never been done before and would not be considered good orthodox politics for an outside man to come into a state against a favorite son. However, we had other ideas, but how to put them across was another matter. It finally occurred to us that if we could reach the President in the right fashion, we could definitely demonstrate to him that we had the organization to enable him to win the California primary. How to reach the quiet man in the White House was another matter.

Everyone knew that Frank Stearns, a wealthy department store owner of Boston, was President Coolidge's closest friend and adviser, so I conceived the idea of going to see Stearns and ascertain if I could reach the President through him. I went to Boston November 13, 1923, but found that Mr. Stearns was staying at the White House in Washington, as was his wont most of the time Coolidge was president.

My cousin, Roscoe Walsworth, who twice had been Mayor of Revere and was quite a political factor around Boston, told me that

he was an intimate friend of Frank Stearns' secretary, B. F. Felt. This came to me as manna from heaven. Walsworth immediately made an appointment for me with Felt for the next day and we went to Boston and I spent three hours giving Felt a full account of our program. At the end of the interview Felt said that he was certain that Mr. Stearns would be interested in the story. He immediately called Stearns and made an appointment for me to meet Stearns at the White House the next afternoon at two o'clock. I took the night train and was in Washington the next morning, November 15th. After breakfast at the Cosmos Club, I went over to Hoover's office and had a good chat with him. Then I attended a session of the committee that was to decide the meeting place of the Republican Convention in 1924. Was prepared to offer Los Angeles' support to San Francisco, but was not called on in open meeting.

Went to the White House with Lawrence Richey, Hoover's assistant, and was ushered into the cabinet room where Mr. Stearns was waiting for me. I found him a very affable, highly intelligent and courteous man, and enjoyed my interview with him more and more as it progressed. I realized at once that we had made no mistake in approaching the President through this channel. I learned more about the President and his thoughts and ideas than I would learn tomorrow when I was scheduled to meet the President at nine-fifty in the morning. The most important item Mr. Stearns imparted to me was that the work we were doing for Mr. Coolidge was greatly appreciated by the President and his friends.

One of our principal tools in our campaign here in California was a paper which we called the "California Republican," of which I was ex-officio editor. We had been publishing this since our first campaign in 1920. Just before I left California we had gotten out an edition called our "Coolidge Special," which had a striking picture of the President over the entire front page. In it was much of the data to prove our strong position in the coming election. With this paper and many details of our present organization I worked for an hour and a half with Mr. Stearns. In the end he said, "I am very much interested in what you have said and shown me and all of this will be given to the President by me this evening. I am

## *Laying Foundation Stones*

going to suggest that he make an appointment with you the first thing in the morning so that you can have a brief confirmatory conference with him, after which we will see what will happen." I was staying at the Cosmos Club. That evening I received a personally delivered invitation from the White House to meet the President at 9:50 o'clock in the morning.

Following an early call on Hoover, I went to the White House for my appointment with the President. When Secretary Slep introduced me, the first thing Mr. Coolidge said was that he hardly felt he would be able to live up to the standard we had set for him in the last issue of the California Republican, which Mr. Stearns had shown him the night before. The way he is treated in this issue and the telegram our County Committee sent him the day he became President pleased him. We chatted for a minute or two and then when I told him we were working for him 100% in California, he asked what he could do to help. I told him "just sit tight and say nothing." This also pleased him as doing this very thing is his "king of indoor sports." Upon leaving he gave me a fine autographed picture of himself. And thus ended my first contact with Calvin Coolidge. Following the interview I reported the details to Hoover, who was gratified at the outcome of our talk.

"Washington, D.C.

November 17, 1923

"Was at the White House again this morning, to see Mr. Clark, the President's secretary. Saw Colonel Starling, the President's private body guard, whom I met when he was out making arrangements for the Harding trip. The Colonel is a dandy and I had a nice visit with him. He said if I ever wanted anything done that no one else could do, to let him do it for me."

"New York City

November 18, 1923

"Read papers all morning and clipped political news. Johnson's getting into the ring this early is the direct result of our "smoking him out." The longer he is in the ring, the more we can shoot him up."

I returned to California and we started putting our machinery in order throughout the state. The Johnson people thought we were



crazy. They did not think the President would dare come into California against such a formidable opponent as the Senator. So, the Johnson supporters let their organization lie dormant while we worked night and day to perfect our hold on the situation. About a month before the primary an announcement came out in the papers stating that President Coolidge had decided to enter the primary in California, and had named the following committee which was to handle his campaign: Mark Requa, chairman, with Frank Long and Marshall Hale to handle Northern California, and Frank Merriam and myself to handle Southern California.

Naturally the appointment of this committee came as a body blow to the Johnson people. They scurried around and tried to get their various organizations together and whip them into shape, but we had a big head start on them and after a strenuous campaign, when the votes were tallied up Coolidge had won the California delegation. Coolidge 311,826, Johnson 261,557, Coolidge majority, 50,269. Johnson had carried the state outside of Los Angeles County, by 11,194 votes, but we had carried our county for Coolidge by 61,463 votes, so the President had a majority of 50,269 votes in the state. This practically assured Hoover of the President's support in his efforts to get the nomination four years later if Coolidge did not decide to run for a third term.

The campaign for the Republican nomination was pretty much of a cinch for Coolidge. There were a few diehards who voted for Johnson in the convention, but the starch had been taken out of the Senator by the fight we had put up in California. It was the first time Johnson had ever been licked in politics, and he did not know how to take it gracefully. Our Coolidge committee, with its close knit organization and early start overwhelmed the Senator, as the results showed.

No wonder Senator Shortridge christened Los Angeles County the "Rock of Gibraltar of the Republican Party."

*(To be Concluded)*

# Los Angeles as Described by Contemporaries

*By Henry Winfred Splitter*

*(Concluded from June Issue)*

## CHAPTER III: The 1880's



THE WEST-BOUND TRAVELER OF THE 1880's wearily approaching Los Angeles through barren mountain passes and over bleak deserts, must often have felt under the vastness of night sky as did a local poet, Mariner J. Kent, in his "Night in the Desert":

The moon, with grayish bars,  
Slow creeps athwart the night's black moon;  
The distant, lonesome stars  
Unfriendly glow without the moon.

Coyotes yelping by,  
The redman wailing o'er his dead,  
With wild, uncanny cry  
Breaks the silence vast and dead.

The hills, uncertain, dim,  
Afar off stretching clouds of doubt,  
Stand wardens mute and grim,  
Keeping fore'er the bright world out.

The sage that endless strays  
Across the desert bleakful spanned,  
Like death-plume fitful sways  
Above each mount of drifted sand.

The wind from the chilly peaks  
Moans through the low trees brown and sere,  
Whirls on with shrilly shrieks,  
O'er the lone waste fraught with fear.<sup>29</sup>

But what a contrast, exclaims the newcomer, threading the San Gorgonio or the Sierra Madre range, as the refreshing breeze off the Pacific cools his cheek! And off there in the distance lies an intense flush of green—the oasis of the Los Angeles plain and valley. To many of those familiar with European vistas, the sudden unfolding of the plains of Los Angeles must have recalled the soft yet startling beauty of the Italian landscape after the craigs and bitter winds of the Alps. In this mood is J. H. Weber's "A Picture of New Italy":

A long, low stretch of verdant plains;  
On either side, the rolling hills,  
And snow capped peaks with hoary manes,  
The distant shadowy background fills.

See here and there the clustering vine,  
The orange groves with golden fruit,  
The cypress hedge, the sombre pine,  
The palm, and gum that skyward shoots.

Acacias, figs, bananas, peach,  
Pomegranates intermingled stand,  
From snowy mount to sandy beach  
Throughout this favored sunny land.

Well wert thou named in days gone by  
By Mission Fathers, Angel sphere,  
For if there is beneath the sky  
Angelic realm, 'tis surely here.<sup>30</sup>

The city itself, once attained after the traversing of anywhere from fifteen to sixty miles of railway or winding wagon track, did not essentially disillusion the visitor. Its dominant tone seemed to be the spaciousness of a vast garden. "This, asserted a new resident of a year's standing, "is preeminently a domestic city. Here every man, however, poor, literally seems to live under his own vine and fig tree. There is no crowding of doorsill upon doorsill, with the stench of the gutter and the glare of the pavement coming in to the dweller through the parlour blinds. Each house is set back from the street, surrounded by cypress and geranium hedges, with roses climbing over the doors and windows, and figs and oranges growing

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on the lawns. Plenty of fresh air to breathe and sunshine to cheer." A discordant note, nevertheless, begins to creep into this record of pastoral delights. He continues: "True enough, the style of these houses is with a few notable exceptions bad, and sometimes worse, but nature successfully accomplishes the work of covering up in a few years with her artistic touches the bungling work of man. It is only where some smart new house, with its gingerbread, chair-rung decorations, and reliefs painted in the favorite colors of lead and black, throws its tiring image on the retina of the stranger, that he awakes from his dream of the promised land."<sup>31</sup>

In addition to sights, there were sounds also that re-enforced the impression of peace and infinite retirement. "To the stranger walking up Main or Spring Street, our principal thoroughfares, the most noticeable sound is the tinkle of the bells upon the car horses. This is distinctively a peculiarity of this city . . . It is even more noticeable after nightfall . . . Los Angeles is a very quiet city after 8 o'clock in the evening. Of all California towns, many of which only awaken to life in the evening, it is peculiar in this. Perhaps the presence of a large number of the Eastern people may account for it. Day or night, Sunday or work day, it is all one to your true bred-in-the-bone Californian. Be that as it may, the bells on the street car horses have it all their own way after 8 o'clock. At 10 even their clanger ceases, and the city is quiet as the grave. Only the saloons and the newspaper offices are open, and the occasional passerby hurries along as if the great quivering flood of light floating down from the electric masts were something to be hidden from, something to be avoided by dodging into screen doorways or lurking in shadowed corners.

"It is in the morning that Los Angeles shows the strong new life which is coursing in her veins. Then trade is booming . . . From noon until 2 o'clock in the afternoon the streets are quiet, and then the homeward rush begins. This fills the streets until 8 in the evening, and then there is left only a great silence filled with the white light of electricity."<sup>32</sup>

Since the coming of the Yankee and the gradual eclipse of the native Californian, Los Angeles seemed threatening to emulate the staidness of a New England or Middle Western village. One person



reports, with an air almost disconcerted, "Los Angeles on Sunday looked like a deserted village. At almost any time during the day you could look up or down Main Street without seeing over half a dozen persons."<sup>33</sup>

The calm and quiet of New England blended at times in a most bewildering way with customs and traditions of Spanish California. Sidney B. Reeve, upon his arrival here in the early eighties, happened to be near the Plaza church at noon one day, and observed there what to the boy from the Middle West was an amazing sight. "The clock struck twelve noon. Thereupon the old broken mission bells of the church tolled out three times, three strokes each. The Mexicans round about stood still; men, women, and children kneeled down upon the ground; men and boys took off their hats, made the sign of the cross, bowed their heads in reverence, and said some prayers. When the bells ceased ringing, they again made the sign of the cross, got up, and went their way. This was, we found out later, the Angelus, which was rung out three times a day, -at 6 a.m., at noon, and at 6 p.m. It was a touching scene, one those unaccustomed to it will always remember. It was the very Angelus of that picture of Millet's."<sup>34</sup>

To the Angeleno of today, accustomed to the perennial roar and bustle of the far-flung city, such scenes are almost incredibly remote. The contrast, however, is instructive and stirs the imagination. It may be without interest, in view of present-day conditions, to next glance at the 1880 aspect of some outlying districts, now suburbs of the metropolis.

There is, for example, to the eastward, the cross-river mesa of Boyle Heights. "Until about three or four years ago Boyle Heights was a Los Angeles suburb upon which the seal of barrenness was set. It was without water and was about as non-productive and uninhabitable as the Desert of Sahara. Except for the stubby growth of *alfillerilla* which sprang up in the winter season and dried in a mat upon the ground with the approach of warm weather and which served to pasture here and there a nomadic band of sheep, the land was good for nothing in the world. For the most part the squirrel sat upon his dust pile and was monarch of all he surveyed. The only residence of any importance in the section was that of

Mr. W. H. Workman (on the old Boyle homestead from whose founder the Heights are named), which was perched upon the bluff overlooking the river bottom and commanding a view of the Boyle vineyard and orange grove there located for the last eighty years. The supply of water for domestic purposes was obtained by means of hydraulic rams which forced it up to the residence from a *zanja* running along at the foot of the bluff." Workman had, it seems, bought some two hundred acres of this mesa land, laid \$7000 worth of pipes to connect with the city water supply, and planted a fifteen acre residence tract with trees, vines, and shrubs. With this encouragement came the villa residences of Perry, Hollenbeck, Cummings, and Benedict's five acre fruit orchard, definitely settling Boyle Heights' immediate future as a garden suburb.<sup>35</sup>

Westward from the city, at this time, including what is now the exclusive Wilshire residence district, waved undulating fields of grain, interspersed with grass land upon which wandered large flocks of sheep. An observant reporter tells the story; the date is February 4: "Yesterday, we availed ourselves of a friend's buggy for a rapid and exhilarating trip to the seaside. We were glad to note that much work had been done on the county road, and the drive is a very enjoyable one. The moment the city line is passed [at what is now approximately Westlake Park] one comes upon extensive fields of volunteer barley, which look remarkably thrifty and promise good crops. Other fields are being ploughed, while still others have already been sown in grain and are quite advanced. . . . As one nears the ocean the grass becomes notably luxuriant. It is twice as high and twice as thick as the pasturage near the city. The lush grasses are cropped by Col. Baker's numerous flocks."<sup>36</sup>

Spring comes early in Los Angeles—indeed the entire winter period from the first rains in October or November may be looked upon as the equivalent of the early part of a mid-Western vernal season. Farm work begins in January. Green flares up on plain and mountain side; the meadow larks carol jubilantly all day. This is also the beginning of flower time—and California is proverbially the land of flowers. There is a sensitive poem entitled "Los Angeles Spring," by Mary Hewitt Sturdevant, from which we shall excerpt a few stanzas.

. . . Softly the cream cup dips its edge,  
 Drinking the breezes along the hedge;  
 And lupine, proud in his purple clad,  
 And dainty blue bell—they make us glad.

But look o'er the field whose broad expanse  
 Seemeth on fire at a first quick glance!  
 'Tis but the poppies, whose satin sheen  
 And flaming color our eyes have seen.

Graceful their bright heads bend and sway—  
 "Lamps a-burning!" the children say;  
 Golden treasure! and all who come  
 May gather, to gladden and cheer the home.

Never forgotten, a sight so strange,  
 All through the year and season's change!  
 Then when the rains make meadows wet—  
 "Are the poppies come? Have you seen them yet?"<sup>37</sup>

There is the story, too, about the bushel of orange blossoms that went to cover a dead President's grave. It was late September, 1881, and President Garfield had just been buried in the East. W. T. Garratt of San Francisco "telegraphed from St. Louis to J. M. Griffith of this city to send a bushel of orange blossoms immediately to cover the grave of President Garfield. September is a difficult time to gather orange blossoms, but Mr. Griffith filled the order in the famous Wolfskill orchard, and the fragrant blossoms were expressed across the continent to perfume the martyred hero's grave." The writer of the item could not refrain from adding: "What other place in the Union could have furnished such a tribute besides Los Angeles?"<sup>38</sup>

Lest, however, it be concluded from what has been said that Los Angeles was located but a short distance this side of Paradise, let us consider the following analysis of the condition of city streets. "The streets are little better than the country roads. Main Street below Pico is a disgrace to the city. Pico Street will go far towards endangering any vehicle. San Pedro beyond where Third should come down is worse than either, and Alameda is not to be mentioned even by a saint lest words unfit for polite ears should escape his angry lips . . . In the very heart of the city some of the principal

streets are mere cul-de-sacs. Some of these are laid out on the maps of years ago, but have since been 'jumped' by enterprising citizens . . . An ordinance demanding some sort of substantial sidewalks, say inside the fire limits, would be a benefit. An attempt on the part of the proper officers to oust squatters from the streets would be in order."<sup>39</sup> Figueroa Street from Seventh to Pico during most of this decade was completely blocked by squatter or "claim-jumper" owners of adjacent property having fenced in segments of the street for use as kitchen gardens or cow pasture.

Much righteous glee was stimulated by burlesque reports of the sudden disappearance of city officials held responsible for the upkeep of these streets. One item is headed "Board of Works Drowns" and continues in a vein of mock concern: "An obituary notice of the Board of Works appears in another column. It is supposed that the entire Board has been drowned in the unfathomable mud hole on Kohler Street near Alameda, known as the Kohler Street lake."<sup>40</sup> Another brief headline is "City Father Mired," going on to explain: "The rumor that one of the City Fathers was smothered to death in a morass at the intersection of an uptown street turns out to be a 'canard.' It is true that he thought he was in mortal agony, but his outcries brought help, and with the aid of a plank he was rescued."<sup>41</sup>

By the closing years of the 1880's, however, street paving began to assume the dimensions of big business. A company organized by J. F. Crank, G. A. Dobinson, and J. A. Fairchild and calling itself the Bituminous Lime Rock Paving Company, began in 1888 throwing pontoon bridges over the most impassible spots, filling in, and otherwise making pedestrian and vehicular traffic safe and more efficient, even if less exciting. The material used was a kind of natural mixture of bituminous rock and limestone, which had to be shipped in from San Luis Obispo County. It was found there in the form of small hills or buttes and blasted like ordinary rock. This material had been used extensively in San Francisco, Santa Barbara, and San Diego, and a large steamer was devoted exclusively to its transport. The rock was heated prior to application and rolled out on a previously constructed concrete base. Contracts were obtained by the company for the immediate paving of the entire



length of Spring Street, six block on Main Street from Ninth, and from Marchessault (now Sunset) to Alameda. The Los Angeles Cable Railway Company also gave orders for the paving of their entire extensive line of tracks. Alameda Street, nevertheless, seemed to have continued to exist as a test for sainthood, and city officials were from time to time reported in distress by reason of fathomless bogs not too far from the centre of town.

With the cruder difficulties of transportation on city streets brought under some measure of control, thought began tentatively to be expended upon somewhat less urgent phases of the problem. Why, for instance, when Nature smiles upon us bountifully at the slightest encouragement, do we have no boulevards and shaded drives in our city? "Every city of any pretensions has its drive in which it takes particular pride, and which in a manner gives character to the city . . . But where is the drive for Los Angeles? To confess the truth, she has none; no drive worth mentioning, or even tolerable. But Los Angeles, from her surroundings, and with her many natural advantages, should in this regard be second to no city in the world of equal size."<sup>42</sup> The critic then went on to suggest the practicability of constructing a paved and tree-shaded boulevard from the city to the Santa Monica beaches. This project, however aesthetically desirable it might be, was clearly no money-maker, and was hence deferred, with regrets. It was only the hardy subdividers of the recent twenties who finally succeeded in reaching the sea with an equivalent—impressive enough in breadth but certainly not tree-shaded—Wilshire Boulevard. This boulevard, it was fervently hoped at its creation, would be a money-maker; and so indeed it proved to be, to the infinite satisfaction of many.

According to a certain observer, perhaps of gloomy taint, leafy boulevards were not the sole remaining need of Los Angeles. We spend, he declares, much money in advertising our advantages in the East, and when the tourist arrives, as he does, in hordes, expectantly eying the situation, what do we offer him? The self-answer is: not even a decent hotel. "Los Angeles is the most uncomfortable city on the continent for the lodgment of a stranger . . . Of hospitality there is the flimsiest apology. Of first-class hotels there is a long-felt want; of refined amusements and soul-absorbing resorts there

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is nothing to meet the most modest expectation. Instead of the umbrageous boulevards, elegant avenues, picturesque parks and restful groves, embellishments easily obtainable in this generative soil, the stranger is confronted with naked lawns and neglected gardens; acres rank and grown to weeds, the receptacle of garbage and creeping things; foul wash houses, filthy sewers, dilapidated dwellings, broken fences, decay, desertion, and dissolution—all in the very heart of a city that pretends to metropolitan dignity.

“Tourists of taste, wealth, and the discrimination that comes from acquaintance with more than one small spot of earth, do not come to Southern California to be confined in a bastille (for scarcely more are many of the public stopping places), much less to encounter dust, mud, and the offensive features of commerce—and there is no place on the face of the globe where these disgusting devices are more prodigally displayed. Taking it for granted that a certain brand of whisky is the best in the market, that Camel line is good for the complexion, that a newly invented steam engine meets all practical requirements, that a white laundry is all that it should be, and that a combination of chemicals correctly administered is rough on rats, must the eyes that have crossed a continent to be gladdened by lulling landscape and opaline rays, be insulted by these atrocities of trade upon every wall and space and thoroughfare? It is enough to make the most obdurate optics blind to further visions of beauty.”<sup>43</sup>

Here is a comprehensive indictment indeed: no decent hotels or theatres, no boulevards, no trees, but plenty of the following: mud, dust, weeds, decay, filth, and, last and climactically — bill board advertising.

There were other, more attractive aspects of our streets. Common, for instance, were the sixteen mule or horse teams. “The spectacle of two wagons drawn by sixteen mules or horses and driven by one man excites the curiosity of our Eastern visitors. This device saves the wages of one driver, and although the gearing looks clumsy it is in reality not so, but develops all the traction the animals are capable of. The skill required in steering these cumbrous vehicles through our crowded streets is a thing to marvel at. The whole team is driven by a single line, and the sagacious leading

horse or mule, emphatically an educated animal in the highest sense of the word, knows just where to go by the number of jerks on the rein, and goes there, all the animals following with the docility with which sheep follow their bell-wether. Verily these sagacious leaders, as they approach the sere and yellow of equine life, deserve to be turned out to grass and treated tenderly."<sup>44</sup>

The sixteen or eighteen, even twenty unit team, was the usual power plant for desert freight transport, but division of labor with railroads was managed neatly, as was dramatically emphasized one day in 1880 when Remi Nadeau's men loaded on board cars for Tombstone, Arizona, ten 18-mule teams, with the requisite hay and grain for feed. This immense outfit occupied thirty flat and box cars, the stock being forwarded in the latter.<sup>45</sup>

It is rather hard for us of today to visualize clearly street traffic of a day when horses, with a few mules and donkeys, served as the sole motive power for vehicles. Street cars, too, were generally drawn by horses. Dobbin was docile and resigned, for the most part, but sometimes he did, frightened or otherwise, break away for a moment of iconoclastic freedom. The newspapers of Los Angeles reported runaway horses, with a wake of broken buggies and injured drivers, as an almost daily item ever since 1851.

Hit-and-run driving was already a problem for the courts. "A dastardly affair took place this morning at about 11 o'clock on Main Street in front of the United States Hotel. A little boy was walking slowly over the crossing from Court Street. His head was bandaged, and he was nearly crawling across the street, being evidently suffering from some malady. Three men drove up the street in a spring wagon, and with criminal carelessness, as it appeared to lookers-on, drove over him. The front wheels passed almost completely over the little fellow before the horse was stopped. The men never waited to see what they had done, nor to offer a word of sympathy to their victim. Judge Morgan dispatched Constable Charles Cruz after the fellows to arrest them, but they laid the whip to the horse and got out of the city."<sup>46</sup>

This same judge had occasion some time after to deliver a general warning from the bench to speeders and careless drivers. "Ah Guay, the Chinaman who ran over Mr. Kalisher's son on First Street

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last week and broke his leg was tried by Judge Morgan today on a charge of battery. The Court after hearing all the testimony read the Chinaman a wholesome lecture through the interpreter. The Judge said while the man may have had no criminal carelessness . . . the entire situation was a serious matter. Fast and careless driving is very common in this city, and the public are put in daily jeopardy from this thing. A man who does not know how to handle a horse has no business with a team on our crowded streets, and the best drivers should go slow and exercise due care . . . Care must be enforced on all drivers." Ah Guay was fined \$40.<sup>47</sup>

Sometimes "man's best friend," the horse, bored by long waiting at hitching posts along the curb, played a little game of nip and tuck with innocent passersby. A reporter, after watching a few rounds of this equine pastime, queried: "Why doesn't someone enforce the hitching ordinance, or better still, why don't the council kill the present half-hour ordinance and enact another prohibiting altogether the hitching of horses and mules on the streets? One half of the horses of Los Angeles stand hitched on the street all day long. Many of these animals are quite vicious and snap at pedestrians in a way that is the reverse of pleasant for the snapee. I have stood on the street corner and watched man's best friend as he stood by the post to which he was hitched, and watched the cold cunning of the villain as an unsuspecting man, woman, or child approached him. His dreamy eye haunts me still. As the victim drew nigh a slight tremor would pass through the off ear of the equine, and its tip would slowly describe a quarter of a circle while an unholy gleam stole cross those dreamy eyes, the nostrils would dilate, the lips curl sardonically, and zip! That was a narrow escape, stranger. These little bits of by-play are going on at all hours of the day and on all our streets."<sup>48</sup>

Galloping a horse down the city streets was strictly forbidden by law, unless by special permit. E. C. Burlingame, a public works contractor, had such a permit. Says Tom Costello, an old circus hand who, interviewed for the *Times* of January 22, 1945, recalls further: "Those were great days in Los Angeles. Everybody in town knew when they saw a man galloping a horse down Main



Street that it was Burlingame—'cause he was the only man in town who had a permit to do so."

Speaking of these woes of a day before gasoline, there is an anecdote of the year of the big snow, when this element actually fell in measurable quantities no farther away than Pasadena. Charley Bell, of that place, owner of the highest mettled team in town, felt an urge to take his best girl sleigh riding. He had neither sleigh nor cutter, but undaunted by the problem, set to work. "Taking out the teeth of his favorite cultivator, he improvised in a few moments a first-class sled . . . The outfit was hitched together, and the girl was taken in on a seat made by putting a board between the handles to the cultivator. The horses felt proud of their burden and behaved very nicely for a short distance, when something occurred to frighten them, and Charley and his companion were in the "sweet by and by." Those who witnessed the separation say it was most heart-rending. The horses were picked up about four miles away, and the harness and cultivator were gathered up in a hand basket and brought safely to town. The entire outfit has been sent up for repairs."<sup>49</sup>

Sidewalks in Los Angeles, like the streets, were somewhat of a poser to serious-minded critics. "The wooden sidewalks of the city are becoming quite a great nuisance. Many of them are worn out so that they consist mainly of spike heads, knots, and holes. The holes are dangerous to pedestrians; the knots and spikes damage boots and shoes; while underneath, the timbers are rotting and rats and mice have their filthy dwelling, making a sickening effluvia most deleterious to health." What can be done to remedy this state of affairs? The critic has an answer. "The asphaltum walks are most excellent, flexible, and durable, and should be extended as rapidly as possibly. Another excellent pavement is concrete, that is now being laid on Spring Street. But this is so solid that it is not as agreeable to travel on as the asphaltum. Another objection urged against the concrete pavement is its color. It is too lightly colored to be agreeable to the eyesight at midday. In fact it is really dazzling to the eyes under our vertical sunshine. This can be remedied by putting a little coloring matter in the mixture in order to produce a brown tint that shall be agreeable to the eyesight. With this im-

provement the concrete pavement will do well for those who can afford the luxury of so fine a pavement.”<sup>50</sup>

For a time, however, patent stone gave concrete quite a run for popular favor. “The new patent stone sidewalk lately put down in front of the Signout block on the corner of Arcadia and North Main Streets has been extended beyond the Club Teatro, Woodbury Business College, and on to connect with the asphaltum sidewalk in front of the Pico House . . . This new patent stone is the thing, and years of trial in different portions of this state demonstrate that none other will do. There are several walks in very conspicuous localities that have been put down with concrete made of coarse gravel, which are about as severe tests to persons wearing thin shoes as it would be to walk on so many marbles or dried peas. There should be an ordinance passed at once declaring them a nuisance and forever forbidding them to be built on prominent thoroughfares. Let all future walks be the virgin soil or the smooth patent stone.”<sup>51</sup>

Despite these threatening words, concrete, perhaps because of improved smooth-surfacing technique came to be more and more widely used. By 1887, when sidewalk laying was sharing in the real estate boom, concrete had apparently widely outdistanced its rivals. “The residents on the west side of Fort Street [Broadway], between Fifth and Sixth, are setting an example worthy of imitation by all in laying down a cement walk the entire length of the block. And now we would hint to the residents of Fifth Street between Main and the Pavilion [Fifth and Olive] that they should try and help out the public spirited gentlemen who have supplied the long-felt want of a hall where the multitude can assemble, by making a pleasant walk thereto. Spring Street now has a continuous cement walk on its easterly side from Temple block to Fifth. Now let Fifth Streeters do their duty.”<sup>52</sup>

To night wayfarers in Los Angeles, bemired as they might occasionally be for want of sidewalks, there was at least one consolation—their plight could be more accurately discerned because of the city’s first-class electric street lights. Reports an Eastern visitor in the middle eighties: “One of the comforts a stranger appreciates in Los Angeles is its well-lighted streets. The place can certainly make good its claim to being the best lighted city on the continent.

From the central streets to the most outlying alleys the darkness is so far dispelled as to enable the citizens to go about with ease. Electricity is the agent . . . Mainly the light radiates from a system of tall masts, so located as to in each case illuminate the largest possible area.

"In most cities lighted by electricity only the central and wealthier portions enjoy the luxury, the remoter precincts taking the cheaper illuminators. Usually, too, in such cities, the high price of property at the heart of things drives the poor man out into the darkness for a home. In Los Angeles the light has gone out to this class, and may be termed 'the poor man's light' . . . A peculiarity of the system is the round, flat hood or reflector which crowns every mast. This both throws the light upon the ground and prevents its wasteful radiation through the atmosphere. The area illuminated by this plan is, it is asserted, twenty times greater than the space formerly lighted by gas in the city, while the cost is only about twice that of the latter."<sup>53</sup>

Electric lighting did not, however, entirely supplant the traditional, more picturesque devices, and the two formed an odd conjunction. Sidney B. Reeve says concerning this decade of the eighties: "I remember the old-fashioned street lights. They were lamps placed on top of short poles about ten feet high. Some of the lamps burned kerosene and others candles. Every evening about dusk an old Mexican would make his rounds and light them up for the night. Scattered here and there were a few electric light poles that stood about 150 feet high, carrying about three or four arc lights."<sup>54</sup>

Symbolic of progress, but progress typically hasty and neglectful of aesthetic and even more practical considerations, were the electric light wires. "Among things to which the new city council may turn its attention with profit is the rapidly increasing network of wires which is spreading throughout the town like the webs of spiders in a deserted barn. These wires are certainly unsightly, while some of them are positive sources of danger . . . It were certainly much easier as well as less expensive to do now what we shall be compelled to do ultimately—put the wires of the electric light, the telegraph, and the telephone, underneath the surface of

the earth, just as in cities where, though the relative increase in population be less, true progress is more thoroughly understood.”<sup>55</sup> Some of those interested in modern art, especially the so-called abstract variety, suggest that the incongruous elements of city and suburban life—as for example overhead wires side by side with palms and flower beds—represent the origin of the dissonances and irrationalities found in such art. Though that be hard to prove, overhead wires and other absurdities obviously are still, after seventy years, a most striking constituent of an average street scene.

The architecture of the city was also undergoing continuing transformation in the direction of a more American aspect. The native adobe was being increasingly submerged by the conventional American wood and brick. These materials were used for construction in the old home in the East, it was argued, so why not here? The whole matter obviously rested, however, more upon inertia and old custom than upon rational consideration. Aesthetics as well as economics suggest the use of local building material, and, unlike conditions in the East, there was little brick clay and even less timber in Southern California. This lack of natural resources that had been so plentiful “back there” made building costs rather higher here than in regions closer to the source of supplies. Ingenuity in attempted solution of the dilemma was, however, not wanting. Brick, it appears, had become a scarce article, while demand was soaring. What to do?

“A leading architect of this city says that there are at this moment no bricks to be had for new buildings. When work was stopped in the fall there were about five and a half million bricks in the yards. These have all been used up . . . The Nadeau Block has consumed about 800,000 bricks. From present appearances there will be a loud cry for bricks here all along through the coming summer. The chief difficulty is to get wood for burning the kilns. The following suggestion is thrown out. The mills on Puget Sound, in Oregon, and in northern California, throw aside huge quantities of fuel in the shape of slabs and tops of trees. A schooner might be chartered to bring this refuse here to burn bricks. The cost of burning a million bricks is about \$6,000. Capitalists might find food for thought in this matter.”<sup>56</sup> This seems an excellent idea,



in line with modern ideas on by-product utilization, but we do not know if the plan was ever carried into effect.

There were also, for the curious sightseer, numerous minor bits of Los Angeles life worth noting. The city, for example, boasted a town clock, a not always too accurate one. "The town clock was on a spree yesterday," complained the reporter, "and was in consequence a "little off." It struck one hour behind the correct time all day. It should be repaired at once."<sup>57</sup>

That distinctively American institution, the corner drug store, was now beginning to emerge from the chrysalis of the ancient apothecary's shop. The casual stroller would no doubt be impressed by the brand-new establishment of druggists Pruess and Pironi. "This store is in all respects a work of art. The fixtures, frescoing, and every article there is in the very best taste, and done regardless of expense.

"The latest novelties in the way of ornament to the place are two handsome glass urns of exquisite pattern and painted beautifully. The sets of shelves are adorned with bronze busts of Esculapius, Hippocrates, and Galen—the chief representatives of ancient medical science—and similar busts of Socrates the philosopher, and Linnaeus the Swede, father of botany, and Volta the electrician, inventor of the Voltaic pile.

"On the walls hang four elegant bronze plaques done in the highest style of art, representing Charles the Fifth, the Great Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, who bore more titles than perhaps any other man that ever lived; Francis the First of France, one of the most noble and generous kings that ever reigned; Jane Seymour, one of the unhappy wives of Henry VIII of England; and William Shakespeare."<sup>58</sup>

This is certainly not the old apothecary's shop and it is not the modern Arabian Nights drug store. Biologically it might be considered a sport or variant thrown out in a period of rapid change before the trend of evolution was definitely marked out and perceptible. The old druggist shelves are seen as clearly inadequate, and yet the general later trend toward the combination of drug prescription with variety shop and soda-fountain restaurant is still

hidden in the mists of the future. Here it is the art museum and school, rather than the various phases of business that are new, the fertilizing element. The very existence of such a variant tends to suggest a rather deep saturation of the then dominant business and professional classes with cultural ideas, and is another instance of the wide cultural interests of the day.

Continuing our stroll along Los Angeles streets, we observe other oddities, such as sidewalk show cases. These were, of course, subject to sundry vicissitudes, as indicated by the following item. "The fine show case standing on the sidewalk in front of Fisher's boot and shoe store was blown over yesterday and badly broken."<sup>59</sup>

The lucky pedestrian might also, on occasion, spy such an article as once entranced Major Horace Bell. "Major Horace Bell made a great discovery of 'treasure trove' yesterday morning on Spring Street, being the scalp and curly locks of an auburn head, with luxuriant curls about two feet in length. The gallant Major, who is happily married, did not like to be found with these endearing tokens in his possession. So he wisely hung them on the fence and notified the police. The value of the find is supposed to be \$25. Any woman in need of a scalp can negotiate with the police, prove property, and take it away. To be sure you're right to dip it in carbolic acid before wearing."<sup>60</sup>

And lest it be supposed that Oscar Wilde was entirely original in his wearing on the lapel of his coat a large yellow sunflower, we might observe that in 1844 a man "with intensely yellow-colored breeches" was one bright autumn afternoon the center of attraction on Spring Street.<sup>61</sup>

The cry, "pots and pans to mend, pots and pans!" was not an infrequent one on the streets and byways of the city. Wandering tinkers with their fascinating array of paraphernalia were the center of as eager groups of children in Los Angeles as elsewhere. One of these rollicking gentry, however, we are told, scraped his keel on the reef of local enterprise. "Petty larceny" served as a pretext for his downfall. "A peripatetic tinker mended a brass coffee pot on Thursday on Hill Street, performing about ten cents of labor in five minutes time, and then demanded fifty cents for his services,

which the lady of the house properly refused to pay. He was offered twenty-five cents for the job, but indignantly declined that sum. He then took the coffee-pot downtown, in defiance of all remonstrances, but soon found himself arrested for petty larceny and taken before City Justice Adams where he was fined \$2.50. These traveling tinkers are of no use in Los Angeles. We have eight shops for the making and mending of tinware in the city, and do not need a tinshop on wheels."<sup>62</sup>

During the early eighties, at the time of day when mail was distributed at the post office on upper Spring Street, dense crowds customarily gathered there, overflowing into the street, with frequent dislocation of traffic. Consequently, when the news came in 1883 that the Postmaster General at Washington had ordered the establishment of free mail delivery in the city, no one was more pleased than sundry policemen whose task it had been to supervise these daily incitations to riot. Messenger boys, however, and even some business and professional men, missed this miniature of the Roman Forum, suitable alike for relaxation and for exchange of news and gossip. Yet the general idea that appeared to prevail was that time was becoming much too valuable to squander in this way.

If our sightseer should have chanced to pass the corner of Main and Commercial Streets he might have been curious as to the stubby iron cannon oddly used as hitching posts at that intersection. These relics of war had, according to later chroniclers, been once held in much higher esteem. They were indeed, says C. D. Willard, once part of the much-prized heavy battery of four guns possessed by the American army of Captain Gillespie who was forced to surrender here to Flores in 1846. Two of these, dumped into the tideland marshes of San Pedro by Gillespie before he hurriedly sailed away, were some time after allegedly rescued by B. D. Wilson, who then had them placed in their more conspicuous but still ignominious position on Main Street. The other two cannon, presumably surrendered to Flores, were later placed (as were their hitching-post companions) before the new county courthouse at Broadway and Temple; and at the present time repose, to the delight of youngsters, at what was once the east entrance of the County Museum of Arts and Sciences at Exposition Park. Harry Carr has said, however,

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that one of the two dumped by Gillespie was actually used by the Spanish Californians in the Battle of Dominguez Ranch and was called the "Woman's Cannon" from its having been hidden away by a woman from the victorious Stockton and Fremont upon capture of the city.<sup>63</sup>

As a counterpoise to this lecture on the history of the antique cannon, the rambling sightseer possibly could be brightened up by reference to the forthcoming Fourth of July celebration. This by all reports was to be a wide and handsome occasion. "The beef and the sheep will be roasted whole, in Spanish style, under the supervision of Senores Refugio, Botiller, and Carrasco, who have officiated at many similar fiestas. Beer ad libitum will be furnished. The viands will be served under the old aliso tree in the yard of the Philadelphia Brewery as soon as the exercises at the park are concluded."<sup>64</sup> This, by the way, is a signal example of the manner in which the Native Californian and the Yankee had each by mutual concessions adapted himself to the other. There is beer now instead of native Californian wine; the Spanish American barbecue, directed by Refugio, Botiller, and Carrasco, takes the place of the elaborate, home-prepared Yankee picnic. The Glorious Fourth is dubbed a fiesta, while the site is none other than the shade of the old aliso tree of early Californian renown. None the less, it is the Fourth of July, the most American of holidays. The sociologist might learnedly term the process one of cultural fusion. Most persons, however, would be content to call it Americanism in action or the melting pot at work.

But suppose the occasion of festivities were not the Fourth of July but Christmas? Since differences of religion enter in at this point, clearly a less satisfactory adjustment would be attained; yet perhaps here, too, there was a kind of neutral ground where mutual tolerance and friendliness would conceivably be practiced. This neutral ground was of course not at what is usually esteemed a particularly high elevation. Here is the genial invitation to Christmas dinner for all the sundry. "The saloon-keepers or a portion of them will set fine free lunches of turkey or roast pig, and nearly all announce that the national Christmas eggnog will be served in profusion. The egg market has been laid bare by the demand . . . Mr.



McMahon will set his 30-pound turkey before the public on Monday noon at the Palace saloon. Frohlinger & Mathieson will have theirs on Monday night. Ed McGinnis, Bob Eckert, and Joe Williams will serve today, Christmas Day."<sup>65</sup>

Assuming that by this time our visitor may be weary, and thanks to the bracing California air possessed of a fine appetite, we conduct him to one of our very best restaurants. But here once again we find Los Angeles in everyday mood, and in less than idyllic hue. The reporter, dejected, relates what he saw. "A tall and well-dressed young man walked into the room. The newcomer hung his hat against the table leg, flopped down into a seat, dug his pointed-toe shoes into the floor, and commenced to balance himself, or rather the chair, on two of its legs. Across the room was a fair-haired young man, a youth of thirty summers, sitting at least three feet away from the table on which his dinner was placed. Every few moments he would tilt the chair forward until his necktie would softly caress the gravy in his plate, then with quick and dexterous movements he would seize edibles situated six feet from his chair. His skilful manipulation absorbed all our attention until he opened his mouth. Then we could not but be reminded of the wide, wide road to perdition. One man twisted his legs around those of his chair. Another had lovingly encircled a table leg with one of his own. Some have a way of catching their heels against the outside rungs of the chair in the position of a jumping jack with the string pulled down. Others prefer the inside rungs, which brings their knees up under the table and often results in embarrassing disasters, such as the overturning of the festive board. There are some who prop their feet up on the chair opposite them. Others gracefully stretch out one leg into the aisle between the tables to trip unwary passersby." And he concludes bitterly: "Scarce a one seems to know what to do with his legs when he comes in here."<sup>66</sup>

Thus would conclude our hypothetical tour of Los Angeles, unless perhaps the evening were pleasant and we should care to visit Second Street park. "This beautiful resort is on Second Street, just beyond the engine house. A large artificial lake, with boats, is one of the desirable features. It is artistically spanned by a rustic bridge, and as you row under it swans will occasionally come so

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near as to take crumbs out of your hand. The menagerie is well-stocked and has a large diversity of animals and birds. Every Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon excellent music is furnished, dancing is the pastime, refreshments will be served in the spacious pavilion provided for the purpose."<sup>67</sup> Westlake park, too, in 1889, had just been beautified by the grading of a driveway entirely around the lake. Seven thousand dollars was spent for this and other improvements there, of which \$3,000 was contributed by citizens and \$4,000 by the city.

It is, of course, easy to conceive today what was lacking in the Los Angeles of the eighties. Yet perhaps it is of rather more interest to observe what cultural institutions Angelenos themselves at the time believed they should be striving toward. "We should have a free library building, ample in its accommodations for our reading public, attractively furnished and centrally located.

"We should also have a building consecrated to art, standing in the midst of pleasant grounds where should be fountains, flowers, statues, and shaded walks. Here should be gathered not only the best that our local artists could give us, but the best pictures from the whole of the state—this state which offers such an unrivaled field for the artistic brush. The old Missions should be reproduced upon the walls as a part of the State's history; and the grandeur of the Yosemite, and our mountain and coast regions would furnish instructive material for the artist and inspirational attractions to the mass; and such a gallery of pictures would help to strengthen and fix the art tendencies of this section.

"We should have an extensive park—one worthy of the name...

"But most of all our climate and soil invite the establishment of a great Botanical Garden where shall be found trees and plants from every zone and clime. They would all flourish here. The pine growing at high altitudes, familiar with sleet and snow, would take kindly to the same soil in which we might plant the palm, and the banana of the tropics and the apple of the temperate zones would bud and blossom side by side with the orange and the date [garden presumably including various elevations]. In this garden we would

have an epitome of the whole world's botanical treasures, where cultivated and medicinal plants would afford the student an opportunity for study, and a day's observation would give us an outline of the whole world's floral treasures. We could have a garden rivaling in variety and beauty the Royal Gardens at Kew or the world renowned Jardin des Plantes of Paris."<sup>68</sup>

The enthusiasm infusing this sketch for the future may seem to us a trifle naive, and the plans grandiose for a city of scarcely 80,000 inhabitants, since it appears as though not even our present Los Angeles of over a million and a half population dreams of such a project. To plan a great botanical garden is of course for a people whose belief in science is not limited to that which is purely mechanical, and whose concept of education is wider than the mere training of youth in the technique of making a living.

Achievements, of whatever quality, come only through the efforts of individuals, working singly and in groups. In Los Angeles as elsewhere there were persons of spirited and far-seeing quality to whom our city is today greatly indebted. Such an outstanding builder of our community was Henry T. Hazard. With his parents, he came to Los Angeles in 1854. At San Jose he prepared for Harvard, which institution he left as a sophomore for Ann Arbor (Mich.) Law School. Returning to Los Angeles, he served successively as City Attorney (under Toberman in 1882), member of the State Assembly (1884), and Mayor of Los Angeles (1889). To him is ascribed the city's high mast lighting plant, powered by means of the Brush electric system. He was the first to introduce the use of asbestine, a species of manufactured stone for the pavement of streets. He secured the establishment of the Whittier State Reform School for boys, and was largely instrumental in founding the Los Angeles Public Library: "He incorporated a library company, rented a hall, and furnished books for its shelves, four thousand in one lot alone being contributed through his instigation from the State Library at Sacramento . . . He discovered the recuperative properties of the prolific eucalyptus and was the first to transplant it from its native home in the sands of Australia to the receptive soil of Southern California. Three hundred thousand small trees is but a minute estimate to place upon the number he gave away with the

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sole condition that they be planted and guarded to a healthful growth. These beautiful products of his generosity now grace the University grounds, parks, plazas, boulevards, and private gardens of his adopted city . . .

“Finally he built the Pavilion at Fifth and Olive [now the Philharmonic] in recognition of the need of sufficient room for mass meetings and other miscellaneous gatherings . . . It is capable of comfortably seating over 4,000 people. While in an incomplete condition, it was inaugurated by the National Opera Company in 1887, which organization played one week to the largest business ever known in this section of the country . . .”<sup>69</sup>

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# Historical Profiles

*By Marco R. Newmark*

## XX

### FERDINAND K. RULE

Ferdinand K. Rule was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on December 6, 1853. He was educated in the public schools of his native city and at St. Louis University. His first important service was with the Waters-Pierce Oil Company. He served as their auditor and looked after their interests in Missouri, Arkansas, Texas and Mexico.

In 1877 he married Miss Alice M. Cross.

In 1887 he engaged in business for himself in Kansas City as a banker and broker. Too close application to business affected his health and in 1890 he sold out and came to Los Angeles. He bought a ranch near Pasadena and after two years of outdoor life as a farmer his health was restored.

In 1891 he was appointed auditor of the Los Angeles Terminal Railroad Company and so served until 1899, when he was made General Manager. (The name of the railroad was changed in 1901 to San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad. In 1930 it was bought by the Union Pacific).

Subsequent to 1899, Rule incorporated the Rule-Bedford Company, which conducted an investment and real estate business. Later, his sons, O. Rey and Gerald A. Rule, joined him and the company was succeeded by Rule and Sons. This firm was a general insurance agency.

Rule was Chairman of the Republican Central Committee in 1899; for a number of years he was a member of the Republican County Central Committee, and in 1904 he was a delegate to the

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National Republican Convention, which nominated Theodore Roosevelt for this second term.

He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Los Angeles Public Library, 1898-1902, and on the Police Commission 1902-1904.

He passed away on April 16, 1908.

\* \* \*

## XXI

### JUDGE YGNACIO SEPULVEDA

Judge Ygnacio Sepulveda was born in Los Angeles on July 1, 1842. He spent his early boyhood in Los Angeles and went to Massachusetts for his higher education.

In 1863 he was admitted to practice before the California bar and in the same year he was elected to the State Legislature.

He served as Judge of the Seventeenth Judicial District, 1874-1879. The district courts were abolished by the state constitutional convention of 1879 and the county superior courts were established. Judge Sepulveda sat on the superior court bench, 1880-1882. At the end of his term he established his residence in Mexico City.

On December 13, 1883 he married Señorita Herlinda De La Guerra.

During the presidency of Grover Cleveland he was First Secretary of the American Legation in Mexico City and, also, Charge d'Affairs during the absence of the French Minister.

For many years he was Chief Counsel in Mexico City for Wells Fargo and Company Express.

He was high in the esteem of the Mexican government as indicated by the fact that he was elected to membership in the Academy of Jurisprudence and Legislation.

He returned to Los Angeles in 1914 and two years later he passed away on December 3, 1916.

## XXII

## DON ABEL STEARNS

Abel Sterns was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on February 9, 1798. In 1824 he went to Mexico where he was naturalized in 1828. The following year he went to Monterey and in 1833 he established his residence in Los Angeles.

He had a store here, and in San Pedro he built a small adobe on the site later occupied by Fort McArthur. In this adobe he started a merchandising business and also an office and a warehouse. The *rancheros* disposed of their hides and tallow to Stearns, who kept a large supply of these commodities on hand to furnish cargoes for New England vessels which visited San Pedro, and by this means gained control of a large share of the south-coast trade.

In 1842 he asked his friend, Alfred Robinson, who was going to Washington, to deliver to the United States mint about twenty ounces of gold which had been taken from the placer mine in San Francisquito Canyon, where in that year the first discovery of gold in California was made.

In 1846 United States Consul to California, Thomas O. Larkin, appointed Don Abel as agent for the United States government.

Don Abel's residence was at 352 North Main Street. (In 1890 it became 452 North Main Street when a city ordinance added a digit to the numbers of all streets running east and west and north and south.)

The residence was known as *El Palacio de Don Abel*. It occupied the site on which, in 1897, Colonel Robert S. Baker built the Baker Block in honor of his wife Dona Arcadia Baker, daughter of Don Juan Bandini, whom he married in 1842. (Baker Block was razed in 1942).

*El Palacio de Don Abel* was a famous social center in which were conducted grand balls and other charming functions characteristic of life in Spanish countries. There, too, many distinguished historic personages were entertained, among them being General John C. Fremont and Commodore F. A. C. Jones.

In 1849 Don Abel represented Los Angeles district at the state

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constitutional convention of that year. He was a member of the Board of Education in 1858 and on the city council in 1860. He also served for a term in the State Assembly and on the Board of Supervisors.

He was one of the richest land owners in Los Angeles County, as indicated by the fact that in 1852 his tax bill amounted to \$186,000. He owned Los Alamitos Rancho, Los Coyotes Rancho, La Bolsa Chica Rancho, Rancho La Jurupa and Rancho Laguna.

Don Abel Stearns, one of the most famous and picturesque of the early pioneers, passed away on August 23, 1871.

\* \* \*

## XXIII

### MARSHALL STIMSON

Marshall Stimson was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on May 21, 1876. In 1887, he came to Los Angeles with his parents. He attended a grammar grade school and then the Los Angeles High School, from which he graduated in 1896. The school was at that time located near the present administrative headquarters of the Board of Education at 451 North Hill Street.

In his senior year, Stimson was President of the still-existing Star and Crescent Society — the student body organization, thus manifesting, early in his career, his gift for leadership. After his graduation, he returned to his birthplace, where he spent four years at Harvard University, two years taking academic courses, and two years in the law school.

In 1900, he was admitted to the bar in Boston, where he practiced his profession until 1903, in which year he came back to Los Angeles and opened an office.

On April 27, 1904, he was united in marriage to Marie Gordon.

In 1907, he was a founder member and the first president of the old City Club, an organization which met every Saturday at the Westminster Hotel for a discussion of public affairs. He served on



the executive committee of the Municipal League, 1906-1911. This organization, which was started in 1901, wielded, for many years, a strong and salutary influence in civic affairs.

He was one of the wheel horses of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, which was founded in 1907, on the initiative of Edward A. Dickson and Chester H. Rowell, the distinguished editor of the *Fresno Republican*.

In addition to those mentioned, others who took a leading part in the activities of the league were Judge Russ Avery and Meyer Lissner.

The purpose of the league was to wrest political control of California from the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. Their objective was accomplished when they conducted the campaign which resulted in the election of Hiram W. Johnson, on the Progressive Republican ticket, as Governor of California. This election ended "forty years of misrule and political servitude."

Stimson served on the board of directors of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, 1908-1910. He was Chairman of the State Republican Committee and also Chairman of the Seventh District Republican Committee, 1910-1912; and in June, 1912, he was elected as a delegate to the National Republican Convention in Chicago. He was President of the Historical Society of Southern California, 1936-1937.

Marshall Stimson was one of Los Angeles' most prominent and influential citizens from early manhood until the very end of his life. His long, serviceable career came to an end on December 27, 1951.

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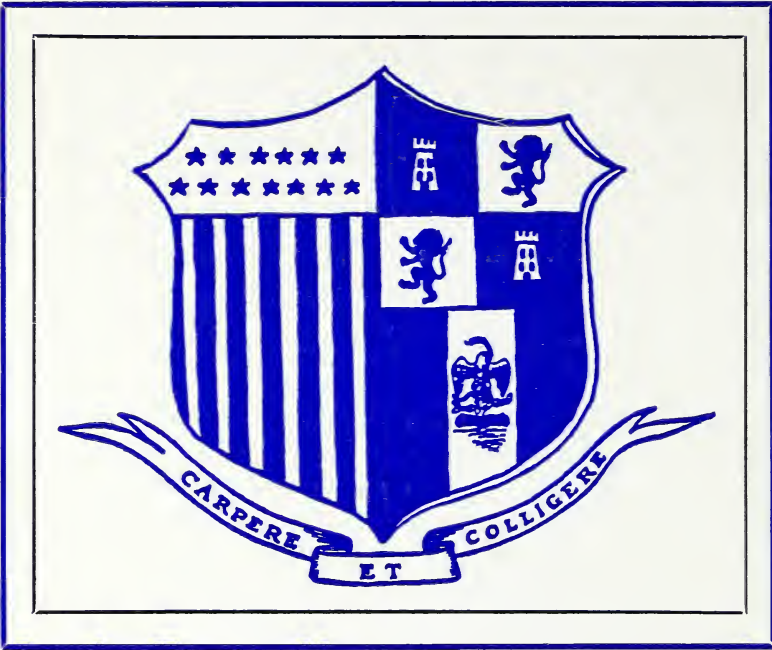
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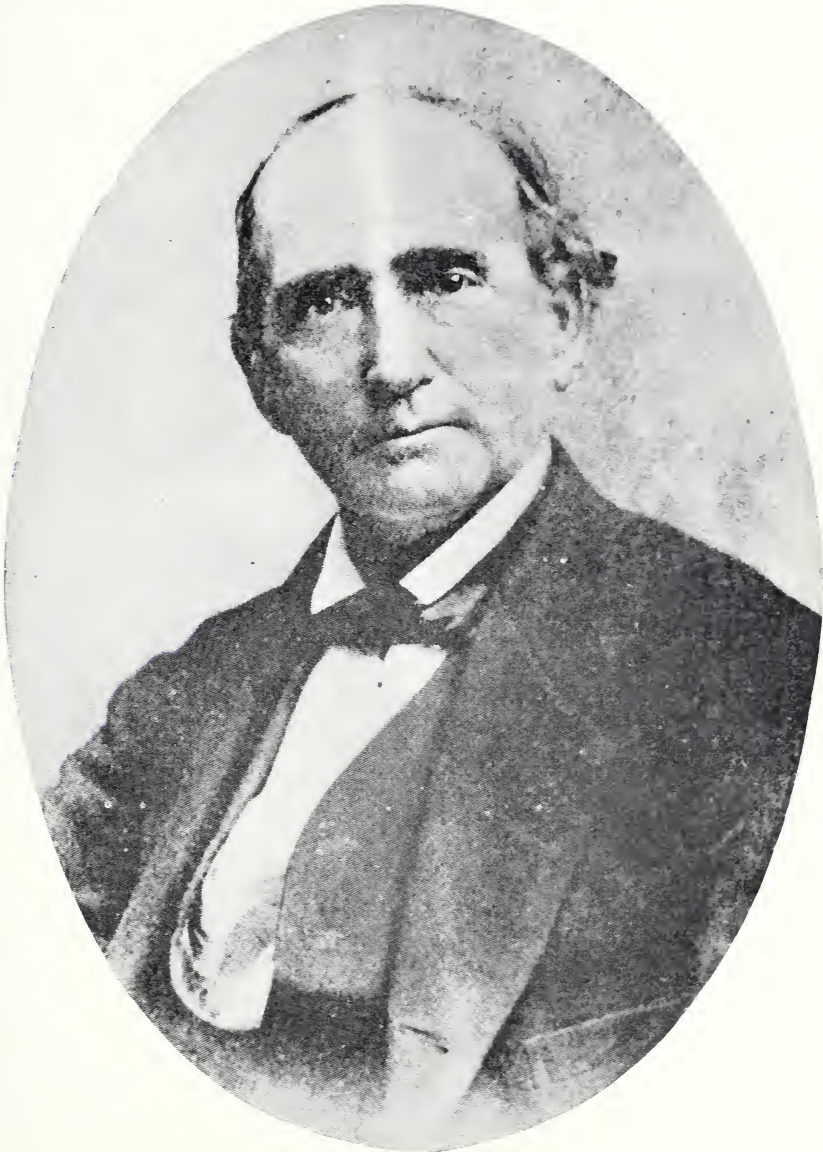
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# QUARTERLY



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DON BENITO WILSON

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THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA was organized in 1883, and has enjoyed a record of continuous activity for over half a century. Commencing in 1886, and each year until 1935, the Society issued an Annual Publication. In 1935 this *Quarterly* was initiated. It is published at Los Angeles, California, each March, June, September and December.

The purposes of this Society are to preserve and protect the archives and historic sites of the Southwest, with particular stress on Southern California; to publish material of permanent historic interest and significance; to assist and encourage all persons and organizations engaged in similar activities; to hold regular monthly meetings in Los Angeles, except during the summer months, and at least once a year to gather in a pilgrimage to some spot of historic significance.

The Society welcomes to its membership all persons who are in sympathy with its aims. It derives its entire income from the dues and gifts of members, and all regular publications are offered to members without further charge.

It is the aim of the Editorial Board to render this *Quarterly* a publication of general historical interest. Suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed, and all persons, whether members of the Society or not, are invited to submit for the consideration of the editors original articles, old letters, documents, maps and other material bearing upon the history and development of this region.

\* \* \* \* \*

Address articles, stories, books for review, and all material to appear in the QUARTERLY, and general Society correspondence to:

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THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA  
2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California

*The*  
*Historical Society of Southern California*

# **QUARTERLY**



HOME OF THE  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

*The*  
*Historical Society of Southern California*

# QUARTERLY

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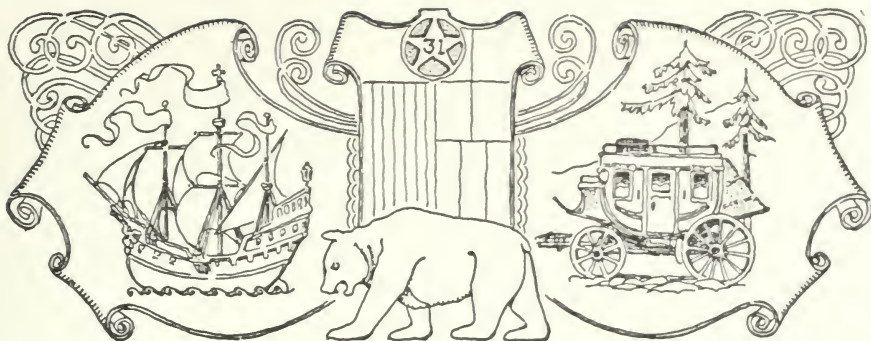
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*The Historical Society of Southern California* QUARTERLY for December, 1955

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## Uncle Josh Talbott of Los Angeles: *Forty-Niner and Rolling-Stone Printer*

*By Henry Winfred Splitter*

 NCLE JOSH TALBOTT was a Forty-niner, arriving in San Francisco in the fall of 1849, more than nine months after setting sail on a most protracted and unlucky voyage from the port of New Orleans early in January of that year. A striking and picturesque character, he made the rounds of the northern mines, and early in the 1860's came to Southern California. Here at first he was prospector and miner, later working as printer on both the *Los Angeles Herald* and the *Express*. J. J. Ayers, editor of the *Express* in the seventies, was Talbott's warm personal friend, both men having been members of the same party sailing from New Orleans for Panama in 1849.

Adventuresome and energetic, Uncle Josh was no youngster when he came to Los Angeles, having touched the fifty-year goal post by 1860, but no man twenty years his junior could have made more of an impression here as prospector, printer, and genial and unusual character. Even late in his sixties and his seventies he would punctuate his terms as printer with lengthy expeditions by burro and horseback to the Southern California mountains and desert, searching for the ever-elusive fortune beckoning him.

Fortune—that great, overwhelming fortune he expected up to the very day of his death in 1891—never materialized for him. Yet he was really a lucky prospector. When Ayers met Talbott for the first time since their 1849 voyage, at Mokelumne Hill in 1852, Uncle Josh was already famous as a discoverer of new diggings.

His weak point and the one that made him unable to cash in appeared to be his restlessness, his insatiable desire for a better strike, a richer field. He was with all the early expeditions to Gold Hill, Gold Bluff, Pitt River. In 1853 he organized an expedition to prospect the headwaters of the South American Amazon, where he had heard there were mines of fabulous wealth. The party went to Callao and from there crossed the Andes. After many adventures and acute sufferings they reached their destination, only to find the old story repeated that “faroff pastures are ever green.” The overpraised placers turned out to be scarcely worth working, offering only a scanty living even to the natives.

By 1855 he was back in San Francisco, almost penniless, but not disheartened. His buoyant nature always saw success directly ahead, around the turn, but he seemed to lack the winged heels of Mercury to catch up with her. Finally then he came to Southern California, and made his home here for the rest of his days. Here again he continued his favorite occupation of prospecting, and was among the first to discover several of the rich but as yet undeveloped mine districts in the Mojave Desert area. It was he who was chiefly instrumental in starting the first great Colorado River mining boom of 1863. Unfortunately, the Indian uprising of that year destroyed all the mills which had been erected, and culminated in the massacre of the Yarbrough party and of many isolated miners. Mining operations came to a stop, in some instances permanently.

Uncle Josh had been a printer since his boyhood in the East, and he now turned to printing for a living. He worked on the Los Angeles *Herald*, and also on the Los Angeles *Express*. But his heart was still in the mountains and desert and, periodically, he would load up his burro and be off prospecting. Invariably, he would return with specimens and be radiant with the idea of having become possessed of fabulous stores of wealth — still in the ground.

When he was approaching eighty, his failing strength finally



compelled him to give up his prospecting excursions, but to the last he would talk of the millions he was worth in mining claims, which he earnestly believed would some day make himself and all his friends multi-millionaires. His sanguine temperament stayed with him permanently, for among his last words was the expressed belief that the mountains of iron ore he had discovered would one day prove a rich heritage.<sup>1</sup> But death came fifty years before the Kaiser development of what appears to have been his original discovery. It is possible that he found the desert iron mines now (1955) being fought for by the rivals, U. S. Steel and Kaiser.

Talbott's robust personality and his pioneer instincts are well mirrored in a letter he wrote in May, 1880, to the editor of the *Los Angeles Express* concerning an area that, though unidentified, may well be the present Imperial Valley:

It is about time, in view of the advent of so large an immigration into California, for somebody to show the vacant lands of the State. I know of no people more capable of doing so than the hardy miners, who, perhaps with a burro, or their grub upon their backs, penetrated the unknown country in search of gold or silver mines. They did not come here to gain wealth by agriculture, but passed by in their explorations many a spot of land that would, and does, make happy homes for those that come to spend their lives upon them and have made them to blossom as the rose.

I am an old Forty-niner, and have seen many of these spots, but I think I could show a district that is almost a county in size, at least 25 miles in length by 16 in width, that is semi-tropical in character, that, by referring to the Land Office records, has only been townshipped, belonging at this time to the Government, and is open to homesteads. Here are homes for nearly two thousand families.

I told a gentleman of this, two years ago. He moved to the district, obtained water inside of twenty feet, and has at this day one of the finest cattle ranches in the State. Alfilleria covers the ground—and it can only grow upon rich land—and with Mr. James, the Registrar of the Land Office, I showed him the land. It is situated in San Bernardino county, about 128 miles from Los Angeles, and in the neighborhood of good mines. I will show this country, for a small consideration, to any one who wants a home.<sup>2</sup>

Uncle Josh Talbott, though a perennial prospector and pioneer, was not at all a misanthropic evader of his fellow man (or woman).



In a genial news story, signed by him, published Monday, June 30, 1873, in the *Los Angeles Express*, he recounts with gusto a visit made the day before (Sunday) to the famous William Tell hunting lodge. This resort stood at the entrance to a shallow tidewater lake (now drained) that extended just north of present Ballona Creek at Playa del Rey (south of Venice) and east of the long but narrow barrier dunes. Tell's resort was at that period also a well-known hunting post for hunters of wild fowl in the fall and early winter season. Fabulous bags of game, literally in many cases, wagon-loads, were taken at the lake and environs in a short time by individual hunters. Says Talbott:

We arrived at Will's, and found the old fellow fat, hearty, and prepared to receive the whole town, if necessary, with hospitality. He smiled on my arrival, and I smiled in return. Tell has about a dozen boats for sailing and rowing, and we started for a sail. In front of "Tell's Retreat" is a lake about five miles long, with the opening from the ocean nearly fronting the house, shut out from the violence of the west wind, which blows strongly from about 7 a.m. to 4 p.m. The lake as a general thing is shallow, but in front of the house, where the tide ebbs and flows into the lake is the point to fish. It is in the surf, with a line 60 or 80 feet long. Will has lines and bait for those who want them.

Most of the boats were engaged, and every facility was offered those who wished to try their skill upon the briny deep, and I was amused at the amount of muscular force used by some of my friends in their unaccustomed efforts at rowing. There were, by actual count, 29 buggies, carriages, coaches, etc., upon the ground, and it put Will to his trumps to accommodate them all. The dinner table was set about half a dozen times, and I think he must surely have known there would be a crowd for the occasion, for he had enough and to spare for all. And the bar—we must speak of that—crowded, until in despair Tell had to acknowledge that the lager-beer barrel was empty.

About three o'clock a rowing match came off between J. Kurtz and Jacob Kanhart for a purse of \$25, the latter winning. This race was the feature of the day, and added zest to the enjoyment of all.

There was a large sprinkling of ladies present, and some of them I think got capsized in the boats—at least I saw some of them come to the house with dripping garments.

I enjoyed the trip and would have liked it better, could I have had a little fishing in the surf, for we had some splendid fish for dinner, caught by the Judge a few hours before dinner time. Last night the Judge caught an eleven pounder with clam bait. Will invites me to come and

*Uncle Josh Talbott—Forty-niner and Rolling-Stone Printer*

stay a day or two, and promises good sport. I think I will accept the offer.<sup>3</sup>

At the age of 65 Uncle Josh was still sturdy enough to be rated as the pre-event favorite in betting on the Los Angeles printers' pedestrian match to the Half-Way House and back, a distance of seventeen miles, for a purse of ten dollars. He, however, did not walk the match.<sup>4</sup>

In 1878 he was reported as having given, for his New Year's contribution to the City Hospital library, some 102 periodicals which he had collected about town from generously disposed people.<sup>5</sup>

Once at least his fiscal imagination must have gotten the better of his rational self, or he may have been the victim of a press-room joke, for we find in the Los Angeles *Herald* for June 27, 1877, the following startling paragraph: "A venerable uncle of our old standby, Josh Talbott, died in Northamptonshire the other day. Josh was made sole legatee by the will. The value of the property is estimated somewhere in the neighborhood of £500,000. The old 'print' is again the 'lucky Josh Talbott' of earlier and better, because wicked days." The legacy was of course wholly fictitious.

At the age of 77, fate appeared to be kinder. Word came that the iron mine he had discovered in San Bernardino County had been bonded on option by Eastern investors for some \$100,000. Though actual development did not come at this time, and though six others shared with him in the windfall, it appears that his last years were at least blessed with some sufficiency of cash.<sup>6</sup>

In 1883 the *Herald* reported, prematurely, that Uncle Josh had died. The article said:

A few days ago the unwelcome news was received in this city that Uncle Josh, the patriarch of printers and the oldest compositor on the Pacific Coast, had died of heart disease on the desert, while prospecting for mines, his favorite occupation. The death of a character so well-known, who has been in the newspaper business for nearly sixty years, created a profound attention, and the fact that telegraphed to every State and Territory in the nation. The sorrow for the old soldier, who had been a wounded veteran of the Mexican War for thirty-seven years, and a printer since the days of Andrew Jackson, was wide-spread. But yesterday the old war-horse walked into the *Herald* office and declared he was not dead and never had been.<sup>7</sup>

Some years before his death Uncle Josh wrote a reminiscent letter to Col. J. J. Ayers which was printed in the *Los Angeles Express*. His memory harks back to the long-past time when in 1849 in the pride of his strength he set out for the New Eldorado:

It seems only yesterday since you and I left, this day thirty-one years ago, New Orleans on the old steamship "Galveston," which took the place of the "Isthmus," the first steamer that made the passage from New Orleans via Havana on the trip to the "land of gold." Colonel, we were young then, filled with enthusiasm, having our vision colored with golden halos of the future. Nor did the loss of our vessel, which with difficulty made Key Bokel, British Honduras, dampen our energies; but with that indomitable perserverance known to the American character, thirty-seven of us embarked in turtle-hunting canoes, and after a perilous trip landed safely at Omoa, Spanish Honduras, Central America. Need I, dear Colonel, describe the toils, trials, and delights of that trip? Being almost the first foreigners to touch there, we were hailed with delight by the people of the towns and villages and ranches through which we passed; and you know, dear Colonel, that we left fond regrets behind.<sup>8</sup>

The adventure's conclusion is found in later remarks by Ayers:

From Omoa we traversed the continent, and finally reached the Pacific at Puerta la Union, on the Bay of Fonseca. There a portion of our party remained, determined to build a small vessel and make their way in her to San Francisco. This they finally accomplished, and arrived at their destination October 5, 1849.

Josh Talbott was of too restless a nature to stay with this party, and proceeded to Realejo in Nicaragua. Here he and three others purchased a whale boat, which they fitted up, with the design of sailing to San Francisco in her. This was a most perilous voyage to undertake, and when I saw them depart in this open shalop to face the dangers of 3,000 miles of navigation, I thought we should never meet again. Talbott and his friends reached Acapulco after a stormy voyage and great suffering for want of water. Here they found an American bark, the captain of which took them on board and gave them passage to San Francisco.<sup>9</sup>

Joshua A. Talbott died February 16, 1891, at the Sawtelle Soldiers' Home, aged about eighty-one.

#### NOTES

1. Quoted in part from J. J. Ayers, *Los Angeles Herald*, Feb. 18, 1891.
2. *Los Angeles Express* May 7, 1880.
3. *Los Angeles Express* June 30, 1873.
4. *Los Angeles Herald* March 25, 1877.
5. *Los Angeles Express* January 4, 1878.
6. *Los Angeles Herald* September 28, 1887.
7. *Los Angeles Herald* September 15, 1883.
8. *Los Angeles Express* December 31, 1879.
9. *Los Angeles Herald* February 18, 1891.







—Photo from the Author's Collection

# JOSEPH SCOTT

*Rock-ribbed Republican, civic leader, orator  
and one of Hoover's strongest  
advocates*



—Photo courtesy Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

# MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT

*Assistant U. S. Attorney General. Originally  
for Johnson, later one of Hoover's most  
influential and enthusiastic supporters*

# Laying Foundation Stones

*By Ralph Arnold*

## *Part III*

### WOMEN IN POLITICS



THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT of women's activities in California politics was prepared at my request by Miss Nellie Kelley, organizer for the Republican Women's Federation of California.

Although the women of California had the franchise before the Nineteenth Amendment went into effect, up to the year 1925 they had not taken an interest in political affairs commensurate with the efforts that the suffrage movement had cost the women of the state.

Joseph Scott in a speech before a women's organization very aptly described this situation when he said:

"When you women were given the vote you were going to do wonders. You were going into the highways and byways and get all women to vote, and also your brothers, your sweethearts, your husbands and your fathers. You certainly were going to do wonders! But you are proving yourselves to be slackers, just as we men are. I hope that you who are here today will go out and discuss with other women how your sex has fallen down on this matter of franchise, and it may be an incentive for you to do constructive work in getting out the votes for the coming primaries. Women have fallen down in spite of Count Keyersling's pronouncement that, 'In America, ostensibly the men rule, but the real living power behind the throne is in the hands of the women'."

Many women, however, had been active citizens ever since the Legislature passed the suffrage bill in 1912, but a goodly number,

because of dissension within the Republican party in California, were not taking an active part in governmental affairs. Groups of women aligned themselves with one or the other of the political factions and often became as militant and rabid as the citizens who disrupted the party. Also, then as now, there was a large group that had never marked a ballot. This was the situation in 1925, so it was evident that some way must be found to combine the strength of these various groups so that they would work in unison to make possible a Republican victory in the presidential campaign of 1928.

A beginning in interesting women in partisan politics had already been made in the city in 1921 when Mrs. Florence Collins Porter had organized the Republican Study Club of Los Angeles.\* Mrs. Porter was a woman of outstanding influence and patriotism, with a sound understanding of Republican policies gained from her unusual political experiences. The great success of the Republican Study Club encouraged Mrs. Porter to hope that other units might be formed in all parts of the state and serve as a nucleus for a national organization that would be held together in a federation conducted similarly to the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

For the purpose of presenting this plan to the Republican women of California, Mrs. Porter, with the cooperation of Mrs. O. P. Clark, National Committeewoman of California, and other women party leaders of Los Angeles, issued a general invitation for a luncheon to be held at the Alexandria Hotel, Los Angeles, January 20, 1925. This propitious date was chosen because Mrs. Alvin T. Hert of Washington, D.C., Vice-Chairman of the Republican National Committee, who was visiting in Pasadena, could be present as the honor guest.

This meeting brought together representative Republican women from all the southern counties as well as from San Francisco and Berkeley, and this enthusiastic response to the invitation demonstrated that our women of the Pacific Coast were beginning to realize their new responsibilities as citizens. It was in reality the

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\* Actually activities began about twelve years earlier, at the time of Johnson's election as governor, when a number of prominent women became active in partisan politics and helped to frame the economic and humanitarian legislation that made the Johnson administration memorable. Among the leaders, at that time, in addition to Mrs. Porter, were: Mrs. Frank A. Gibson, Mrs. Shelley Tollhurst, Mrs. Katherine Phillips Edson, Mrs. Carrie Parsons Bryant and Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin.



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inception of a new political era for women in the United States as well as in California. The program included reports of delegates from all the various sections regarding the political activities of women in their respective districts, and brought out many practical suggestions for the coordination of Republican women in accordance with Mrs. Porter's plan.

In an enthusiastic appeal for organization, Mrs. O. P. Clark said, "Organized political parties are indispensable to free government in a country such as ours. Unless we have political parties with a membership strong and cohesive representing fundamental policies, free government in this country will be impossible, and our institutions will not endure. The purpose of our organization, therefore, will be to study politics in the best sense, to study our constitution, the history of our party, and the history of our country. With a knowledge such as this, womanhood, working obediently to conscience, will lay a foundation upon which to build an organization that will be ready to work together in harmony in a national campaign."

In a forceful and inspiring talk, Mrs. Hert spoke of the proposed organization from the national viewpoint, telling of the great need of earnest, unselfish work among the women of the United States, and explaining why their active participation in politics would raise the standards of political parties and make these parties more nearly approach the hopes and ideals of the founders of our nation.

So much enthusiasm and interest were manifested at this meeting that then and there a temporary organization was effected and named the Republican Women's Federation of California. Because of the great size of the state, it was deemed advisable to divide the organization, for working purposes only, into the Southern and Northern Divisions.

The temporary officers elected at this meeting, and afterwards made permanent, were: Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, President of the Southern Division; Mrs. E. C. Magauran, Secretary, and Mrs. Parker Maddux, Chairman of the Northern Division.

It was also decided at this meeting that the National Committeewoman of California would automatically become the State



President. Mrs. O. P. Clark, the first and, up to this time, the only woman to hold this office, therefore became the State President. The organization was indeed fortunate in having such a capable, outstanding and well-informed woman for its leader.

Another decision reached at this meeting, and afterwards inserted in the By-Laws, was:

The object of this Federation shall be to promote a wider knowledge of the principles and policies of the Republican party; to encourage active citizenship; and cooperate with the Republican State and County Central Committee in campaign work for the election of Republican candidates for office.

Plans were made to organize as many Republican women's clubs throughout the state as possible. To accomplish this, it was necessary to make arrangements for an organizer who would visit the various localities to work with the chairmen to organize units. Miss Nellie E. Kelley, an enthusiastic Republican, was appointed for this important and exacting work.

At this time (1925-1926) there was still the serious menace of dissension in the Republican party in California, and women were somewhat wary of affiliating themselves with any particular group, fearing that a newly-formed organization might be used to further the interest of the political faction to which they were opposed. Another obstacle was that women, generally, opposed a new organization because they felt they were already "over organized" and that additional clubs, together with church work and P.T.A. work, would take too much of their time.

It was therefore necessary to appeal to women's patriotism and to make them realize that unwholesome political conditions are largely due to the well-meaning better class of citizens who are neglecting their civic duties; thus making it easy for unscrupulous opportunists, who are in politics for their own selfish reasons to control public affairs. It was also necessary to bring to their minds that as long as citizens are indifferent to the candidates they elect to office, crime will continue to be what it is at present, one of our greatest social problems.

These unfortunate conditions made Miss Kelley's organization work extremely difficult, but she was tactful and enthusiastic. She

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not only organized clubs, but visited them at intervals as adviser and helper, and planned interesting and unusual programs for the smaller clubs until they were sufficiently interested to carry on the club work independently. It was largely due to Miss Kelley's efficient work as an engineer that clubs had been organized in all of the southern counties by the middle of June, 1925, and it seemed an opportune time for the permanent organization meeting of the Federation, and the date was set for June 23. As this was the first time in all history that women had assembled in a great partisan political conclave, the news of the convention was carried by the Associated Press and other news agencies into all of the states of the Union, and given first page prominence. The following excerpt taken from a Los Angeles daily paper gives a comprehensive account of the meeting:

Yesterday saw the birth of a new political era for women in California. As the first conclave of women in the Nation for partisan politics, the convention of the Republican Women's Federation of California, Southern Division, meeting for the first time in regular session at the Alexandria Hotel ballroom was compelling of attention in its initial accomplishments and highly significant in its import for the future.

It is noteworthy not only for these characteristics; but also because it was conducted when no campaign for men or measures is on hand. It was the campaign for impersonalities among women, who are apt to be personal. The whole theme spontaneously proclaimed throughout was, "Patriotism, Republicanism and Active Citizenship of All in a Representative Government."

It was remarkable too for its success. Literally hundreds of telegrams from men and women of note throughout the nation poured into the hands of the presiding officer, Mrs. Florence Collins Porter. Chief of these was the one from President Coolidge, to whom a toast was drunk standing at the beginning of the formal program. From the moment the gavel fell in the morning, the convention hall was crowded, with scores turned away. Many stood throughout the business session, at which time a constitution was adopted and officers were elected. At the luncheon in a room that seats nearly 1,000, hundreds were turned away and tables were quickly set in halls and on the mezzanine.

This permanent organization meeting, together with subsequent annual meetings of the Southern Division of the Federation, helped to unite the Republican women into a strong, harmonious,

purposeful body. The clubs composing the Federation serve as training schools in politics and government, and some of the members now hold important positions in the Republican party and the government of the state. We find them on County Central Committees, on election boards, on state commissions and in Federal offices. There are also at the present time a woman in Congress and two women in the State Assembly.

As time went on, one of the most convincing arguments in persuading women to join this newly formed Federation and to take an active interest in politics, was based upon their realization of the urgent necessity of combating the vicious propaganda put out by the Communists in their campaign to destroy the United States Government and substitute a Soviet Regime at Washington, D.C. Women became militant when they realized that the Communists in their effort to popularize Socialism had organized the Pioneer Youth Movement in America, and were sending out bright, clever, well-trained, young zealots to "convert" our young Americans to Communism, and to tell them that our United States Government is the worst in the world, and the most inimical to human freedom. Some of the insidious propaganda put cleverly forth was that the old-fashioned ideas of marriage and religion are unworthy of present day intelligence and progress, and that a contented, happy and prosperous civilization can be evolved only by destroying the sanctity of the marriage relation, family ties and belief in God.

A very realistic example of the effect of this Soviet proselyting was given by one of our Los Angeles County club women, who told of her experience with her young daughter who had recently returned from college. When the family, according to custom, started to attend church services on Sunday morning, the daughter refused to go, saying "Why, Mother dear, do you really mean to tell me that you still believe in that old-fashioned idea of God and religion? Well, I don't, and what is more, Mother, I may as well tell you right now that I never intend to make a slave of myself for any one man as you have done all these years for Father."

Women felt that when conditions such as these were possible that it was time to organize so that they might be able to prevent Soviet envoys from affiliating with the faculties of our institutions

### *Laying Foundation Stones*

of learning, and from disseminating such pernicious propaganda.

In 1926, Mrs. Mae A. English, Chairman of Education of the Southern Division, of the Federation, and a careful student of American history, prepared a brief but admirable text-book on government and politics for the use of Republican women. This manual has been used as an outline for study in Republican Clubs in Ohio and Arizona as well as in California, and is used as a club reference by Republican women in every state of the Union.

Mrs. E. S. Baxendale, a member of the San Diego Club, and a woman genuinely interested in Republican achievements, paid for the printing of 1,000 copies of the book. Through the cooperation of these two loyal women, the smaller Republican clubs have had an opportunity of learning much of the history of our Government and the tenets of our party.

After returning from the meeting of the National Committee in Washington, in December, 1927, Mrs. Porter proposed to the officers and members of the Southern Division of the Federation that they undertake the publication of a monthly magazine which was to be the official organ of the Republican Women's Clubs during the national campaign of 1928. The proposal met with enthusiastic response, and on February 1, 1928, the first number of *The California Elephant*, official organ of the Southern Division of the Federation, made its appearance.

Mrs. Porter was editor, and her staff of associate and departmental editors and other contributors were: Mrs. Mae A. English, Mrs. E. C. Magauran, Miss Nellie E. Kelley, Mrs. O. P. Clark, Mrs. Sallie A. Hert, Mrs. Cecil C. Evans (who wrote a series of delightful letters from Washington), Mrs. Alice Ames Winter, Mrs. Charles F. Van de Water, Mrs. Laura Taylor Kelley, Mrs. Caroline S. Shere of Glendale, Mrs. L. P. Boyce of the Northern Division, Mrs. Ida R. Koverman, Mrs. Mary Nixon Everett and Mrs. Elaine Utterback Stewart.

The magazine was sold by subscription and at the news stands. It was popular, interesting and sound politically. Complimentary letters came to the editors from all parts of the country. Among the notable Republicans who sent letters of welcome and approval to this women's journal were the following: President Hoover, then



Secretary of Commerce, Governor C. C. Young of California, William M. Butler, Chairman of the National Republican Committee, Mrs. Alvin T. Hert and Will Hays.

This publication and the Study Manual were of inestimable value in assisting the loyal Republican women in building up a strong, active organization. By the time the Republican presidential campaign was started in 1927, the foundations of the Federation were so complete and so strong that no time was lost in starting the women's campaign. When the call came from the National Headquarters for state cooperation in the presidential campaign the message was sent out to the county presidents by Mrs. O. P. Clark and Mrs. Porter. By this time there were approximately eighty clubs in the Southern Division with a combined membership of three thousand, and the well-formulated plans of the Federation were immediately put into operation. Volunteer speakers, who had been studying the political situation for many months, were prepared to address audiences from the platform and also through the microphone. The volunteer workers made house to house calls, explaining the issues of the campaign to the voters. Information bureaus were established, campaign literature distributed, and every effort made to arouse women to a sense of their civic responsibility and to make it easy for them to vote intelligently at the primaries. Registered voters who failed to cast their ballots by five o'clock on election day were contacted, either by telephone or personally, and urged to go to the polls. There is no doubt whatever that the women of California played an important part in both the nomination and election of Herbert Hoover.

In this first great test of a national campaign, which elected the Man of the Hour, the Federation proved its strength and efficiency, and demonstrated the necessity for and worth of such an organization.

The following letter was a source of gratification to the Los Angeles Republican County Central Committee:

Mr. Ralph Arnold, Chairman,  
Republican County Central Committee,  
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Mr. Arnold:—

We, the members of the Republican Women's Federation of Cali-



—Photo from the Author's Collection

### MARSHAL HALE

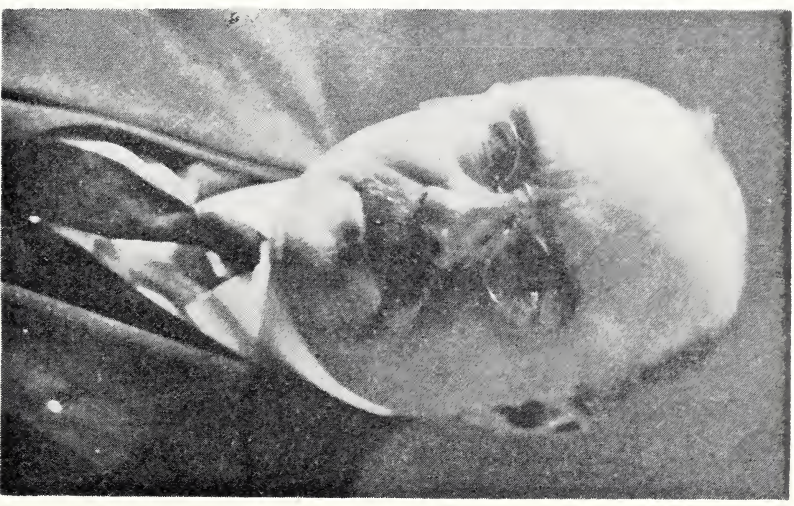
*One of Hoover's supporters in California who helped organize delegates to the Republican National Convention of 1920*



—Photo Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

### Mrs. IDA R. KOVERMAN

*Secretary of all of our principal committees and responsible more than anyone else for the success of the "Hoover Movement"*

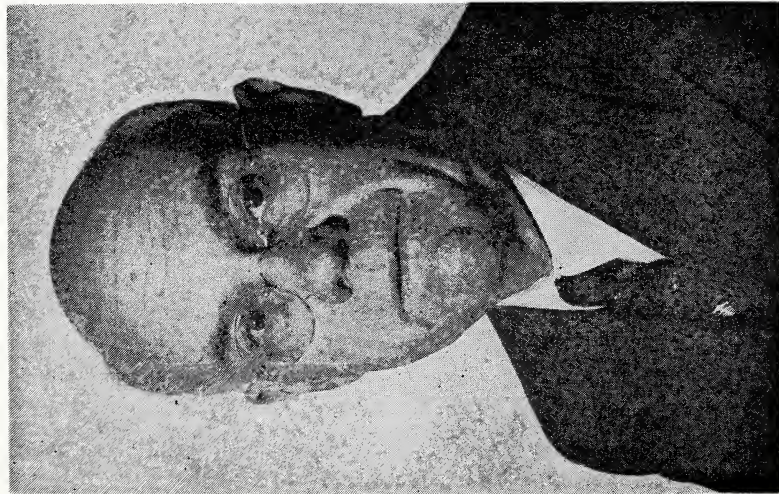


—Photo by C. W. Tucker

### J. LOUIE MATTHEWS

*Head of publicity for all of our campaigns and one of our outstanding staff members*





—Photo by Rothschild

## EDWARD D. LYMAN

*Chairman for Southern California of  
1920 campaign and our best  
money raiser*



—Photo from the Author's Collection

## MRS. EDITH W. VAN DE WATER

*One of the original organizers among the  
Women for the Hoover Campaign, Mrs.  
Van de Water was particularly active  
in the Long Beach area*



—Photo by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

## LOUIS B. MAYER

*Representative of the moving picture group in  
our campaigns. Chairman of the Republican  
State Central Committee at one time*





—Photo by Boye

# **GEORGE B. BUSH**

*One of the original and permanent members  
of our little "Society of  
Self-Kidders"*



—Photo by Boye

# **MRS. CLARA B. BURDETTE**

*One of the original organizers and campaigners  
among the women covering all of Southern  
California. A personal friend of the "Chief"*



—Photo by Underwood and Underwood

# **MARK I. REQUA**

*Hoover's representative on the West Coast  
and chairman of the 1924 Coolidge  
campaign committee*





—Photo by Art Streib

W. R. (BILL) KILGORE and RALPH ARNOLD

*One of our stalwarts presenting me with the highly prized watch, token  
of esteem of the Republican County Central Committee for  
“six years of unselfish service”*

## *Laying Foundation Stones*

fornia, Southern Division, are very appreciative of the credit you are giving us for helping to bring about the great Republican victory in nominating for President our illustrious Californian, Herbert Hoover. We want you to know also that without your help, both personal and as chairman of the County Central Committee, that it would be impossible for us to carry on our organization work. By providing space for us in your headquarters and furnishing us with postage, telephone and stenographic service, and taking care of other necessary expenses, you enable us to function.

We thank you most sincerely for all this, and also for your continuous encouragement and hearty cooperation. The credit you are giving to our organization is therefore largely a reflection of your own generosity and political acumen.

We wish to assure you that our organization is happy to work under your direction, and that you may always depend upon our loyalty and cooperation to further Republican policies and principles.

Very sincerely,  
FLORENCE COLLINS PORTER,  
President,  
Republican Women's Federation  
of California, Southern Division

California was the first state of the Union to have a Federation of Republican women, and its organization has been cited at the National Headquarters in Washington as a model for other states to follow. It has been conceded by National Republican authorities, as well as by the State Central Committee, that the Republican Women's Federation of California is a power and a worthy influence in national and state party policies.

## THE SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN

With the election of President Coolidge to his second term our fight had only begun. We had eliminated Johnson but we had not clinched the nomination, although our California campaign had practically assured Hoover of Coolidge's support if the latter did not care to run for a second time in 1928. Although the Chief's hand were tied on account of his cabinet post, he was at all times letting it be known that he was for the President for a third term. It was up to us to keep in contact with the President and try to



analyze his thoughts and desires for the future. This was not hard for us to do, for after our committee carried California for him against the heretofore invincible Johnson, we stood high in the President's estimation.

The door to the White House was open to us at practically all times. Also we were in close touch with Hoover through conferences at his office or meals at his home. Through Robert B. Armstrong and other channels, we were invited to the White House several times during Coolidge's second administration. Furthermore we had the opportunity to visit with the President on other occasions. We were always on the lookout for signs which would tell us of the President's plans, if any, for a third term.

Washington  
February 15, 1925

Hoover and wife left night before for Miami, Florida, for two weeks. Had one and one half hours with his assistant, L. R. Richey, so got all my ideas off my chest to him. E. T. Clark, the President's private secretary, and Frank Stearns his best friend, called about one and had a long chat with them. With my advice and suggestions, guess the government can run along now until I get back there again. Senator Shortridge called in the morning one and one half hours, as did Walter Lineberger. After my line of distinguished guests had departed, the employees in the Club were bowing and scraping as though I were a potentate. Made me smile. Was over to the White House for a few minutes in the morning, to renew my acquaintance with Colonel Starling and the others over there. The President was at lunch so he missed me.

\* \* \*

New York  
March 27, 1925

Had an interesting hour with General Goethals. Last night I was guest of honor at a dinner at the Racquet Club. My host was Mr. Meyrick. It was a kind of nucleus of 1926 National Hoover Organization. I told them I was getting back into business and they needn't count on me for much help outside California.

\* \* \*

Washington  
April 1, 1925

Had lunch with Colonel Fowler and dinner with the Hoovers. Also saw moving pictures of Hoover's trip south taken by Mrs. Hoover; very good. Saw Clark, Starling, Sanders at the White House.

## *Laying Foundation Stones*

New York

April 12, 1925

The closer you get to these so-called big people, the more human and likeable they become. Imagine sitting with the President with his feet up on his desk and I tilted back in a chair the way I like to tilt. Such an attitude takes away all formality and restraint, and the only thing we didn't do yesterday was to call each other by our first names. Just as I arrived at the front portico of the White House at seven-fifty, President Coolidge was just getting back from his morning walk. Colonel Starling was walking with him and two secret service men were behind him. As soon as the Colonel saw me he beamed all over and doubtless told the President who I was for they both saluted, and as soon as the Colonel had his charge safely on the porch (for he is personally responsible for the President's safety), he came out and grabbed me and took me in and told the doorman and the President's private man to feed me all of the "sausages, hot cakes, and anything else he wants." Such an introduction took all formality away. I was shown into the little "Red Room" where Washington's picture and that of his wife, Jefferson's, etc. are hanging on the wall. In a jiffy the President's man said the President was waiting to take me in to breakfast, so I stepped out into the hall, was cordially greeted by the President and we proceeded to the big state dining room. I had expected I'd be one of a dozen or so guests, but the table was set for just two, so I had pretty fine luck. We had grapefruit, a kind of brown hominy, a kind of egg patty, bacon and eggs and coffee.

Our visit started by his inquiring why I came back here, and this naturally started me in on oil—particularly foreign oil—and before I knew it I was giving him a lecture on the various types of occurrence, the difference between Mexico and Venezuela and California occurrences, etc. Then I told him how this country lost control of the great oil deposits of Venezuela through lack of foresight of the American companies, and how I was now engaged in trying to gather up what was left down there. He asked a lot of intelligent questions as we went along.

After breakfast we proceeded to a little elevator, went up on to the living floor to his study, he motioned to me to be seated, and then sat down and put his feet up on the desk, and after offering me a cigar and a cigarette, leaned back and we started in on a real chat. He wanted to know what I wanted him to do in the various political situations out there, and showed a detailed knowledge of our situation that was marvelous. Considering ours as only one of 48 states, it is hard to see how he does it. He talked just as confidentially to me as if I were his long lost brother, especially about his running again. After all this, of course I admired him. At 8:55 he got up, took a book from a case and walked out. He bid me goodbye, turned down the hall to the executive offices,



and I walked downstairs, got my hat and the President's first real treat of the day was over.

\* \* \*

Went to Hoover's office, but he was here in New York. Then I saw Mr. Clark, the President's private secretary, from whom I drew details. Then walked up to Colonel Fowler's. He is still after his ambassadorship and should get it soon.

Curtis Wilbur, secretary of the Navy called for me at 12:45, Olive and Dwight (Ray's boy who is studying medicine at University of Pennsylvania) were in the car. Drove to the house and had lunch. After lunch I went to the Capitol where I had a nice chat with Senator Butler of Massachusetts, who is chairman of the Republican National Committee.

Saw Bob Armstrong, who was responsible for my party with the President, then Justice Stone called for me at the Club and took me to his house for tea. Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Willebrandt were there. The meeting was arranged so Mrs. W. could try to get me to lay off objections to her appointment as Federal Judge to take Bledsoe's place. We had a nice visit, but she didn't get very far in her mission. She supported Johnson too strongly in 1922 and now she is paying the price for the company she picked. It was interesting and sometimes tense conversation.

The Stones are delightful folks.

Called on Senator Watson of Indiana; he is the most influential man in the Senate now.

The Fowlers took Mrs. Willebrandt with them and they took me to Senator Watson's, so a few minutes after we arrived Mrs. Willebrandt called Senator Watson to tell him to give her a good sendoff with me, as "he thinks I am a rubber stamp for Senator Johnson," so she told Watson. They work fast in Washington when their political future is at stake.

\* \* \*

July 7, 1925

Well, I'm here again (New York). Saw Mr. Clark—all the rest are up at Swampscott with the President. Had a fine visit with Clark and he invited me up to Swampscott; he goes up in a day or two, so I may go up. Saw Frank Hitchcock on the train tonight, and had a fine visit with him.

\* \* \*

August 11, 1925

I had Hoover's office on the long distance phone yesterday, and found he could see me today, so I decided to go to Washington last night. Am planning to start home this week, and just had to see Hoover before I left. He asked me to breakfast, so I got up bright and early and by hustling around and getting a taxi, etc., managed to reach his house at

## *Laying Foundation Stones*

8:10—*Daylight Saving Time*. Papers were still on the porch and things seemed uncannily quiet, but I rang the bell. No response. Knocked on the door. Same result. Rang again, and this time a very sleepy eyed valet in pajamas and robe came to the door, and then I realized that Washington does not use daylight saving time. Anyhow, I read the papers until they came down—Mr. and Mrs. H., their son Alan, a niece and the secretary. We had a nice informal breakfast in the parlor. Their house is all torn up with the painters. Had a fine visit with Mr. H., continued it in the “lima bean” as we all rode down town, and finished it in his office. I surely got some startling things regarding politics in general and California politics in particular. Things are going to work out so I won’t have much to do. Kind of a vacation while they work out a new alignment of forces. I won’t be a bit sorry.

\* \* \*

Enroute, Boston to New York  
August 13, 1925

While enroute from Boston to Manchester in Mr. Cochran’s car, we passed through Lynn. I asked the chauffeur to stop at the executive offices so I could inquire if Mr. Clark had made an appointment for me with the President who had his summer home at Lynn. Could tell by the crowd the the President was there and sure enough, when I went up and inquired I saw the head doorman who holds the same position in the White House, and he recognized me. He went in and told Secretary Sanders I was outside and in a minute came back and said the President would see me right then. Then Colonel Starling came along and put his arm around me and we had a little visit before I went in to the main office. The Colonel always makes me feel as if he’d like to kiss me if that were being done this year. Calls me “Ralph,” and you’d think we were long lost brothers. The President was only a little less hospitable. I was with him for nearly half an hour. I started to go three different times and each time he said, “Don’t be in such a hurry.” We talked politics, geology, earthquakes, etc. He pointed out several interesting geologic features from the window, got a sheet of paper and drew two or three different maps to illustrate what he was telling me. He showed great sympathy in what we are trying to do in California politics, and gave me some quiet little hints: how to circumvent the senators who are trying to checkmate us. All in all it was an interview on a par with our breakfast. He is looking fine and just seemed determined to make me feel at home. He is an old dear.

\* \* \*

Washington  
November 12, 1925

Had a date with Hoover at nine, had a nice visit with him regarding a lot of things. Also saw Clapp, Monahan and Richey who are in his

office. Went over to the White House and saw a lot of people. The door-keepers, Colonel Starling, Mr. Clark and Mr. McKenna were going to sandwich me in to see the President, but I saw he was busy so I deprived him of my visit and let him have the time. Went over to the White House again later, and had a talk with Mr. Stearns. He surely is a good friend of mine. Then I went over and saw General Andrews, head of the Prohibition Enforcement Force. Told him all Colonel Frith (Los Angeles Enforcement Officer) was doing, and got him (Frith) some money to work with. This will please the Colonel.

Each year every Cabinet member gives a dinner for the President and his wife. In the middle of Coolidge's second term my cousins, Curtis D. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy, and his wife, gave a dinner for President and Mrs. Coolidge. Mrs. Arnold and I were guests at this dinner, a small affair of only fourteen persons. I sat next to Mrs. Coolidge. In the course of the dinner I discovered a large pearl in one of my oysters in the soup. I gave the pearl to Mrs. Coolidge and we became engrossed in animated discussion about oysters and shells (one of my professional hobbies.) The subject soon spread to the whole table, and we had kind of a seminar on conchology. Later at a luncheon at the temporary White House, Mrs. Coolidge surprised me with the question, "have you found any more pearls lately, Mr. Arnold?" It certainly evidenced a remarkable memory on her part to recall such a trifling incident.

New York

November 27, 1926

Received telegram from Richey late yesterday saying I had appointment with the President at 11:15 this morning. Had a long visit with Frank Hitchcock last evening. Arrived Washington, saw Hoover at nine. While there, the President told him to come over, so I walked over with him. I like Coolidge more, the more I see of him. Colonel Starling is up looking after the President's son, so I missed him. Went to the White House and had a visit with Mr. Clark and Mr. Sanders, and then went in to see the President. He was very affable and chatty. After we got politics out of our systems, he inquired about the Amy McPherson case—then a few words about geology, and it was all over. I told him we in California were for him for 1928. When I came out the newspaper men asked me what he said when I told him he had to run again. I asked them if they remembered what a fine view he has out of his office window. I said his reply was to look out of the window at the view. And that was the truth."

## *Laying Foundation Stones*

By 1927, through the medium of conferences, breakfasts and luncheons, I had become well acquainted with the President. So I thought it was about time to make an effort to see if I could fathom his thoughts on a third term. This was the most vital point in all of our campaigns. A little "pre-announcement" information would give us a good head start on other candidates. If we knew definitely that the President was not going to run, we could immediately switch our organization into a "Hoover group" and get under way for 1928. If, on the other hand, Coolidge was going to run, then we could whip the same organization into shape and use it, as we had been doing, for the benefit of the President.

In one of my conversations with the President toward the end of his second term, regarding what he did for exercise he told me that the strain of the presidency was such that he did not believe anyone could live through more than two terms in the White House. At the time I gave little thought to the statement, but later when it became important for us to know if he was going to try for a third term, his words took on real meaning, and from that time on I was almost sure he would not run again.

Washington

March 6th, 1927

Frank Hitchcock called for me in a taxi and we went over to Hoovers' for dinner. Wonderful evening with these men; they are the biggest in the country.

\* \* \*

March 29th, 1927

Had a nice time at luncheon yesterday with the President and Mrs. Coolidge. They are living in the "Dupont Circle White House" while the main White House is being renovated. Two others were there, a big coal man, Mr. Gallagher, and Mr. Burnett, president of the Erie Railroad, both from Cleveland. We were ushered into the hall where Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge joined us. Two large white Russian deer hounds were also very much in evidence. John is down for eight days, and is lunching with Attorney General Sargent. Mrs. Coolidge inquired about you. Table arrangement is as in diagram. I sat next to Mrs. Coolidge. Mr. Coolidge swiped candy out of a dish and gave the dogs some, when his wife wasn't looking—at least he thought she wasn't. He was mildly censured. Mrs. Coolidge offered me milk, but I took just water. Went up into study in a little elevator, after lunch, and visited. The President was always proud



## THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

of his victory over Johnson in the 1924 primary and on this occasion asked me to tell his guests by just what a margin the battle was won. At two o'clock sharp the President took a nap and Gallagher and Burnett and I walked downtown together. Saw Attorney General Sargent, E. T. Clark, Mrs. Willebrandt and Hoover, in the afternoon. Sent flowers to Dr. Dall's funeral; it came so late I couldn't get out.

During the summer of 1927, the President had the "summer White House" at Rapid City in the Black Hills of South Dakota. I met him through the following chain of events.

Billings, Montana

July 25, 1927

Took 7:10 P.M. Burlington out of Billings last night, with Senator Norbeck. Off at Newcastle in morning, where Senator's car met us. After breakfast we started on 100-mile trip to Rapid City through the Black Hills. The main part of the hills is in the Custer State Park which Senator Norbeck was instrumental in having set aside when he was Governor. We reached the State Game Lodge, the President's Summer White House, at about ten. Went from Lodge to Rapid City, 32 miles in fifty minutes. Sally Norbeck drove.

The President was waiting for me when I arrived at 11:05; was five minutes late. Had a nice visit with him about his trip West, California politics, oil, our new wells, geology, etc. It must be a treat for him because he has so little to do. All the folks there knew me and were glad to see me. I met Mrs. Clark, the President's secretary's wife; was interviewed by the newspaper men. By the number of notes they took, I should get a whole page in the morning paper. The President is considering my offer to show him some geology. We always get along swimmingly on this subject. But when it came to getting a hint as to whether he was going to run again I drew a blank.

I left after this visit and returned to California. On August 2, 1927 the President came out with his famous announcement, "I do not choose to run" for President in 1928. I will surely hand the prize to President Coolidge for being able to keep his own counsel.

At the time of this announcement I knew that Hoover was at the Jinx of the Bohemian Club in the club's Redwood Grove in Marin County. I immediately telephoned him and told him I would like to have a conference before things started to pop. He agreed to the suggestion and we made a date to meet at a certain hotel in Santa Rosa at noon the next day. We were neither of us

### *Laying Foundation Stones*

to let anybody know of our proposed conference, its purpose, or its location. The woods were full of reporters trying to find Hoover and get a statement from him but he had eluded them up to that time.

I took the night train to San Francisco, after telephoning ahead for a car to meet me at the Third and Townsend Street station, and on arrival made a dash for Santa Rosa. I reached there about ten minutes before twelve, sat down in the hotel lobby and casually remarked to the clerk, "Have you seen anything of Mr. Hoover around here recently?" He said, "My goodness no, if he were around here you couldn't get into this room, there would be so many reporters."

In a few minutes the Chief appeared at the hotel door. He greeted me with, "We can not hold the conference here as it is too open." "Let's go over across the street to that little Italian spaghetti restaurant and get a booth," I said. I had looked the territory over when I arrived and that seemed the most logical place to go. We went over, obtained a curtained booth and sat there for about an hour making plans for our 1928 campaign. We slipped out of the booth as quietly as we had come in, and nobody noticed us. Hoover entered his car without being recognized, and returned to Bohemian Grove. I went back to San Francisco and caught the train for home.

From that point on our organization was busy with pre-primary plans, not only in California, but in most of the other states. We were so well organized that there was no opposition in California to the Hoover list of delegates. We had enough delegates in the other states to give us a big start in the convention, and Hoover was nominated on the first ballot, 837 out of 1,084. Mrs. Ida Koverman and Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt had a substantial part in winning this victory.

In the August primary election I had my name left off the list of candidates for the County Committee and so was not re-elected.

Near Pocatello

September 8, 1928

Worked all afternoon. Finished my "Swan Song," for the County Committee meeting, and also a similar letter to Hoover. I am through except for what little good I can do in Montana.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Great Falls  
September 12, 1928

Had the following wire this morning from Eric Fowler, the new chairman of the County Committee: "Dear Ralph: Your splendid letter was a feature of a meeting of the Los Angeles Republican County Central Committee today, and the applause given for you was greater by far than that received by any other person at the meeting which was very enthusiastic and turned out harmoniously. Mrs. Koverman was elected secretary and I was chosen chairman over Bonelli, president of the City Council, 300 to 100. The spirit displayed by everyone was splendid. Bonelli made a splendid talk. Elections were made unanimous, suitable resolutions were passed covering all matters. You were greatly missed by your many friends, and the County Committee can never repay you the debt of gratitude it owes you for the splendid work you have done in years past. With all good wishes and sincere personal regards I remain, Eric Fowler.

It is with a lot of satisfaction that I received such a wire. Good idea to get out while my credit is good.

I took little part in the campaign because of press of private business which had been intermittently neglected during much of the time I was working with our Hoover campaigns. My work was completed with the elimination of Senator Johnson as a presidential candidate and the placing of our group in control of the Republican party in California.

New York  
September 23, 1928

Changed from Rogers, Mayer, and Ball office to Mr. Hoover's office at 52 Broadway.

\* \* \*

New York  
October 1, 1928

Met E. T. Clark, President Coolidge's private secretary, on the street this noon. He is to have lunch with me, Monday. Will get an earful of politics just for a while. Looks mightily good for the Chief now, since Coolidge is sure out of it.

Receive letters nearly every day from people who want to organize Hoover-for-President Clubs.

## *Laying Foundation Stones*

Washington

October 6, 1928

The Chief and I had a nice chat in his office. Our strategy is to sit tight and say nothing, and do it gracefully.

\* \* \*

Washington

October 7, 1928

Had a long visit with Robert Armstrong, Sr. He has gotten entirely well and is back on the job. Hoover said, when I saw him later in the day, that Armstrong's case was the first of its kind that was ever cured. New treatment of some kind. It did seem good to see him all well again after giving him up for gone. He has always been so helpful to us here. Went over and had another session with the Chief and Richey. Lots of interesting inside information. Washington is certainly the center of many interesting and important events. Then, by appointment, went over to Mrs. Willebrandt's office and told her the whole story of Julian Petroleum. She, Attorney-General Sargent, the President, and the Chief are the only ones I'll trust except Mr. McNab. He is the United States district attorney we had appointed.

\* \* \*

En route to New York

October 26, 1928

Went to the White House, had a little visit with the newspaper men and the secretaries, went back at twelve o'clock and shook hands with the President, and bid him goodbye for this trip. Between visits to the White House I went over and saw Hoover. Had a fine chat with him. He is getting almost human, now the campaign is on under cover. Things are looking better and better for him.

\* \* \*

Near Pocatello, Idaho

November 7, 1928

Have been reading up on election news. Isn't it wonderful! You can just imagine I feel good after seeing Hoover's campaigns through all of their seamy sides for years. Shows what perserverance can do. I am particularly pleased at the breaking up of the solid South.

Thus ended my experiences as an active participant in the campaigns that were waged in California in particular either directly or indirectly on behalf of Hoover's rise to the Presidency.

One of the most interesting and pleasant visits I had with the Hoovers was the time they invited me to dinner and over night at the White House. For an account of this visit I quote from a letter to my wife.



En route from Washington to New York

November 6, 1930

No one ever could tell me the Hoovers aren't hospitable. They surely gave me a good time and when we go there together they will make you feel just as much at home as I did.

After I finished your letter last night, I dressed for dinner and went down stairs about ten minutes of eight. Talked with the head usher until the Hoovers came down. Only formality was when they came into the red room, where I was waiting alone: "The President and Mrs. Hoover," is all the usher said. They greeted me cordially and then we went into the big state dining room, where the table was set for three. I was the only guest. We looked like chips in a wash tub in that big room.

After dinner we went up into the room the Chief uses as a study. Mrs. Hoover got out her knitting and lay on a couch all evening. The Chief smoked a cigar, worked some on a speech, talked politics, and on many other subjects and finally read me the speech he is to deliver Armistice Day. I visited with Mrs. Hoover as much as with him. She told me the historic interest of the room. It was the one in which Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, and had been the cabinet room of several presidents.

Mark Sullivan, the political writer, came over on the midnight train from New York and had breakfast with us. One of the White House cars took me to the train. On the way, I called for Bob Armstrong at his office and he rode to the station with me. I have a date with Henry Robinson at 6:15 tonight. Last night the Chief called Henry and talked for a long time. Robinson and Sullivan are among his best friends.

One of the lasting impressions of this dinner was the condition of the President. The day before (November 4th) the American people had overwhelmingly repudiated him and his policies in the Congressional election, returning a Democratic congress with which he was going to have to work for the last two years of his administration. It literally crushed him. Mrs. Hoover and I did all we could to divert his mind to some of our past pleasanter experiences, but it did little good. After giving his all to pull the country out of the results of the 1929 crash, he was accused of being the cause of this debacle and the ills that followed it. My sympathy surely went out to him in full measure. But, this is politics.

On another one of my visits to the White House, while Hoover was President, I happened to spy Mrs. Hoover in the Cabinet Room, waiting for her husband. I joined the group around her. During

## *Laying Foundation Stones*

a lull in the conversation, she stepped back and in a dramatic gesture pointed to me, saying, "Behold the only man who ever took me riding on a tandem bicycle." With that all of the reporters who were hovering near, started to get out pencils and paper. Mrs. Hoover sensing their intent, closed the incident with the warning: "This is off the record."

She referred to one of the rides on which I used to take my college friends in lieu of a horse and buggy.

My eight years of work for the Chief netted me among others, two things: the satisfaction of a job successfully completed, and a watch which was presented to me by Wm. R. (Bill) Kilgore, on behalf of the County Committee. The engraving on the back of this watch is one of the highest compliments I ever had paid to me: "Presented to our chairman, Ralph Arnold, by the Republican County Central Committee for unselfish service. 1922-28."

### EPILOGUE

When I was ushered into the Chief's office a few days after his inauguration as President of the United States of America, it was with a peculiar mixture of feelings—satisfaction, responsibility, awe and incredulity—that I analyzed him.

"Well, Chief, I have to pinch myself to realize that this great dream of my lifetime has actually come true," was my greeting as I came toward him with outstretched hand.

"Well, son," he replied, placing his hand upon my shoulder, "you are one of those who laid the foundation stones for all this."

So was determined the title for this little article in which I have endeavored to record why, how and by whom some of the foundation stones were laid.

The rise of Herbert Hoover to the most potent position in the world has been along a path untrod by any of his predecessors. He originally had no ambition to become President; that idea originated in the minds of his friends. The political structure at the top of which he finally stood was not planned, nor was its building even so much as encouraged by him at the beginning. On the contrary, those who endeavored to involve him in the proposition of becoming a candidate for this honored office met with unmistakable

and even violent opposition from him. Herbert Hoover was nominated and elected to the Presidency as a result of the desire of the American people to have a leader chosen from among themselves, by themselves, without the aid of professional politicians, and free from obligations to them. He was chosen because he was by training and experience the man best fitted for the office in that generation.

This brief article has been written with two objectives: First, to record some of the facts surrounding the elevation of the Chief to the position which he held from 1929 to 1933; second, to share the fun that my associates and I experienced in the "Self-Kidders Club" which played no small part in this drama. By way of explanation I may say that our "club" was named and dedicated by the professional politicians who felt that we were "just kidding ourselves" into believing we were accomplishing those things that time proved we actually did accomplish. The club had a wide range of membership. It was cosmopolitan and included people in all walks of life. The letters we received, disclosed in a measure how spontaneous and unanimous was the demand for Mr. Hoover's nomination by the American people. As Mrs. Ida Koverman once aptly said, "It was our job to translate Hoover's popularity into votes." No one can deny we helped do a good job.

As I write this closing chapter, in 1955, my thoughts go back to those early days of a great friendship; back to happy hours spent with one of America's most honored and revered sons—Herbert Hoover.

Those memories are my own. They are ineffaceable. They endure as granite endures. Time itself does not obscure them.

Somewhere I have read lines something like this:

"For thoughts are things  
And their airy wings  
Are swifter than carrier dove.  
They go out from our mind  
To bring us back  
Scenes of the long ago."

Since those long-ago days, our paths have diverged, as is but natural and inevitable. But down through the years I have shared

### *Laying Foundation Stones*

the admiration which every loyal and patriotic American feels for Mr. Hoover.

Herbert Hoover is a living example for every American youth. Born into humble surroundings, orphaned at an early age, compelled to work hard from childhood, earning his way through college—that, in brief, was his boyhood. Through seemingly insurmountable obstacles, he fought on. Disappointments he had, but he persevered.

If young Herbert Hoover could do that—and win—what is to prevent any young American boy from aspiring to achieve honorable fame and greatness. Could there be anything more inspiring to struggling young manhood than Hoover's own struggle from poverty to renown?

In after life—a great mining engineer; food administrator for starving Europe; membership in the cabinets of two Presidents as Secretary of Commerce; and, finally, President of the United States. What a record! The achievement of an orphan lad!

And today—respected and honored throughout the world; his wise counsel on government problems sought by other Presidents; guide for the American people on economic, political and humanitarian issues; a strong, steady light in a darkened world—a world needing sound, dependable, healthy leadership.

To realize that it was my good fortune to have had the trusted friendship of such a man—that is my precious possession.





# Women's Rights: California 1849

*By Donald E. Hargis*



ANY ISSUES WERE DEBATED in the California Constitutional Convention, meeting at Monterey in September, 1849. While some of those problems were dismissed with little speaking, others aroused a flood of oratory, both demonstrative and fluent. One such question which was discussed at length and with enthusiasm was that of whether the property held by a woman at the time of her marriage should be reserved for her and protected from her husband by a specific article in the Constitution.<sup>1</sup> Today, such primitive guarantees and still more extensive safeguards, at which all of the delegates to the Convention of 1849 would have looked askance, have long since been provided for women. But then the XIX Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was in the distant future, and feminists were looked upon, at best, as freaks. While this point on women's rights had been resolved by 1849 in some states by legislative enactment and in a few others within their constitutions,<sup>2</sup> yet the concept was sufficiently advanced at the Monterey Convention to spur several delegates to animated discourse.

At most, standard historical works merely cite this section and list the principal issues; no one so far has analyzed the particulars: the issues, the speaking, and the speakers.<sup>3</sup> The discussion on the proposition furnishes an interesting microcosm of the full proceedings of the Convention and, as such and for the insight which it gives historically into the sociolegal problem, warrants a detailed investigation.

On September 27, 1849, the Committee on the Constitution introduced Section 13, one on women's rights, of the "Miscellaneous Provisions"; and the evening was spent debating whether it should be included in the Constitution for California.

*Women's Rights: California, 1849*

*Sec. 13.* All property, both real and personal, of the wife, owned or claimed by her before marriage, and that acquired afterwards by gift, devise, or descent, shall be her separate property, and laws shall be passed more clearly defining the rights of the wife, in relation as well to her separate property as that held in common with her husband. Laws shall also be passed providing for the registration of the wife's separate property.<sup>4</sup>

Seven of the delegates participated in this discussion. Dimmick from San José, Jones from San Joaquin [Stockton], Norton from San Francisco, and Tefft from San Luis Obispo spoke in favor of the article.<sup>5</sup> Lippitt from San Francisco advanced a substitute proposal, while Botts of Monterey opposed both the original proposition and the alternate, and Halleck from Monterey made a brief incidental argument.<sup>6</sup> As soon as the section was submitted for consideration, Lippitt moved this substitute.

Laws shall be passed more effectually securing to the wife the benefit of all property owned by her at marriage, or acquired by her afterwards, by gift, demise, or bequest, or otherwise than from her husband.<sup>7</sup>

And he, Lippitt, opened the debate, arguing for the adoption of his alternate proposal.

I think that it is a dangerous subject of experiment. I do not say that the experiment is not worth trying; I am inclined to admit that there are abuses connected with the present marriage system which need correction. What I contend against is, trying the experiment in our Constitution. This Constitution is irrevocable until the people choose to meet in Convention again. It is not so with the statute—with the law passed by the Legislature. If the law is found to be a bad one, or does not work well, if its tendency is to produce mischief, it is easy to repeal it . . . This provision, if we insert it here, will be the fundamental law of the land. It will not be, in fact, trying any experiment at all.<sup>8</sup>

Botts, attacking both Section 13 and the substitute, asserted that since the common law covered the matter completely and fairly, it should not be tampered with either in the Convention or by the Legislature.<sup>9</sup> The only counter argument, one by Tefft, was that future legislators might not hold the same opinion as the members of the Convention. "I am not willing to trust to the Legislature in this matter. It is a common cry to leave all these things to the

Legislature, assuming that we are to have a Legislature that will look upon these matters as we do."<sup>10</sup>

A second argument, related to the first, was that as the proposed article was in the civil code under which the native Californians lived, it would not be an experiment to adopt it in California. Dimmick said, "When we propose, therefore, to put it in the Constitution, we are not stepping upon untried ground. We are only reiterating that which is already the law of the country [California]."<sup>11</sup> The native Californians did not speak but were represented by Tefft and Dimmick. Tefft reasoned,

It is our duty to give a favorable consideration to any proposition . . . which deeply concerns the interests of the native Californians. It would be an unheard of invasion, not to secure and guaranty the rights of the wife to her separate property; and of all classes in California, where the civil law is the law of the land, where families have lived and died under it, where the rights of the wife are as necessary to be cared for as those of the husband, we must take into consideration the feelings of the native Californians, who have always lived under this law.<sup>12</sup>

Countering this argument, Botts said,

I would deprecate the distinction that has been drawn here between one portion of the inhabitants of California and another. I do not, in discussing any question in this body, stop to consider the claims of particular classes. All distinctions should be lost among us; I consider that we are all Californians. The question then is, what is best—what is the most desirable for the great majority of the people of California?<sup>13</sup>

And Lippitt concluded, "The general rights of property must be considered with reference to the great mass of the population—the Americans; the smaller party, the Californians, must yield."<sup>14</sup> This closed the consideration of the substitute, and the argument focused on two general issues: the common vs. the civil law and woman's need for protection.

All admitted that the issue as to whether the common or the civil law should be the basic law in California was beside the point. Norton, arguing for the article, said, "I regret that, during this discussion, gentlemen should have made this a question between the common and the civil law . . . I insist that the question has nothing to do with it; and that the whole course of the argument,

whether we are to adopt the common or civil law is totally irrelevant to the question under consideration.”<sup>15</sup> While Botts, the most active opponent, asserted, “But . . . this subject [common vs. civil law], which is extraneous to the matter under debate, . . . has been lugged in by the gentlemen across the way without reason . . .”<sup>16</sup> Nevertheless, the issue, in two parts, provided one of the main disputations of the evening.

The first question was whether a provision of the civil law should be inserted in the Constitution while the common law was adopted generally and, the second, whether the common or the civil law should be embraced exclusively. With one exception, those who discussed the first question agreed that they favored the common law but that this section of civil law still should appear in the Constitution. Dimmick argued, “I am . . . in favor of the adoption of the common law, but while we adopt that, there are certain provisions in the civil law which I prefer, and when we adopt it in the Constitution, it is no more an invasion of the common law than certain local enactments of the State.”<sup>17</sup> Norton continued, giving these alternatives, “if that law [civil] is adopted as the law of the land, there will be no necessity whatever for this provision; if not, and if the common law should be established hereafter, as I hope it will be, it is necessary, if we attempt at all to provide for the security of the wife, that we should adopt some such article as this.”<sup>18</sup> In rebuttal Botts answered that as the common law certainly would be adopted and as under it there would be sufficient protection for the wife, coupled with that given by her husband; hence, a provision of the civil law should not be inserted in the Constitution.<sup>19</sup>

In the argument on the issue of the common vs. the civil law, only Jones attacked the common law while admitting that undoubtedly it would prevail.

The Americans of this country want . . . a code of simple laws which they can understand; no common law, full of exploded principles, with nothing to recommend it but some dog latin [sic], or the opinions of some lawyer who lived a hundred years ago; they want something that the whole people can comprehend. The gentleman forgets that the law is the will of the people properly expressed, and that the people have a right to understand their own will and derive the advantage of



it without going to a lawyer to have it expounded . . . I am no opponent of the common law, nor am I an advocate of the civil law. Sir, I am an advocate of all such law as the people can understand.<sup>20</sup>

Norton and Botts were prompt to rise for the defense. Norton, who favored the section, answered,

The gentleman from San Joaquin (Mr. Jones) would make you believe that the common law is inexplicable and incomprehensible . . . I believe, sir, that there are gentlemen on this floor who are somewhat conversant with the common law; who have explored the musty volumes of the common law, and dug out of them great and glorious principles; principles upon which the Constitution of the United States is founded . . . It is entirely useless here to go against the common law.<sup>21</sup>

Botts, the only advocate of complete dependency upon the common law, managed to have the final word, an emotional and flamboyant retort.

It has been my fortune this night, for the first time in my life, to hear the common law reviled; yes, sir, that which has been the admiration of all ages, and of the able and wise and learned of all climes, has been in this House, this night, spoken of with contempt and derision. Sir, I would as soon think of slandering the mother to whom I owe my life, as I would the common law to which I owe my liberty . . . It has been said by some of the greatest civil lawyers in the world that the superior freedom of the English was attributable to the practical operation of the common law of England . . . It is our boast that we have derived our descent from them; it is our boast that we have borrowed this system from them, and made it the basis of our free institutions. And yet, it is this that is made the subject of common reviling and common sneering . . . If the gentleman [Jones] had understood the common law a little better he would have known that, while he was reviling, he was paying it the greatest compliment.<sup>22</sup>

The foregoing was extrinsic to the principal problem, as to whether women needed protection for their property and, if so, whether it should be given in the Constitution. This issue was partitioned into the following sub-questions: was there need for legal protection? should it not be provided by the husband under the common law? did not ante-nuptial contracts guarantee as much as this section? would not the section cause conflict in the married state? would it not lead to fraud and deceit? was not the marriage contract religious rather than civil and, hence, beyond legislation?

and what was the actual status of woman in relation to man? These propositions were interwoven and overlapping both in substance and in presentation.

The problem of the need for legal protection threaded through most of the dispute. It was argued that women had a right to their property and that they should be sheltered in order that their assets would not be subject to the whim of their husbands. Tefft's supporting statement was typical.

I claim that it is due to every wife, and to the children of every family, that the wife's property should be protected . . . The industrious business man, with his frugal wife, is not in any way affected by it; but if an idle, dissipated, visionary, or impractical man, brings his family to penury and want, then I say it is our duty to put this provision in the Constitution for the protection of that family who are helpless, and have no other means of subsistence.<sup>23</sup>

And, concurrently, as Norton said, in California there was a greater need than in more settled communities.

We are peculiarly [sic] situated here; in a country where wealth is acknowledged to be abundant, and where lucrative speculations are made every day; but no man can tell how long he will stand upon the pinnacle of wealth that he has reared for himself. No man can tell how soon he may tumble down from that lofty height to which he has risen within the last two years; and if, in the meantime, he takes to himself a partner, it is necessary that she should be protected against the recklessness of speculation.<sup>24</sup>

Botts, while he did not reject the idea of the need for protection, based his opposition on the contention that the protection should be provided by the husband under the common law.

Nature did what the common law has done—put her under the protection of man and it is the object of this clause to withdraw her from that protection, and put her under the protection of the law. I say, sir, the husband will take better care of the wife, provide for her better and protect her better, than the law. He who would not let the winds of heaven too rudely touch her, is her best protector.<sup>25</sup>

The proponents of the section did not deny the husband's right to shield his wife, but as Dimmick thought, both masculine shelter and that of the law were requisite.

We are told . . . that woman . . . ought to be protected by her hus-

band, who is her natural protector. That is true, sir; but is there anything in all this to impair her right of property which she possessed previous to entering into the marriage contract? I contend not. In justice to her and to her family, who may become dependent upon her, these rights should not be impaired.<sup>26</sup>

Subsidiary to the previous issue was the assertion that under common law a woman could secure her property in an ante-nuptial contract; and, therefore, as Lippitt argued, there was no need for legal action.

But there is another consideration, and that is, that there is no necessity . . . under the common law, for any such enactment or incorporation of the civil law; because . . . in every case where the wife has property before her marriage, it is competent for the parties, by an ante-nuptial contract . . . to provide for that separate property and separate control . . . so that wherever the parties please, they can so make their contract as to secure to the wife all the benefits that can result from the provision this is proposed to be inserted in the Constitution.<sup>27</sup>

Those who advocated the section made only general rebuttals, expressing disapproval of such contracts and saying that the women who needed the protection most would not think of asking for an ante-nuptial contract.<sup>28</sup> However, Botts, for a very different reason, deprecated the use of the compacts.

There was one statement of my friend from San Francisco, (Mr. Lippitt), that under the common law, ante-nuptial contracts were frequent. So far as my experience goes, they are anything but frequent. The man who lacks the spirit of a man so far as to enter into such a contract, is a *rara avis* . . .; it is a very infrequent thing to find an individual who will, of his own consent, agree to put himself in this humble position.<sup>29</sup>

Another argument against the enactment of the section was that it would cause dissent and strife in families. This proposition, highlighted by Botts, held that "There must be a head and there must be a master in every household; and . . . this plan by which you propose to make the wife independent of the husband, is contrary to the laws and provision of nature."<sup>30</sup> And, horrified, he continued that this could lead only to divorce. His ally, Lippitt, reinforced this point of view.

This enactment . . . introduces a separation of interests; and where there is a separation of interests, there must of necessity exist a contrariety

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of interests . . . Where you have a separation of property and interests in the marriage contract, the moment there is any unkind feeling, you may depend upon it, it will be kindled into a flame—it will soon show itself, and destroy the happiness of the couple.<sup>31</sup>

The defense was general and was epitomized by Tefft. "I do not, and cannot see, that it will create dissensions in families, or that it makes separate and distinct interests between man and wife. It does not interfere with the rights of those whom the law is not designed to restrain."<sup>32</sup> To which Norton added, "If this is provided for by the law of the land, the husband when he marries a wife, knows full well the rights that belong to her . . . and he has no cause to complain."<sup>33</sup>

There were those who believed that the passage of Section 13 would lead to fraud and deceit on the part of both husbands and wives. They reasoned that the husband could speculate; and if he lost his money and was in debt when the creditor came, the wife could claim all of their assets as hers before marriage, thus cheating the creditor. Botts and Lippitt both felt that this was particularly true since the passage of an act for the registration of the wife's property would be left to the Legislature and it might never enact one.<sup>34</sup> The discussion of the issue was involved and obscure, and there was no concise statement of it. The opposition simply contended that fraud would not result and—the sides reversing their fields to suit their arguments from their earlier view of legislative responsibility—that the Legislature would pass a registration act.<sup>35</sup>

The concept of the marriage vow occasioned considerable debate and a personal, verbal duel between Botts and Jones. Was the marriage contract a religious bond which should not and could not be disturbed by law, or was it merely a legal tie which could be legislated upon as could any civil contract? Botts begged, pleaded, and lyrically cajoled in his defense of the ceremony as a religious rite.

Sir, in the marriage contract, the woman, in the language of the protestant ceremony, takes her husband for better, for worse; that is the position in which she voluntarily places herself, and it is not for you to withdraw her from it. I beg you, I entreat you, not to lay the rude hand of legislation upon this beautiful, and poetical position . . . There is not only much poetry and beauty in it, sir, but there is much of sound



sense and reason in it . . . "By marriage" says Blackstone, "the husband and wife are one person in law." This is but another mode of repeating the declaration of the Holy Book, that they are flesh of one flesh, and bone of bone. That is the principle . . . of the bible [sic]. It is a principle . . . not only of poetry, but of wisdom, of truth, of justice . . . This . . . is the character of that holy ceremony which gentlemen have considered a mere money copartnership.<sup>36</sup>

Jones, the chief protagonist of the view that marriage was a civil contract, became vehement and sarcastic in his reply.

What under the laws of this country and under the laws of all civilized nations, is the marriage contract? . . . I consider the marriage contract as a civil partnership—a civil contract. It is not that sacrament which the gentleman would make it; and as to all this talk about the poesy of the marriage contract, I did not come here to advocate poesy. Gentlemen may preach poesy to me; let them convince me by any principle of reason . . . it will have a much stronger influence upon my feelings than those rhapsodies about poesy. Sir, the marriage contract is a civil contract—not a sacrament.<sup>37</sup>

Although no delegate even suggested that woman was man's compeer, there was a running battle through all of the discourse as to woman's precise status. Botts was appalled to think that anyone might entertain the idea that she could be equal to man.

Sir, the God of nature made woman frail, lovely, dependent . . . The only despotism on earth that I would advocate, is the despotism of the husband . . . This doctrine of woman's rights, is the doctrine of those mental hermaphrodites, Abby Folsom, Fanny Wright, and the rest of that tribe. I entreat, sir, that no such clause may be put in this Constitution . . . It is often the case that the union takes place between a man of little or no property, and a woman of immense landed estate. But do you mean to say that, under such circumstances, the husband must remain a dependant upon his wife? a dependant upon her bounty? would you, in short, make Prince Albert's of us all?<sup>38</sup>

With this Lippitt agreed and summed up his position in these words: ". . . the principle of setting the wife up as an equal, in everything whatever, to the husband—in raising her from the condition of head clerk to partner, the very principle, Mr. Chairman, is contrary to nature, and contrary to the real interests of the married state."<sup>39</sup>

Those on the opposite side believe that, while ". . . woman is

a frail being; that she is formed by nature to obey . . .",<sup>40</sup> still she was not a slave to man. but did, as Dimmick avowed, have some rights.

The time was, sir, when woman was considered an inferior being; but as knowledge has become more generally diffused, as the world has become more enlightened, as the influence of free and liberal principles has extended among the nations of the earth, the rights of woman have become generally recognized . . . As the world has advanced in civilization, her social position has been the subject of increased considerations, and by general consent of all intelligent men, she is now regarded as entitled to many of the rights in her peculiar sphere which were formerly considered as belonging only to man.<sup>41</sup>

Tefft struck at the heart of the matter psychologically. "I believe that much opposition to the protection of the separate property of the wife arises from a degree of false pride on the part of man; placing it in the position of a distinct and separate interest on the part of the wife, and regarding anything that can bear such a construction as a reproach upon himself."<sup>42</sup>

Jones made this a personal quarrel between himself and Botts.

What is the principle so much glorified, but that the husband shall be a despot, and the wife shall have no right but such as he chooses to award her. It had its origin in a barbarous age, when the wife was considered in the light of a menial, and had no rights. But in this age of civilization, it has been found that the wife has certain rights . . . The barbarous principles of the early ages have been done away with from time to time.

One completely irrelevant, if rather unique and somewhat practical argument by Halleck, his sole contribution, brought a severe rebuke from Botts for its facetiousness.

I am not wedded . . . as yet to a woman; but having some hopes that sometime or other I may be wedded . . . I shall advocate this section in the Constitution, and I would call upon all the bachelors in this Convention to vote for it. I do not think we can offer a greater inducement for women of fortune to come to California. It is the very best provision to get us wives that we can introduce into the Constitution.<sup>44</sup>

While each speaker touched on all of the major issues and on some of the secondary ones, he concentrated on one or two central

points. At the same time, there were differences too on organization, style, and delivery from delegate to delegate.

Lippitt gave two speeches in which he attempted to secure the adoption of his substitute, argued against special consideration for native Californians, and contended that conflict between husband and wife would ensue. He opened each speech with a statement of his position and closed with a concise summary. His deductive argument, based on terse declarations of viewpoint, was close-knit and occasionally epitomized in an epigram. The development was by reasoning, with limited use of rhetorical question and illustration. His sentences were simple and direct with clear, didactic wording.

Tefft, in one short talk, centered his attention on securing the provision for the native Californians. He began by narrowing the focus of debate and concluded with a summary sentence. The argument, which was partly deductive rebuttal and in which he made specific application of general principles, was developed through reasoning in blunt, straightforward assertions. His organization was obvious, the wording plain, and the sentences extremely precise.

Dimmick, with his speech, countered the contentions on the questions of fraud and conflict, while advancing his case for the rights of women. He started and stopped without introduction or conclusion. In a frank, deductive rebuttal he presented opposition arguments and answered them in brief, syllogistic statements. His argument was compact with some rhetorical question and pathos. While the structure was varied, the wording was matter-of-fact; and the sentences mainly short and simple.

Within one moderately long speech Norton asserted that the section should be adopted without regard to the common vs. the civil law, and he concentrated on the peculiar need in California. The introduction refocused on central issues, and the conclusion made a personal appeal. In his arguments, developed both inductively and deductively, he usually established a general rule and reasoned closely from it to a specific case, frequently using a method of alternatives. The presentation was explicit and included occasional figurative language and the only humor in the debate. The structure was diverse, even involved, but with a personal, direct,



conversational touch, particularly in the wording, and this made it interesting.<sup>45</sup>

Jones gave one long speech which served to cover most of the issues. Particularly, he attacked the common law, the marriage vow as a religious rite, and the notion that women were without rights. He began with an apology and closed with a weak re-statement. A major portion of his case was direct rebuttal based on strong, concise statements of position from which he reasoned deductively, frequently by asking and answering rhetorical questions. His organization was explicit, if somewhat episodic. The support, chiefly by reasoning, but with some interesting figurative language, included biting sarcasm and irony. He used an admixture of sentence types with plain, energetic wording, and this made for a clear-cut style. In delivery Jones was conversational, "an eloquent, fluent . . . speaker [who was] ready and effective in debate."<sup>46</sup>

Botts, the most loquacious speaker here as in the whole Convention, in two orations said something about everything.<sup>47</sup> He centered on arguing that sufficient protection was assured under the common law, adding words on the marriage vow as a religious rite, the natural dominance of man over woman, the superiority of the common law, the defects of ante-nuptial contracts, and the possibilities for fraud. Both speeches opened with artificial apologies and closed with vivid emotional appeals. He reasoned deductively within a structure which was disjunctive; and he developed his ideas with logical argument, rhetorical question, authority, figurative language, and ethical and pathetic appeals. Sarcasm and invective were notable features, and epigrams were used frequently for summary. His sentences were chiefly periodic, flowing, and involved, while the wording was elaborate and flowery, but usually comprehensible. "Fluent and graceful"<sup>48</sup> in delivery, Botts had "great powers of debate."<sup>49</sup>

Certain considerations were more influential than others in determining the eventual action. Small regard was paid to the substitute measure. Except for Lippitt, the delegates limited their choice either to the proposed section or to uninstructed legislative action. As it was evident that certain delegates were desirous to make concessions to the feelings of the native Californians when the



matter was not too vital, the argument that the section should be included for their benefit was regarded seriously.

The discussion of the philosophic aspects of the common vs. the civil law, admittedly irrelevant, was used as a device for emotional release and as an opportunity for eulogy rather than as a real issue. But, unquestionably, the problem of whether it was legal to insert a provision of the civil law in the Constitution while the common law was embraced generally was pondered by the representatives.

The fundamental question of whether women needed the protection was of grave concern to all delegates. It appeared by itself in different guises, as well as being incorporated within other arguments. Ante-nuptial contracts, strife and dissent in families, the possibilities of fraud, and the marriage vow were sub-issues to it. The colloquy on the relative status of man and woman was but part of the determination of need. Although it is impossible to discover except by conjecture, certainly in settling the issue, the prejudices held previous to the debate were of an importance equal to the arguments advanced.

It would be interesting to ascertain the individual positions taken in the final vote, but as there was no roll call we know only that the substitute was defeated and the section tentatively adopted.<sup>50</sup> Later, it was incorporated into the finished Constitution in the form in which it was originally presented.<sup>51</sup>

### III

The speaking ranged from Norton's direct, simple presentation to Botts' involved, ostentatious efforts. Even by contemporary critical standards the former, with his open, conversational approach, could be commended; however, the speech of the latter, an example of high-style nineteenth century elocution—excessive, exhibitionary, and circumlocutious—today seems to be vague, immoderate, and artificial. There was a diversity of type between those limits, with Jones, perhaps exemplifying the best of the era: a combination of lucid organization, straightforward statement, graceful figure, and diversified language. This sample, evaluated against the speak-

ing on all of the issues by all of the delegates, is a representative specimen of the Convention oratory.

Surely in the debate the delegates broached all of the potentially inherent issues. In their exposition of the socio-legal question the speakers expressed the common sentiment that woman was neither the physical nor the mental equal of man, and hence she could not be man's social, business, or legal peer. While certain delegates recognized that the dark age of woman's slavery was past, yet even they were unable to repudiate completely the social inheritance of that doctrine: women were not men, and what was proposed was a concession from superior to inferior beings. Botts represented the reactionary minority which clung to the theory of natural dominance and the romantic concept of man's ever-loving protection. On the other side, Dimmick and Jones suggested a gradually evolving independence for woman, which permitted the enactment at that time.

This discussion on women's rights is a graphic commentary on the weakness and the strength of the democratic process: time consuming, disjunctive, excursionary, and yet representative, thorough, honest, and well-advised. While the debate can be regarded as but a minor event in the long history of the development of human rights and only an incidental scrimmage in the battle for equality of the sexes, it illustrates that, given the opportunity for free thought and unhampered speech, even in such an unusual pioneer society as existed in California in 1849, man can explore an issue and frequently reach a decision which implies social progress.

#### NOTES

1. In January, 1850, women comprised not more than 6% of the total population of California and less than 3% of the American population. Based on Browne, J.R., *The Debates in the Convention of California* (Washington, D.C., 1850), "Appendix," pp. xxii & xxiii.
2. See: Poore, B.P., *The Federal & State Constitutions, Colonial Charters, & other Organic Laws*, 2nd ed., I & II (Washington, D.C., 1878).
3. See: Goodwin, C., *The Establishment of State Government in California* (New York, 1914), pp. 217-8; Eldredge, Z.S., *History of California*, III (New York, 1915), p. 299; Bancroft, H.H., *Works*, XXIII, "History of California," VI (San Francisco, 1888), p. 298; and Hunt, R. D., "The Genesis of California's First Constitution." *Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science*, 13th ser., VIII (Baltimore, 1895), pp. 44-5.
4. Browne, *op. cit.*, p. 257.

5. *Kimball H. Dimmick*, a native of Connecticut and a lawyer in New York, came to California in 1847 as a captain in the army. He was alcalde of San Jose in 1849. After the Convention he was district attorney and a judge in Los Angeles until his death in 1861.  
*James M. Jones* was born in Kentucky and reared in Louisiana. He landed in California in July, 1849, and was a lawyer and a United States district judge before he died in 1851.  
*Myron Norton* of New York, a lawyer, arrived in 1848 in San Francisco, where he helped to organize the city civil government. From 1850 until he died in 1871, he was a judge and a member of the city council in Los Angeles.  
*Henry A. Tefft* traveled to California in 1849 from Wisconsin. Until his death in 1852 he practiced law and was a judge in Santa Barbara.
6. *Francis J. Lippitt* came to California in 1847 from Rhode Island. He was a lawyer in San Francisco and a Union officer in the Civil War. He died in 1882.  
*Charles T. Botts* was born in Virginia, where he was a lawyer, farmer, and farm editor. In 1848 he arrived in California as the keeper of naval stores in Monterey. After the Convention he practiced law, was a district judge, a newspaper editor, and state printer. He died in 1884.  
*Henry W. Halleck* was a native of New York and a graduate of West Point. He came to California in 1847 as a lieutenant of engineers and acted as Secretary of State and Auditor for the military government of 1849. He was Chief of Staff for the Union Army from 1862 to 1865 and died in 1872.  
The delegates in general apparently recognized that the question, while broad in social implication, was in essence legalistic; and so they left the discussion to the lawyers.
7. Browne, *op. cit.*, p. 257.
8. *Ibid.*, pp. 257-8.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 259. The arguments on the various issues have been reorganized to follow in logical sequence, as the speaking on a single question sometimes threaded through the entire debate.
10. *Ibid.*, p. 258.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 262.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 258; cf. pp. 262-3.
13. *Ibid.*, p. 259.
14. *Ibid.*, p. 260.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 266.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 268.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 263.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 266.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 268.
20. *Ibid.*, pp. 263-4.
21. *Ibid.*, pp. 266-7.
22. *Ibid.*, p. 268.
23. *Ibid.*, pp. 258-9.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 266.
25. *Ibid.*, p. 259.
26. *Ibid.*, p. 263.
27. *Ibid.*, p. 261.
28. Cf., *ibid.*, pp. 265 & 267.
29. *Ibid.*, pp. 267-8.
30. *Ibid.*, p. 260.
31. *Ibid.*, p. 261.
32. *Ibid.*, p. 258.
33. *Ibid.*, p. 267.
34. *Ibid.*, pp. 262 & 269.
35. *Ibid.*, p. 263.
36. *Ibid.*, pp. 259 & 267.
37. *Ibid.*, p. 265.
38. *Ibid.*, pp. 259 & 260.
39. *Ibid.*, p. 261.
40. *Ibid.*, p. 263.
41. *Ibid.*
42. *Ibid.*, p. 259.
43. *Ibid.*, p. 264.
44. *Ibid.*, p. 259.
45. No direct evidence is available on the way in which these four delegates delivered their speeches. The structure and style used by Lippitt, Tefft, and Dimmick suggests that the delivery may have been direct and forceful, while Norton's wording, particularly, hints at a conversational approach.
46. Cosgrave, G., "James McHall Jones, the Judge That Never Presided," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, XX, 2 (June, 1941), p. 101 & 107.
47. "Botts of Monterey spoke on every subject, and sometimes narrowly escaped being tiresome, though about things of real importance he reasoned forcefully." Eldredge, *op. cit.*, p. 286.
48. Scherer, J.A.B., *Thirty-first Star* (New York, 1942), p. 157.
49. "Memoirs of Hon. William M. Gwin," ed. by W. H. Ellison, *California Historical Society Quarterly*, XIX, 1 (March, 1940), p. 7. As Halleck's one remark was not a speech an analysis cannot be made of it.
50. Browne, *op. cit.*, p. 269.
51. *Ibid.*, pp. 363 & 459. In the final arrangement of the Miscellaneous Provisions this section was renumbered from 13 to 14. *Ibid.*, "Appendix," p. xi. In the present Constitution a similar provision appears as Section 8 of Article XX.

# The Bootlegger Era in Southern California

*By Wendell E. Harmon*



ONE OF THE MOST UNIQUE social reforms ever attempted in America followed the setting sun across the country on the sixteenth day of January, 1920. At precisely one minute past midnight on the seventeenth the Eighteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution went into effect and the prohibition era began. While the last goodbyes to John Barleycorn were being spoken in New York, Californians still had three hours to perform their obsequies. But eventually midnight and one minute more came to the West Coast, and a dry decade closed down upon the country. The thirty-sixth state, Nebraska, had ratified the Amendment just one year previously, and the Volstead Act had been passed by Congress over President Wilson's veto on October 28, 1919.

In Los Angeles an all-day service was held on the sixteenth in the Trinity Methodist Church to commemorate the passing of drink and the saloon. Those who had more reason to regret the passing than to commemorate it were unusually quiet. "The streets of the city were very quiet last night," reported the *Times* the next morning, "considering that it was the grand finale. Many parties, at which the flowing bowl was the big feature, were held in homes in all sections, but there was nothing like a public demonstration. At out-of-town cafes and clubs, however, things were different; there the expiring demon still had a kick, and some wild scenes marked his passing."<sup>1</sup>

The imminence of prohibition caused a feverish scurrying about by many Californians to lay in supplies for the long dry spell



ahead. All day on the sixteenth, floods of bottled and barreled goods, products of American stills, wineries, and breweries, poured into the border town of Calexico and on into Mexico where they could be stored or disposed of. Up to four P.M. on that day one hundred carloads of whiskey, beer, and wine had been received at that port of entry, and the border inspectors there had to devote all their time to checking the exports.<sup>2</sup>

Once the lid snapped shut, enforcement of the Volstead Act was in the hands of a Prohibition Commissioner, working under the Treasury Department and with headquarters in Washington, D.C. Under him were a number of superintendents, each of whom was in charge of an area consisting of several states. Each state also had its own director under whom there were a number of lesser administrators.

Before six months of prohibition had elapsed, it was quite apparent that the federal government had bitten off a bigger bite than it could comfortably chew—at least with the resources at hand. Congress virtually washed its hands of the whole matter,<sup>3</sup> and the Prohibition Bureau was left with a woefully inadequate budget. The Bureau averaged only 3,060 agents for the years 1920-1925, including clerks and stenographers, and was operating on an annual budget of around \$10,000,000. With these resources, it was theoretically the duty of the government to prosecute 40,000 cases in the federal courts each year, to guard 18,000 miles of seacoast and border, to safeguard against diversion of 57,000,000 gallons of industrial alcohol, and to prevent the manufacture of intoxicating liquor in the kitchens or the basements of 20,000,000 homes.<sup>4</sup>

The problems of enforcement in California during the prohibition era were similar to those which existed throughout the nation. The force of federal agents available for the job was small, and there was the perennial difficulty of obtaining the cooperation of local authorities. Added to this was the fact that federal courts could not possibly handle all prohibition cases, and the calendars of state and local courts were crowded beyond their capacities. Before the year 1920 ended, it was necessary for Paul F. Myers, assistant internal revenue commissioner, to come to San Francisco and Los Angeles to help enforce the law. Upon his arrival on the

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West Coast he said: "We are not going to play any favorites. As long as the prohibition law remains on the statute books it is going to be enforced, and there is going to be a better functioning on the part of all concerned."<sup>5</sup> Early in 1922 Prohibition Commissioner R. A. Haynes announced from Washington a shake-up in the California enforcement organization and the dismissal of the state director for ineffectiveness."<sup>6</sup>

The lax California enforcement situation forced President Coolidge in 1926 to issue an executive order empowering the employment of state, county, and municipal officers as federal prohibition agents. Proposed by Col. Ned Green, federal administrator for California, and applicable in all states, this order created a storm of protest in Congress where it was held to be a violation of states' rights. Green explained that the arrangement was necessary in California in order that local officers might cross their regular jurisdictional lines to enforce more adequately the law, since there were not always federal officers available.<sup>7</sup>

Despite Green's explanation, protests against the President's order continued. Former Senator Albert J. Beveridge observed that "it is obvious that if local officers can be made national officers to execute one national law in a particular locality they can be made agents of a general and centralized government to enforce other laws in every locality."<sup>8</sup> President Coolidge remained firm, and finally the Judiciary Committees of both the House and Senate agreed that the order was constitutional. But it was a hollow victory for the White House. No state officials were appointed as agents of the federal government and none were even recommended for appointment. President Coolidge's order was filed away as No. 4439 and the whole question was forgotten.<sup>9</sup>

Most of the states, including California, were either unwilling or unable to spend large amounts of money on prohibition enforcement. It was not until 1923 that the Bureau of Census could make a separate listing of the totals each state paid out for that purpose, and in that year the total of all forty-eight states was just \$548,620. This amount was reported by only twenty-one states and California was among the remaining states which presumably expended nothing specifically for enforcement.<sup>10</sup> It was not until 1929, when the

states' total was \$796,201, that California was listed as spending \$1,767. In 1930 that figure jumped to \$69,338 and in 1931 it rose further to \$73,373.<sup>11</sup>

Some aid in enforcement came from the local level. By January, 1922, a total of 56 California cities and towns had "Little Volstead" ordinances, and twenty-six counties had similar laws.<sup>12</sup> These statutes made it obligatory on the part of local officers to enforce the prohibition laws in their districts, and they also provided the municipality or county with the opportunity of acquiring a sizeable revenue in fines. In January, 1921, the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors as well as the Los Angeles City Council adopted such little Volstead Acts. The county statute prohibited the sale and distribution of liquor and the manufacture of home brew. Liquor could not be carried on the person without a legal permit, and permits could be granted only if the applicant had a legitimate use for intoxicating liquors. Penalty for violation of the ordinance was a fine not exceeding \$300 or imprisonment not exceeding ninety days.<sup>13</sup> The Los Angeles city ordinance was admittedly for the purpose of raising revenue for the city treasury from fines, and the chief of police announced that it would be enforced even to the close examination of soft drink stands.<sup>14</sup>

California law enforcement officers had to face the same problems as did their colleagues in other states in stemming the tide of illicit liquor. Whether it was the use of illegal doctors' prescriptions, smuggling, or illicit distillation, no method of obtaining the prohibited drink escaped those who were intent on having it. Enforcement difficulties were magnified in California, however, because of a number of factors: the long coast line which virtually defied effective patrol, the presence of a long-established wine industry, close proximity to the Mexican border, a large percentage of foreign population, and a large number of pleasure-seeking tourists. It is impossible to say from what source Californians obtained most of their bootleg liquor during prohibition days, but a study of the cases which found their way into the courts or the newspapers leave one with the definite impression that the two principal pipelines came from the bootleg ships plying up and down the coast and from the backyard stills.

## *The Bootlegger Era in Southern California*

The saga of rum-running along the Pacific Coast rivaled in color and excitement the era of the daring pirate and his plundering escapades. The hazards for both the rum-runner and the pirate were great, but so were the rewards. Both considered themselves professionals and looked with high disdain upon amateurs who would attempt to compete with them. And just as the pirate of old had to be constantly on the alert against other buccanneers, the rum-runner had to be ever on guard against the hijacker.

The home base for the great majority of the coastal bootleg trade was Vancouver, British Columbia, where large export houses made no pretense of any other business than to send shiploads of liquor to the thirsting Americans down the coast. The liquor laws of British Columbia were not designed intentionally to allow business of this type to flourish, but loopholes in the statutes and law enforcement permitted it. In the province itself, liquor was dispensed through state liquor stores, but exporters could legally ship their merchandise to Mexico. Very few of the departing cargoes ever reached Mexico, however, and it was common knowledge that the holds were being emptied along the way. The situation could exist only because the exporters and their clique were firmly entrenched in provincial politics and defied any attempt to curtail their activities.

By 1926 smuggling from Canada had actually become one of the leading industries of the state. The *Los Angeles Times*, in a series of articles on the subject, reported that 150,000 cases of Scotch, valued at more than \$10,000,000, were being sent into Southern California each year.<sup>15</sup> Along the coast gin was retailing at \$30 a case and brandy at \$6 a gallon; Scotch, bourbon and cognac could be brought in from the sea for a price that ranged from \$90 to \$125 per case.<sup>16</sup> Canadian whiskey brokers maintained agents in all major Pacific Coast towns, and orders could be taken, payments made, and deliveries promised in any of them. Market quotations, probable average loss, and the expense per case of landing, fixing officials, and buying transportation were all matters of open discussion.

The importers were divided into several distinct classes. At the top was a small group of men who could afford enough equip-



ment not only to transport the cargoes on the water but to see that they reached their destination on land safely. This meant that their equipment included an ocean-going boat, several shore boats for landing purposes, a fleet of trucks and fast re-built passenger cars, a good safe spot in which to store the liquor, and a good "mob" to protect their landings and transportation. The second class included those who bought "over the rail." They would make a deal with the first class and agree to accept delivery over the ship's rail. Most of them owned their own speed boats and once they had accepted delivery of their shipment, they were responsible for landing it without being detected by prohibition agents—which usually was not too difficult. At the bottom of the hierarchy were the hijackers who vied with the authorities to see who could first intercept shipments landing on the beaches. It was the losses to the hijackers and agents, plus the expense of bribing officials, paying property owners for good beach spots on which to unload, and the operation of the boats which brought the price of imported goods to a high level.

Four of the biggest bootlegging operators along the coast were Tony Cornero, Melvin Schouweiler, Tony Paragini, and Bill Nard, all wealthy enough that they were in the top class of rum-runners. King of the four was Cornero who, with his brother Frank, operated equipment valued at \$105,000, exclusive of the lumber schooner which itself could carry 7,000 cases of liquor a trip.

These big-time exporters, and others like them, handled their goods mainly through the Vancouver firm known as Consolidated Exporters of Canada. Their ships would leave port with papers that called for a landing in Mexico or Central America, but usually only the ship's papers would reach the listed port. They would be cleared and returned by a bribed port official, leaving the vessel itself free to terminate its voyage at the most likely spot along the American coast. As a laden ship proceeded southward, prospective buyers would be notified by wireless and speed boats would meet the vessel thirty to sixty miles off shore. These boats would bring the cases in to a point just outside the breakers, where they would be transferred to still smaller craft and pushed on to the beach. There armed men would guard the approaches as the shipment was loaded into trucks. Favorite spots for operations of this type were

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Oxnard, Seal Beach, Del Mar, Oceanside, Laguna, Santa Barbara and Long Beach.<sup>17</sup>

Even if the shipment reached the beach safely, there was no assurance that it would arrive at its intended destination, for it was at this point that the hijacker often came prominently into the picture. It was claimed that one truckload of liquor was hijacked on the way from San Pedro to Los Angeles, within fifteen minutes it was hijacked again from the first hijacker, and then recovered by the original owners half an hour later just as the truck reached Los Angeles.<sup>18</sup> Activities of this type led to gang warfare in Southern California, and by 1926 the *Times* estimated that about twenty men had been shot in rum wars, about half of whom died. This situation continued until the 1930s when the New York *Times* correspondent wrote that California was wide open to the racketeer and gangster. "Alcohol is cheap and plentiful; hijacking is a favorite outdoor sport; gang murders are becoming episodic, and the police, fettered by political interference, espionage and other harassments, seem to be helpless."<sup>19</sup>

The federal agents and local police were not entirely helpless to stem the flow of liquor, but their task was an immense one. During 1926 a corps of only fifty federal officers had the responsibility of watching over the conduct of 2,350,000 persons in the Southern California area of approximately 198,000 square miles. They were called upon to patrol 539 miles of coastline and 500 miles of Mexican border, and in addition they had to check monthly on the stocks of about 1,500 drug stores and keep track of about 3,000,000 gallons of wine stored in bonded warehouses.<sup>20</sup>

The Los Angeles Police Department, which had three complete units devoted exclusively to the prevention and detection of imported whiskey, boasted one of the best law enforcement records in the Southland. This was largely due to a system instituted by Chief of Police James E. Davis known as "rousting." When the word spread that rousting was to begin, the police would go out on the streets of Los Angeles with pictures of the known offenders and arrest as many as possible. While evidence on those arrested would be admittedly inconclusive, they would be jailed until their attorneys could appear with writs for their release. This process would

be repeated almost daily until sometimes a suspected offender might be arrested as many as six times in one week. Each time he would spend from a few hours to several days in jail, and before long many of them began to leave town.<sup>21</sup>

A second major source of supply of contraband liquor for thirsty Californians was the illicit still. How many of these were in operation at one time or another during the prohibition era across the state is, of course, purely speculative; but any ambitious entrepreneur who wanted to set up one usually found a good market for his product. A commercial still representing an investment of \$500 could produce from fifty to one hundred gallons of liquor daily at a cost of about fifty cents a gallon. The product could be sold for three or four dollars a gallon at or near the place of manufacture. At minimum profit a still operating at full capacity would pay for itself in four days. There was little to lose in having it seized, for another could be purchased and paid for within a short time.<sup>22</sup>

The official records provide little help in determining just how widespread was illegal distilling in California, but they are interesting to note. In 1927 prohibition authorities seized 185 distilleries and 572 stills which were operating illegally. The total value of property seized during that year was \$168,265. In subsequent years the number of stills taken in raids dropped materially until by 1932 it was down to 209; but in that year the total value of seized property was up to \$3,743,474.<sup>23</sup>

Statistics fail, however, to describe what was actually transpiring in this interesting and dramatic branch of the bootlegging industry. One of the first major raids in Southern California was made in January, 1921, against the lair of suspected moonshiners in the San Fernando Valley. Agents found two large stills, thirty-six barrels of wine, several jugs of "jackass brandy," and about 3,000 gallons of mash. Before they could reach this loot, however, the officers were forced to make their way around 2,300 sacks of potatoes which had been banked in the front compartment of the basement where the still and supplies were located.<sup>24</sup> The first big raid under the Wright Act (state enforcement statute adopted in 1922) in Southern California netted six offenders, \$25,000 worth of illicit property, and a still which agents described as the most per-

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fect ever confiscated to that time. The shack in which the paraphernalia was located was completely darkened from outside light, and the inside walls were tightly covered with red carpeting to render the establishment smoke and smell proof.<sup>25</sup>

In July, 1923, prohibition authorities uncovered what was believed to be the largest still discovered in the state to that time. It was located twenty feet below the surface in the Wilmington area and consisted of a labyrinth of secret passages, stills, mash vats, pipes, electric wiring and machinery. The cave, which also contained 400 gallons of whiskey along with all the equipment, was located by tracing a six-inch pipe from the top of a nearby windmill to the side of a barn in the rear of a residence. The pipe had been run high on the windmill to dispel distillery fumes which would give the location away.<sup>26</sup>

Finding distilling equipment in a cave was nothing new to dry agents. The *Times*, in reporting the seizure of a still in a tent, was led to remark: "Stills have been found in houses, in garages, in subterranean passages, in the woods, among the eucalyptus trees, in canyons, stables, etc., but this is the first time one has been located in a tent."<sup>27</sup> A short time later the *Times* could add a dairy farm to its list, for a still was found on such a farm near El Centro. The apparatus had been dismantled and hidden at various places around the premises under hay and dirt.<sup>28</sup>

One of the most amusing raids on record took place in August, 1924, when agents entered a house on West 78th Street, Los Angeles. The owner, a Mr. Bishop, told the inquiring officers that he "might have a drop or two around," whereupon they promptly found a 100-gallon still in full operation. Mrs. Bishop demanded immediately of her husband how "that thing got into the house." Among the supplies on hand were 450 gallons of whiskey, 1,000 gallons of whiskey mash, and 2,100 pounds of sugar. When questioned about the sugar, Mrs. Bishop told the officers that she had been expecting guests and had simply laid in an extra supply.<sup>29</sup>

In addition to rum-running and moonshining there were other leaks in the prohibition dike. One of these was the unlawful diversion of sacramental wine. The National Prohibition Act specifically exempted sacramental wine from its provisions with the statement



that "nothing in this title shall be held to apply to the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation, possession, or distribution of wine for sacramental purposes."<sup>30</sup> This was one of the legitimate purposes for which the wineries of California and the other states could operate, but all such wine produced had to go into bonded government warehouses where it was closely supervised. Special permits were required to remove these goods, and permits could be obtained only by priests, rabbis, or ministers duly authorized by their ecclesiastical heads.

Prohibition was not a year old before this procedure was being exploited by those desperate for strong drink. In the fall of 1920 it was necessary for the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to issue an order restricting the issuance of wine for Jewish purposes to rabbis with actual congregations. Prior to this, it had been possible for a rabbi to obtain wine without proof that he had a legitimate congregation, and it was charged that some of them had secured the drink for their own use or to sell at speculative prices.<sup>31</sup>

The Jewish community of Los Angeles resented the implications of the commissioner's directive, and issued a statement which pointed out that "the Jewish community at large is especially incensed that the Jewish good name should be prostituted to such purposes, and is therefor especially interested in the proper enforcement of the law."<sup>32</sup> Rumors persisted, however, that bogus Jewish congregations were being organized for the sole purpose of securing wine withdrawals,<sup>33</sup> and in March of 1921 an actual case of fraud came to light. The congregation of the Talmud Torah Synagogue of Los Angeles voted to dismiss Rabbi B. Gardner, and on departing the rabbi declared: "They kept calling for wine, wine, and more wine and, because I could not and would not supply it in the quantities which they required, they tried to break up the congregation. Then I resigned." The president of the synagogue explained that while the group had many fine people there were others who joined only for the purpose of getting wine, and when they could not get all they wanted, "they started a rumpus." Rabbi Gardner pointed out that when prohibition began the congregation had 180 members, but that it had subsequently increased by about one thousand members in fourteen months.<sup>34</sup>

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Whether it was going into legitimate or illegitimate channels, a large amount of wine was being released in California for sacramental purposes. In 1922 the total was 131,184 gallons, but in 1925 the figure dropped sharply to 45,757, the approximate level at which it remained until the end of prohibition. In withdrawals for this purpose, California ranked third in most years behind New York and Pennsylvania.<sup>35</sup>

Another legitimate reason for the withdrawals of whiskey and wine from bonded storehouses was for filling physicians' prescriptions and for the use of hospitals and clinics. There was widespread violation throughout the country of this provision as well, and it was claimed that many doctors did little but write whiskey, brandy, and wine prescriptions.<sup>36</sup> There was no substantial evidence of flagrant prescription frauds in California, but ailing Californians apparently had no trouble in getting their favorite stimulants. During the prohibition era California doctors obtained an average of about 120,000 gallons of whiskey, 1,000 gallons of brandy, and 5,000 gallons of wine annually for their patients.<sup>37</sup>

Whatever their source of supply, famished Southern Californians, like citizens in other parts of the country, did not have to go long with their thirst unquenched during the 1920's. In 1926 a New York *Times* correspondent wrote from Southern California that "at no time since prohibition went into effect has there been any difficulty here about securing whatever in the liquid line may be desired by anybody. While prices are approximately double what they were in pre-Volstead days, the supply is equal to all demands." Although the open saloon had disappeared, wines and liquors were served almost universally in the homes of the fashionable well-to-do element just as in the old days. The Southland was particularly hospitable to the large conventions which came to Los Angeles, and seldom did a visitor find it necessary to go thirsty. "The good settlers hold up their hands in horror," said the New York *Times*, "and the traffic goes on much as it does throughout the rest of the country."<sup>38</sup>

### NOTES

1. Los Angeles *Times*, January 17, 1920.
2. *Ibid.*, January 17, 1920.

3. Only six times in six months was prohibition referred to, even briefly, on the floor of either house of Congress. Charles Merz, *The Dry Decade* (Garden City, N.Y., 1931), 77.
4. *Ibid.*, 102.
5. Los Angeles *Times*, October 27, 1920.
6. New York *Times*, March 2, 1922.
7. *Ibid.*, May 26, 1926.
8. Merz, *The Dry Decade*, 192.
9. *Ibid.*, 193.
10. Department of Commerce, Bureau of the Census, *Financial Statistics of the States, 1923* (Washington, 1925), 90-91.
11. *Ibid.*, 1929 (Washington, 1931), 80-81; 1930 (Washington, 1932), 80-81; 1931 (Washington, 1933), 74-75. It may be assumed that the state's regular law enforcement and judicial expenditures included some for prohibition enforcement, but this is the amount specifically listed for that purpose.
12. *The California Liberator*, January, 1922.
13. Los Angeles *Times*, January 8, 1921.
14. *Ibid.*, January 15, 1921.
15. *Ibid.*, August 1, 1926.
16. New York *Times*, March 22, 1926.
17. Los Angeles *Times*, August 8, 1926. As late as 1953 a nine-year-old boy uncovered a quart bottle of fine Canadian whiskey while digging in the sand on the beach at Ventura. He showed it to his father, who returned to the spot to dig up seven more bottles. "It's very good stuff," the father reported. *Ibid.*, November 22, 1953.
18. *Ibid.*, August 15, 1926.
19. New York *Times*, April 5, 1931.
20. Los Angeles *Times*, August 26, 1926.
21. *Ibid.*, August 22, 1926.
22. Merz, *The Dry Decade*, 69.
23. Treasury Department, Bureau of Industrial Alcohol, *Statistics Concerning Intoxicating Liquors*, Vols. for 1927-1933 (Washington, 1928-1933).
24. Los Angeles *Times*, January 24, 1921.
25. *Ibid.*, January 8, 1923.
26. *Ibid.*, July 20, 1923.
27. *Ibid.*, January 4, 1923.
28. *Ibid.*, October 8, 1923.
29. *Ibid.*, August 13, 1924.
30. *Statutes at Large*, 66 Cong. (1918-1921), XIL, Pt. 1, 311.
31. Los Angeles *Times*, October 31, 1920.
32. *Ibid.*, October 31, 1920.
33. Los Angeles *Evening Herald*, October 30, 1920.
34. Los Angeles *Times*, March 13, 1921.
35. *Statistics Concerning Intoxicating Liquors, 1932*, 53.
36. Los Angeles *Times*, November 12, 1920.
37. See *Statistics Concerning Intoxicating Liquors*, Vols. for 1927-1933.
38. New York *Times*, December 26, 1926; July 14, 1929.



# The Story of Rancho San Pasqual

*By W. W. Robinson*



RANCHO SAN PASQUAL, in the San Gabriel Valley of Southern California, has two claims to fame: it has had famous owners and it is the setting for a famous city, Pasadena. Not to mention the added fact that within its boundaries are also included Altadena and parts of South Pasadena and San Marino.

When the San Gabriel Mission was founded in 1771, it took jurisdiction over the whole San Gabriel Valley, and much more, an area of sunny slopes and oak forests, crossed by many streams. Early in its story the priests of the mission must have found it not only convenient but necessary to name these streams of water which had their origin in the boundary mountains on the north and which meandered over the land that was beginning to support the cattle and sheep of the missionary establishment. At least by April of 1776 the mountains themselves had been named the San Gabriel, for Father Garcés, missionary to the Indians, so referred to them in the diary telling of his departure from San Gabriel in that month and year.

Probably the streams, too, had been named by that time, and largely for saints—as was the custom. Among them was the San José on the east, named for Saint Joseph, a name that many years later would be applied to a *rancho*—Rancho San José, site of Pomona—through which it flowed. Then there was a second little stream, the Santa Anita—a diminutive of Santa Ana, another place name (from Saint Anne)—which one day would give its name to Rancho Santa Anita. Finally, we have a third stream, the San Pasqual—probably named for Saint Paschal, a Franciscan of the

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[EDITOR'S NOTE: "*The Story of Rancho San Pasqual*" was a talk given by Mr. Robinson, September 29, 1955, on the occasion of the annual *First Century Families' Luncheon*.]



sixteenth century who had been canonized in 1690. The name of this stream, perhaps little more than a creek when it was not a dry *arroyo*, was given to a great *rancho*—Rancho San Pasqual—part of whose original southeasterly boundary, as shown by the *rancho's* *diseno* or map, was the *cañada* or canyon formed by the stream. "Cañada de San Pasqual" appears, too, in recorded documents.

So we have no need to seek flaming poppy fields at Easter time or imaginary stories of pious soldiers struck dumb by the golden sight of such fields, for an explanation of how Rancho San Pasqual got its name!

San Pasqual's *rancho* period began when secularization, abrupt and revolutionary, came to San Gabriel, as it did to all the California missions. San Gabriel Mission passed to secular administration in 1834. The Mission became a parish church and its rich holdings in land were made available to private ownership. The San Gabriel Valley was ripe for a land rush.

Already one far-seeing individual was looking hopefully on San Pasqual. He was 63-year-old Juan Mariné, a Spanish ex-artilleryman who had come to California in 1795 and had retired from the Army in 1821 with the rank of lieutenant. He was a resident at Mission San Gabriel and a close friend of Father Sanchez, the popular and successful head of the Mission. Probably he was the old Spaniard whom Hugo Reid referred to in his essays on the Indians as having "large commercial relations with the mission." Reid gives an excellent picture of the two men, Mariné and Sanchez, both of whom loved good eating, hearty living, and practical jokes.

Juan Mariné not only looked on San Pasqual, he became the first individual to own it—if we except the King of Spain himself. His petition for the land was filed with the governor a month before secularization was decreed, so he had the jump on other possible petitioners. Furthermore, he had just married a widow, Eulalia Perez de Guillen, elderly nurse and midwife at San Gabriel, a woman destined to become famous for her age. This match, we may well believe, was made by practical-minded Father Sanchez, for by it San Gabriel could satisfy its obligations to the hardworking Eulalia. Mariné's petition was approved by the priests who succeeded Sanchez—Father Esténega—by the *ayuntamiento* or council

## *The Story of Rancho San Pasqual*

of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, by the *alcalde* or mayor, by Governor Figueroa, and by the California Assembly. He got his grant in 1835.

It is rather interesting to note that Rancho San Pasqual was given to a *friend* of San Gabriel Mission. The other *ranchos* immediately around San Gabriel—not only the Santa Anita, but about a dozen others so small they are seldom shown on maps—also went to friends of the Mission. These friends were men who had married Mission women (like Hugo Reid and Michael White) or certain Indians who had worked for the Mission (like Victoria Reid, Prospero, and Simeon), to the *mayordomo*, to the *zanjero*, and to others. So far as I know, a similar situation existed in no other place in California—a tribute, I should think, to the outstanding influence of the priest, Tomas Esténeza, of whom not too much is known but who remained at the Mission during the whole time from secularization through the end of the Mexican period in 1846.

Juan Mariné, first owner of the Rincón of San Pasqual, as the *ranchito* was first called, lived but three years after becoming a *ranchero*. Actually he was no *ranchero* at all. He failed—and his heirs failed—to use and cultivate San Pasqual. Under Mexican law, and the provisions of Mariné's deed itself, that failure could void the grant. The *ranchito* was open to "denouncement" by another party. And that is what happened. José Perez, a cousin of Mariné's widow, and his friend, Enrique Sepúlveda, claimed San Pasqual because it had been abandoned, and got it in 1840. These two men took possession, with their horses and cattle, and each built a small adobe house near the Arroyo Seco. Bad luck overtook these *rancheros*. Perez died in 1841 and his widow took the cattle and horses to the *ranchito* of her father, the famous Antonio María Lugo. Partner Sepúlveda was ready to quit when he suffered the misfortune of having his stock stolen, scattered, or killed.

Now comes into the picture an ambitious young officer in the Mexican Army. His name was Manuel Garfias and he had come to California with Micheltorena in 1842. Wanting a *ranchito* of his own, he paid Sepúlveda \$70 for his adobe house on the San Pasqual. For an additional \$100 he bought the other house from the widow

of Perez. Then he went ahead with "denouncement" proceedings, for Rancho San Pasqual had been abandoned.

In November of 1843 Garfias received a formal grant from Governor Micheltorena, his military commander, and took possession of San Pasqual.

During the Mexican War, Garfias served his country in its conflict with the Americans and participated in a number of assignments and engagements including the battle on the San Gabriel River and Paso de Bartola. Rancho San Pasqual figured slightly in the war, for the Californians under General Flores, after being defeated at the Battle of La Mesa (January 9, 1847), withdrew to Rancho San Pasqual and to the south slope of Raymond Hill. Here was a stream of water, an oak grove, and a building (built probably by Garfias rather than José Perez) now known as the Flores Adobe. Sentinel horsemen were posted on top of Raymond Hill to watch for the coming of the United States troops. The Americans, however, ignored them; instead of marching to Pasadena they went into Los Angeles with flags flying and took formal possession.

With the collapse of the California defense, Generals Flores and Castro, who believed that better terms from the Americans could be obtained in their absence, left California and went to Sonora. They were accompanied by Garfias and a few others. The lure of California, however, was too strong for the owner of the Rancho San Pasqual, and before long he was back home, to become a solid Los Angeles citizen. He ran for office and became county treasurer. He acquired a town house at Main and First streets and ultimately a country home on San Pasqual not far from the springs, called to this day Garfias Springs, that are near the edge of Arroyo Seco. His wife, Luisa, was a member of the Ávila family and his capable mother-in-law, Doña Encarnacion Sepúlveda de Ávila, ran the *rancho*.

When the United States land commissioners arrived in Los Angeles in August, 1852, they were greeted most warmly, especially by those who expected to file their claims to *ranchos*. Manuel Garfias, claimant to San Pasqual, gave a grand ball in their honor at his town house.

The Garfias claim was filed in September of 1852 before the



## *The Story of Rancho San Pasqual*

commission whose job it was to segregate privately held lands from public domain. Don Manuel had a wealth of evidence and he was backed up by such eminent southlanders as Pío Pico, José Antonio Carrillo, Manuel Dominguez, Antonio F. Coronel, Ygnacio del Valle, Fernando Sepúlveda, Augustin Olvera, Abel Stearns, and José del Carmen Lugo. The land commissioners upheld Garfias. So did the district court. An official survey was made showing the *rancho* to contain 13,693.33 acres. Finally the United States patent, over the name of Abraham Lincoln, was issued on April 3, 1863.

Meanwhile things were happening on Rancho San Pasqual. The adobe home of Garfias, overlooking Arroyo Seco, had become famous as one of the finest country establishments in Southern California. It was a favorite spot for the Los Angeles friends of the owner. Judge Benjamin S. Eaton described it as being "a one and a half story adobe building, with walls two feet thick, all nicely plastered inside and out, and had an ample corridor extending all around. It had board floors, and boasted of green blinds—a rare thing in those days. This structure cost \$5,000—in fact it cost Garfias his ranch, for he had to borrow money to built it.

The Garfias adobe, built in the fantastic boom of the 1850's, was torn down in another fantastic boom—that of the 1880's—to make way for a subdivision.

Rancho San Pasqual was not the best of cattle ranges and probably Garfias liked politics and the social life better than the cattle business. Also, when cattle prices began dropping in the latter 1850's, the owner of San Pasqual, like most other *rancheros*, found he had over-extended himself—as we would say today. His borrowings, at the usual five per cent a month rate, forced him to sacrifice his property.

So, in January of 1859, when Manuel Garfias executed a deed of Rancho San Pasqual to a new owner for \$1,800—\$1,800 for more than 13,000 acres of land—we see Garfias passing out of the picture as a *ranchero*. Later, though, he would have other interesting activities, such as representing the United States as consul at Mazatlan. He spent his last years in Mexico City where he went to live with his sons and where he died in 1896 or 1897. Today his great, great grandchildren (Claudia Marie Alvarez and Richard Garfias Al-

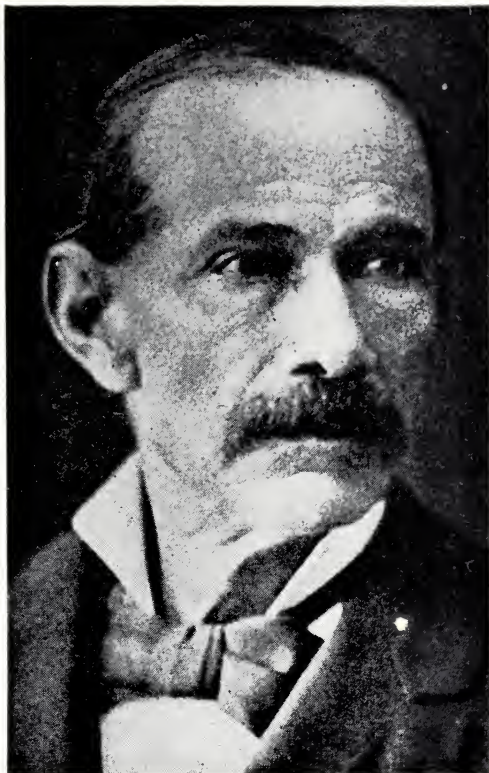


varez) live in Alhambra, California. Another descendant, a grandson Manuel Henry Garfias, who lives in El Monte, has old family albums and a picture of the original Manuel himself.

The new owner of San Pasqual was a man whose name is familiar to most Pasadenans and to all Southern Californians who are interested in their historic heritage. With Benjamin Davis Wilson, Rancho San Pasqual entered into its modern, its strictly American, its subdivision period.

Wilson, whose name is given to a Southern California mountain, canyon, lake, ditch, trail, avenue, and school, and whose descendants include a grandson, General George S. Patton of World War II fame, and a granddaughter, Anne Wilson Patton, had come to Los Angeles in 1841 with the Workman-Rowland party from New Mexico, the first group of settlers from the United States to enter California by the southern route. In New Mexico he had lived for a number of years as trapper and trader. In California he bought part of the Jurupa Rancho, in the Riverside area, a frontier outpost, and married Ramona Yorba, daughter of a neighbor ranchero. Already he was "Don Benito." He quickly became active in Southland affairs, helped to avert bloodshed at Cahuenga when Californians were having a regional dispute, was taken prisoner at the battle of El Chino in 1846, acquired fame as a bear hunter, and also as a man who could deal fairly with Indians.

In the early 1850's Don Benito began buying land in the immediate vicinity of Rancho San Pasqual, as well as elsewhere. His transactions are shown in the County Recorder's Office, Los Angeles. From Victoria Reid he acquired the small, 128-acre *rancho* known as the Huerta de Guati, together with the *rancho's* wine vats, barrels, and distilling apparatus. Her deed was executed in 1854. Here in a delightful setting Wilson built his home overlooking the lake of various names and whose site now is in Lacy Park, San Marino. This became known as the Lake Vineyard Ranch and here its owner had his vineyards. Then in 1858 he bought a 700-acre *rancho* adjoining on the west. This was the Cañada de San Pasqual, sometimes known as the San Pasqualita, and was immediately southeast of the San Pasqual of Garfias. This small *rancho* had originally



DON MANUEL GARFIAS  
*of Rancho San Pasqual*

*Photo taken Jan. 1, 1882, in Mexico City; shown  
through the courtesy of his grandson  
M. H. Garfias of El Monte*



## *The Story of Rancho San Pasqual*

been granted to Francisco Villa, *zanjero* of the Mission. Finally, in 1859, as a man who would increasingly acquire fame as an orchardist, vineyardist, vintner, and subdivider, rather than as a stockraiser, Wilson expanded his land holdings north to include the huge 13,000-acre Rancho San Pasqual.

A year later Wilson sold Dr. John S. Griffin a half interest in this *rancho*. Dr. Griffin had come to California with Kearny, as chief medical officer with the American Army and became one of California's outstanding medical men. His published journal of his trip west, including the account of the Battle of San Pasqual in San Diego County, is extremely important.

From time to time Wilson and Griffin sold parts of their rancho and in 1873 the two men partitioned San Pasqual. Griffin, who wished to sell out to colonists (the "Indiana Colony"), took about 4,000 acres. Wilson, who wanted to hold on, took 1,600 acres. The Griffin portion included the original site of Pasadena, which first saw the light of day in January, 1874. The Wilson portion, the part east of Fair Oaks Avenue, was subdivided soon afterward. Don Benito, an honored Southlander, died in March of 1878.

Colonization, subdivision, and urbanization ended rancho days on San Pasqual, but the memories of those days and of the men and women who were direct participants are very much with us. Today, especially, we salute them and their fortunate descendants.



# Dance of Death

*By Johns H. Harrington*



HOWL LIKE A WOLF, mingled with wails and cries, echoed through the silent oaks, dark gray in the gathering dusk. Almost naked Indians sat on a row of fresh graves, and it was from these aborigines that the strange sounds came, in mourning for the dead.

Such was the eyewitness description by Stephen Powers of the California Indian Mourning Ceremony. Powers saw these rites about 1850. It was the type of ritual which must have been performed near the village site at Big Tujunga Wash, evidences of which were uncovered by the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.

After the preliminary howls and other vocal laments, the Indians would rise to chant as they circled around a giant, crackling fire. All through the night the funeral dance would continue, its participants becoming more frenzied. Quantities of ornaments, food, clothing, and basketry were cast into the flames for use of the dead in the after-world. Beforehand these had been hung on a semi-circle of leafless boughs or small trees, ten or fifteen feet high.

"In the center of the semi-circle burns the great fire, and hard by are the graves," explained Powers. On the opposite side of the fire from the gifts for the dead was a screen made of bushes with blankets hung over them to reflect the firelight on the offerings, which "glittered like a row of Christmas trees."

Once morning came, and the glowing embers themselves were dead, the charred remnants of the gifts which had been thrown in the fire to join the deceased members of the tribe were buried. It was such a cache which was excavated for the Southwest Museum by fifty-seven volunteers. Edwin F. Walker of the museum was in charge of the project, conducted near the junction of Big Tujunga

## *Dance of Death*

and Little Tujunga Washes and not far from the modern swimming pool at Pop's Willow Lake. Discoverers of the site were Mr. and Mrs. W. Loyd McFee, who unearthed large fragments of stone bowls while enlarging their garden. They had the presence of mind to call in experienced archeologists, or the value of the find might have been lost.

Many hundred fire-stained fragments of stone bowls, mortars, and implements were found. Scattered fragments of cremated human bones, burned whale bones possibly used as grave markers, ceremonial stone knives, and tobacco pipes of soapstone also were uncovered as part of the collection of artifacts yielded by the deposit.

"The site was 38 feet long, exactly north and south, by 10 to 14 feet wide," reported Walker. This was a relatively small space for the number of articles which were unearthed. There were even clusters of the fragments from fifteen skeletons, and twenty-six bowls containing remnants of cremations. According to Indian tradition, the bowls had been ceremonially "killed" either by knocking a small hole in the bottom or side, or by nicking the rim. The "wounds" had been painted.

Based on some pieces of Arizona Hohokam pottery found in the digging, a possible date for the remains of this "Dance of Death" burial ground was put at approximately 700 A.D. Exactly how the pottery from Arizona happened to be in the undisturbed deposit is a mystery, although it could have come into the hands of the local Indians by trade.

There were many whom Walker thanked for painstakingly assisting him in unearthing the discoveries. Among the fifty-seven volunteers were Will Baughman, a mining engineer who surveyed the site; Sergeant Charles E. Ernst, a wounded veteran of the Italian campaign in World War II who improvised sun awnings for the protection of the excavators; Mrs. Helen Bonzi, Miss Myrtle McIntyre, and Clarence Ellsworth, artists, who made drawings and photographs of the finds *in situ*; and Miss Anne Wyman, who also acted as a photographer and who was secretary of the expedition.

As a result of the work, Southwestern archeologists have a much better conception of the prehistoric burial practices in this region.

When white men first arrived in California, the Mourning Ceremony, with its "Dance of Death" or "Weeping Dance," was practiced in an area about 500 miles long, the habitat of many different tribes. In Southern California the rites were generally an anniversary of the death of prominent members of the village.

In the words of Stephen Powers, the Indians performing the "Dance of Death" with frenzied yells and whoops, "leaped in the flickering firelight like demons—a terrible spectacle."



# Historical Profiles

*By Marco R. Newmark*

## XXIV

STEPHEN M. WHITE

Stephen M. White was born in San Francisco on January 19, 1853. A few months following his birth his family moved to Pajaro Valley in the Santa Cruz country. Some years later he went to a private school in Oakland. At the age of sixteen he enrolled in St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, and a year and a half after this he entered Santa Clara College, from which he graduated in 1871. He next studied law about three years with Watsonville and Santa Cruz law firms, and was admitted to the bar on April 14, 1874, in which year he moved to Los Angeles.

On June 5, 1883, he married Hortense Sacriste. He served as District Attorney of Los Angeles County, and in 1886 he was elected to represent the Los Angeles District in the state senate. In 1892, he was a delegate to the national Democratic convention which nominated Grover Cleveland for the presidency.

He represented California in the United States Senate, March 4, 1893-March 4, 1899. It was during his term in the upper house that he won the historic fight that resulted in the selection of San Pedro Bay as the port of Los Angeles. The principal events in this contest are of the utmost interest.

The first appropriation for the improvement of the bay was obtained by Congressman Sherman D. Houghton in 1871. It was for the building of a breakwater connecting Dead Man's Island (razed in 1925 for the widening of the channel) with Rattlesnake Island (later renamed Terminal Island) and another breakwater was to be built from Timm's Point, a narrow bench of land below the San Pedro bluff.



Nothing much more was done until the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce was organized in 1888 and immediately initiated a campaign to obtain appropriations for a large free harbor. As a result of its influence, a Government Board of Engineers was appointed to examine the coast for the purpose of determining the best location for a large harbor.

Senator Leland Stanford, President of the Southern Pacific, favored San Pedro and built a wharf at Timm's Point. At about this time, both the Santa Fe and the Redondo Railway Company constructed wharves at Redondo. The resulting competition caused a heavy loss of the business of the Southern Pacific.

With the hope of diverting shipping to Santa Monica Bay and so offsetting this loss, Collis P. Huntington, who had succeeded Stanford as President of the Southern Pacific, built, in 1891, a forty-six hundred foot wharf at a point not far from Santa Monica Canyon, and also extended to the "Long Wharf," as it was called, the Los Angeles and Independence Railroad, which ran between Los Angeles and Santa Monica, and which the Southern Pacific had acquired in 1878 from a group headed by John P. Jones (United States Senator from Nevada, March 3, 1873-March 3, 1903.)

The report of the previously mentioned Government Board of Engineers, which was rendered to Congress in 1892, unequivocally favored San Pedro. Accordingly, a bill appropriating \$250,000 for an improvement was proposed, but Senator Charles Felton of Nevada, realizing that the bill could not be passed, suggested that a new board of engineers be appointed. The report of this board also favored San Pedro and recommended an appropriation of \$2,900,000.

At this time the Free Harbor League, which had been organized to fight for San Pedro, proposed that an appropriation of \$400,000 be made for a partial improvement.

A few weeks later \$400,000 was appropriated, but the people of Los Angeles were astounded to learn that, in addition, \$2,900,000 had been allotted for the improvement of Santa Monica Bay! It was in this crisis that the genius, tremendous determination and oratorical power of Senator White saved the seemingly hopeless situation. After a hard fight he succeeded in having the appropri-

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ation of \$2,900,000 continued but to be expended as should be determined by another board of engineers.

The report was filed in March, 1897, and again San Pedro was favored. Victory appeared to have been won but one last obstacle presented itself. Secretary of War Russell A. Alger managed to have the appropriation held up for one more year, but the patience of the people of the state and of President William McKinley became exhausted; all opposition was finally overcome and the contract for the work was awarded to Heldmaier and Neu of Chicago.

Senator White did not long survive this greatest of his triumphs. On February 21, 1901, as he lay dying, he said to friends gathered about the bedside, "The evidence is all in. The case will be submitted."

So passed into history one whose name will always be remembered with deep reverence and gratitude by the people of California.

\* \* \*

## XXV

### FRANK WIGGINS

Frank Wiggins was born in Richmond, Indiana, on November 8, 1849.

He was of Quaker ancestry. He attended Quaker schools—private schools, in the Friends Academy and in Earlham College.

Thereafter, he was employed successively in a grocery and in a saddlery business, in Richmond, and in the mid-1870's he became a member of the firm of Wiggins and Company, dealers in hardware and manufacturers of harness and saddles.

In 1885 Wiggins married a relative, Amanda P. Wiggins; and after her death some years later he married Miss Anne Baillie.

In 1886 he came to Los Angeles in a last desperate hope of being cured of tuberculosis. The hope was fulfilled and in gratitude he made up his mind that he would become a booster of Southern California.

In 1890 he was made Superintendent of Exhibits of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. He immediately began sending

exhibits of Southern California products to fairs around the country.

In 1897, when Charles Dwight Willard, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, was appointed General Manager of the *Los Angeles Express*, Wiggins was elected to succeed him.

He not only continued to send our products to fairs but in addition he induced the Santa Fe to advertise Southern California and persuaded the press of the country to proclaim the salubrity of our climate and the advantages of this section for the establishing of industries.

Wiggins was really a master booster.

At this period the much larger city of San Francisco used to make fun of Los Angeles and tell jokes about her. One of these jokes concerned a reprobate who died in Seattle. All the ministers there knew the evil life he had led and refused to take the funeral. Then, the people there found out that a Los Angeles minister was visiting their town. They asked him to officiate and he accepted. When the sad moment came he stood beside the casket and said, "My friends, I did not know our dear departed. I can therefore say nothing about him, but I *would* like to say a few words about Los Angeles."

Frank Wiggins was one of the first advocates of a good roads system in California, and he was one of the most active and influential citizens in the fight for a free port for Los Angeles and in the campaign for the building of the Los Angeles Aqueduct.

On September 25, 1924, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins left for a month's vacation. On October 2, a telegram was received from Panama stating that they were having a fine trip and were feeling fine. On October 16 a cable from Havana announced that the travelers were leaving for home that day.

But Frank Wiggins was destined never again to see Los Angeles. On October 18 came the shocking news that he had suddenly died on the ship, *en route* for home.

The obituary resolutions passed by the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce on October 30 afford eloquent testimony to his genius, his personality, his accomplishments and to the deep affection in which he was held:

"For more than a quarter of a century, each page of the history



*—Photo courtesy Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce*

FRANK WIGGINS





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of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce is illuminated with the name of a devoted man—Frank Wiggins.

“From 1890 to 1897, he served as Superintendent of Exhibits and achieved singular success. In the latter years, he assumed also the duties of the Secretary. He, it was, who devised unique and effective means of advertising climatic conditions and agricultural possibilities of Southern California.

“At home, here in our midst, he was the gallant chieftain, the dauntless knight—around whom rallied the financial, industrial, commercial and civic leaders, for every worthwhile cause and for every lofty purpose.

“He lived to see good roads where there had been country lanes; a deep water harbor replace a mud flat; a world commerce supplant a lightered trade; and a mountain river tunneled down to add copious flow to a measuring stream.

“And now his book of life is closed. Those pages which only he turned with grace and charm, with rare and gentle touch, are now part of an open book in his eternity.

“May his memory never fade in this fair land, which he loved and served so faithfully and well.”

\* \* \*

## XXVI

### JAMES B. WINSTON

James B. Winston was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, on May 26, 1820. He received his M.D. degree from the medical department of the University of Virginia in 1839; and after practicing his profession for a decade in Virginia and then in Kentucky, came to Los Angeles in 1849.

From about 1853 until 1859 he and Alpheus P. Hodges conducted the old, historic Bella Union Hotel under the firm name of Winston and Hodges; and it was during their ownership that extensive improvements were made and a second story and balcony were added.

During this decade Dr. Winston was a member of a voluntary

vigilance committee known as the Rangers, which was organized to assist in the suppression of a crime wave at that time.

A man of charming personality, he was a social leader of the little town in his bachelor days. When he and his fellow gallants decided that it was time to have a dance, the members of the arrangement committee, of which he was chairman, would pass around the hat for the wherewithal to pay for the candles, the musicians and the rent of the hall, usually the Widow Blair's residence on Main Street, opposite the Bella Union.

These parties were very proper affairs indeed. Every young lady was well chaperoned and the refreshments rarely consisted of more than lemonade and *olla* water.

These "rollicking" days came to an end on December 4, 1860. On that date James B. Winston was united in marriage to Margarita Bandini, daughter of Juan Bandini and maternal great-granddaughter of José Dario Arguello, Governor of California, 1814-1815.

Dr. Winston was prominent in the civic life of the city. He served on the council, 1861-1862; on the board of health, 1862-1863; on the council again, 1863-1864, and as Health Officer, 1879-1883.

On July 7, 1887, some three years after his death on September 9, 1884, the council passed an ordinance changing the name of Ogier Lane, on which his residence had been located, to Winston Street.

Thus, has been perpetuated the name of one of Los Angeles' most beloved pioneers.

\* \* \*

## XXVII

### MICHEL LEVY

Michel Levy was born in Licheim, France, on February 18, 1834. In 1850, he came to Winnemucca, Nevada. This little mining town is high up in the mountains and at least when he lived there was consequently snowbound during the winter months, so that no vehicles could reach it from below. The merchants there were therefore compelled to lay in a supply of merchandise to take care of their regular customers during the cold season. In this con-

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nection occurred two incidents which it may be of interest to relate:

One winter a young man rode up to Levy's store; hitched his horse to the hitching post; entered the store, and said to Levy, "My name is Sam Clemens. I am going prospecting for gold for two or three months and would like to buy a fifty-pound sack of flour." Levy refused the request for the reason just stated. The young man, however, pleaded and pleaded, no doubt weaving into his argument a bit of humor of which, incidentally, Levy had an abundant share. In the end the proprietor relented. He told Clemens that he lived in the back of the store and that if he would come around at midnight and knock at the back door he would sell him a sack of flour, and added that it was very confidential and he would not want anybody to find out about it. A few days later he saw Clemens walking down the street. Approaching him he said, "I thought you were going prospecting for gold." He replied, "I did intend to but I sold the flour for some mining stock."

The other incident was as follows: In the old days, as is well known, the neighbors of the storekeepers were wont to gather in each other's stores to talk about various matters of interest or perhaps, to hold a meeting. One day, in the midst of winter, a destitute family came to Winnemucca and the townspeople permitted them to occupy an abandoned miner's cabin and feeling sorry for them, called a meeting in Levy's store to discuss their sad plight. The Indians were allowed to attend these meetings but were compelled to stand against the wall on the side of the store opposite the wood stove.

At the meeting about the destitute family—recalling Mark Twain's famous observation concerning the weather—everybody talked about it but nobody did anything about it. When the speeches were ended an Indian strode with great dignity over to the stove; threw his hat to the floor, and said, "I so sorry. How sorry you?" as a result of this appeal several hundred dollars were collected.

In 1868 Levy came to Los Angeles and established a liquor business in the old Downey Block.

On April 12, 1870, he married Miss Rebecca Lewin. Five children were born to them. Two died in infancy. Those who survived are Hortense, who is the widow of the late Lemuel Goldwater;



Therese, who was for a number of years prominent in the welfare affairs of the city, and Isaac O. Levy, who, until he retired in 1955, was President of the Behrendt-Levy Insurance Company.

Michel Levy was a member of the Los Angeles County Pioneer Society (no longer in existence). Because it so well reflects his personality we will now quote a passage from *The Los Angeles Pioneer Society*, published in 1923:

"He had many friends and was widely known for his happy good-nature and his spirit of impartial justice. Many disputes were referred to him for settlement, the contestants always being content to abide by "Mike" Levy's decisions."

Mr. Levy passed away on March 22, 1905.

\* \* \*

## XXVIII

### WILLIAM G. KERCKHOFF

William G. Kerckhoff was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, on March 30, 1856. He was educated in the public schools of his native city and then attended a gymnasium (equivalent to our high school and junior college) in Lingen, Germany.

During the revolution of 1848 the family had emigrated to the United States and his father, George Kerckhoff, established a wholesale business in Terre Haute. In 1875 he came to Sacramento. From there he went to San Francisco and later to San Jose. In the winter of that year the family came to Los Angeles.

William Kerckhoff came to Los Angeles after completing school in Germany, in the fall of 1878. He purchased an interest in the lumber business of J. G. Jackson and the firm of Jackson, Kerckhoff and Cuzner was founded. The business later became the Kerckhoff-Cuzner Mill and Lumber Company.

Kerckhoff married Miss Louise Eshman on November 13, 1883.

In 1887 the company built the steamer Pasadena to be used in the carrying of lumber. This was the first ocean-going vessel in the United States to use oil for fuel. At that time the officials in the

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Revenue Department were opposed to the use of fuel oil. Kerckhoff went to Washington and succeeded in having a special act of Congress passed, which gave the company the right to use oil for fuel for the steamer. The company also became heavily interested in timber lands and saw mills through the purchase of a large interest in the Gardner Mill Company of Gardiner, Oregon.

In 1891 Kerckhoff, Melville G. Eshman, M. Dodsworth, Henry O'Melveny, Abraham Haas and Kaspere Cohn organized the Azusa Ice and Cold Storage Company.

In 1897 Kerckhoff and Allen C. Balch organized the San Gabriel Power Company, the first plant was built on the lower San Gabriel River. A transmission line was built to Los Angeles and also a distributing system. This was the first hydro-electric current brought to Los Angeles. Somewhat later Henry E. Huntington joined in the enterprise when the properties of the San Gabriel Power Company were transferred to the newly organized Pacific Light and Power Company, which, in turn, was succeeded by the Pacific Light and Power Corporation of which Kerckhoff was president.

Many years later a railroad sixty miles in length was built to the most rugged part of the Sierra Nevadas. A great dam one hundred twenty feet high, at an elevation of seven thousand feet was created. This dam is Huntington Lake, a summer resort for thousands of residents of the San Joaquin Valley.

Under the presidency of Kerckhoff the Pacific Light and Power Corporation acquired the City Gas Company of Los Angeles, later renamed Southern California Gas Company.

In 1913 Kerckhoff, Allen C. Balch, Abraham Haas and Kaspar Cohn separated their interests in the Pacific Light and Power Corporation, Henry E. Huntington retaining the Pacific Light and Power Corporation and Kerckhoff and his associates took over the Southern California Gas Company and the Midway Gas Company.

In addition to holding the presidency of the Southern California Gas Company and the San Joaquin Light and Power Corporation, Kerckhoff was President of Kerckhoff-Cuzner Mills and Lumber Company, the Fresno Farms Company and the South Coast Land Company.

For seven years he served as a commissioner to manage Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Kerckhoff passed away on February 2, 1929.

\* \* \*

## XXIX

### MISS MARY FOY

Samuel Calvert Foy was born in Washington, D.C. on September 23, 1830. Soon after the death of his father in 1833 the family went to Kentucky and Samuel Foy spent some time successively in Cincinnati, Ohio and Natchez, Mississippi, until June 1852. In that month he came to California, and after his arrival in San Francisco, he went to the mines on the Feather River. A short time later he went to Sacramento and then to the Douglas Flat mines; and in January, 1854, he established his residence in Los Angeles. Here he opened a harness shop and in the next year his brother John became associated with him.

In May, 1856, he turned his attention to the cattle business. He drove his cattle up to the San Joaquin River, near Stockton, and he lived alternately there and in Los Angeles.

On October 7, 1860, he married Miss Lucinda Macy, daughter of Dr. Obed Macy, who took a prominent part in the civic affairs of the city. Ten children were born to them. Four have passed away. Those who have survived are Florence (Mrs. Remington Olmstead); Alma, widow of the late District Attorney, Thomas Lee Woolwine; Edna (Mrs. Otto H. Neher); and Miss Mary Foy.

Miss Foy has had a distinguished career. After she finished public school she attended high school, from which she graduated in June, 1879. She served as City Librarian from September 1, 1880, until the spring of 1884. Concerning the manner in which she performed her duties I glean the following from the records of the library: "She had a fund of common sense and thorough business methods, which enabled her to fill the position most effectively."

In further testimony we quote Charles F. Lummis, who was city librarian, 1905-March 1, 1910: "She was the first person in



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Los Angeles to grasp the privileges and responsibilities of the librarianship. So far as actual interest and use go, perhaps this public institution is now a great one. It never had a more useful activity than it had in the hands of Miss Foy."

Following her term as librarian she attended Normal School, from which she graduated in December, 1885. After graduation she taught for six months in what was known as the Alameda School District, which was located between Long Beach and Downey. She then served for one year as Principal of the Duarte High School. In the fall of 1888, she taught in the Eighth Street School, located at the northwest corner of Eighth Street and Grand Avenue; and in 1889, she was Principal of the Seventh Street School, which was located at the southwest corner of Seventh and Lemon Streets. (Later, the name of Lemon Street was changed to Wilson Street).

In 1880, Miss Foy and Henry W. O'Melveny organized the Los Angeles High School Alumni Association. The circumstances were as follows:

The state constitution of 1849 provided for financial aid to the high schools of the State, but in the constitution of 1879, this aid was withdrawn. L. D. Smith, principal of the high school, then came to Miss Foy and told her that because of this there was serious danger that the high school would be compelled to go out of existence. In this emergency an election was called to determine whether the citizens favored the granting of aid to the high school. The alumni association conducted a campaign to mould public opinion in favor of the school. The vote was favorable and the school was saved.

In 1893, Miss Foy was an instructor in the English department of the Los Angeles High School. In that year she obtained a leave of absence and in 1898, she returned to her position in the high school.

In 1939, Miss Foy organized Past Century families. Those invited to attend are descendants of pioneers who came to Los Angeles previous to 1900. The gatherings take place every September. The principal purpose is to inspire those who have memories of early California, especially Los Angeles, to make a record of those



recollections for the benefit of historians. Miss Foy herself, is setting the example. She is assiduously engaged, every day, in recording her own recollections of the early days.

At the annual gatherings of Past Century Families there is much good fellowship, an exchange of reminiscences and a speaker is asked to deliver an address on some historical subject on which he is an authority.

Miss Foy presided at the gatherings until late in 1954, when she asked Mrs. Charles M. Masson to take her place. This she did as a courtesy to Mrs. Masson because of the fact that she had been Miss Foy's right hand in arranging the gatherings of Past Century Families.

Miss Foy was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco in 1920. Miss Foy has a record of public service of which all who know what she has accomplished may well be proud—and are.

\* \* \*

XXX

KASPARE COHN

Kaspare Cohn, a nephew of Harris Newmark, was born in Loebau, West Prussia, on June 14, 1839. He attended school in his native town, and in 1859 he came to Los Angeles. He was employed in a store which Newmark had in Fort Tejon. In 1864, he gave up his position and went to Red Bluff, where he opened a store; and, after two years, he returned to Los Angeles.

He married Miss Hulda Newmark on July 17, 1873. Six children were born to them. Five have passed away. The surviving child is Ray, the wife of Ben R. Meyer, President of the Union Bank and Trust Company. His career as a merchant and his part in the founding of Montebello are related in the biographical sketch of Harris Newmark in *The Quarterly* for June, 1955.

He was well-known for his many contributions to philanthropic causes, the most outstanding of which, perhaps, was his participa-

### *Historical Profiles*

tion in the founding of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. In 1901 Jacob Schlesinger saw the need for an abode for the care of victims of tuberculosis. In the beginning there was much opposition to such a project. It was feared that a tubercular institution would attract too many consumptives to Southern California; but before the end of the year Schlesinger overcame the opposition, and, in 1902, Cohn, who had been converted to the idea, offered a two-story house at 1443 Carroll Avenue to be converted into a hospital. The offer was accepted; funds were raised for equipment, and the Kaspere Cohn Hospital, as it was named, was dedicated on September 21, 1902.

In 1909 neighbors complained at the idea of having a tubercular hospital within the city limits. As a result, a new hospital was built at 3742 Stephenson Avenue, at that time beyond the city limits. (On May 2, 1932, the name of Stephenson Avenue was changed to Whittier Boulevard. The location is now within the city limits). The hospital was dedicated in 1910.

In 1924 it was realized that a larger and better equipped hospital was needed. Funds were raised and a new hospital was built at 4833 Fountain Avenue. On August 4, 1929, at the request of Mr. Cohn's family, the name was changed to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. It was dedicated on May 10, 1930. Since then the hospital has been greatly enlarged; more modern methods have been introduced, and a clinic and other departments have been added.

Cohn was the founder of the Union Bank and Trust Company. The story of this important financial institution is an interesting one. In 1914 Cohn was owner of the firm of K. Cohn and Company, dealers in wool. The entire community had the greatest confidence in Cohn's integrity. Some of the ranchers who shared this opinion were wont to deposit their money with the firm for safekeeping. One day in 1914 the State Bank Commissioner came to Cohn and told him that he would either have to give up the wool business or apply for a charter to conduct a bank. He decided on the latter course and on July 1, 1914, the Kaspere Cohn Commercial and Savings Bank was opened, and on June 24, 1918, the name was changed to Union Bank and Trust Company. Ben R. Meyer is president and Robert E. Getz, Cohn's grandson, is vice-president.

Cohn was an original stockholder in the San Joaquin Light and

Power Company and he was on the Board of Directors of a number of other corporations. He was a member of the Board of Freeholders, 1896-1898. This board was a group of citizens appointed to prepare a revision of the city charter for submission to the electorate for their approval. Their proposed revision was approved at a special election in 1908.

Mr. Cohn passed away on November 19, 1916.

\* \* \*

### XXXI

#### FRED W. BLANCHARD

Fred W. Blanchard was born in West Millbury, Massachusetts on August 25, 1864. He attended the public schools in his native town and completed his education in the Boston Latin School. After his graduation he made a tour of Europe. On his return in 1882, he went to Denver, Colorado, where he found employment in a music store—the beginning of a career that was to bring him fame.

In the following year he opened a music store with a Mr. Clarke, the firm name being Clarke and Blanchard. This business was sold in 1886, in which year Blanchard came to Los Angeles, where he was employed by Albert G. Bartlett, owner of the Bartlett Music Company.

Some time later Harris Newmark improved his former residence for Blanchard. It was at 137 South Broadway (by a change in the numbering system in 1890, 137 South Broadway became 237). After Blanchard took possession the building was known as Blanchard Hall. It was the first structure west of Chicago devoted primarily to music and art.

Blanchard was for a time President of the Gamut Club, the weekly programs of which consisted of addresses by distinguished speakers. I recall that among them were Charles F. Lummis and Lynden E. Behymer. (The club went out of existence many years ago).

### *Historical Profiles*

Early in 1906, Blanchard organized the Art Commission of which he was made secretary, and through his efforts it became a department of the municipal government under a provision of the city charter adopted on September 5, 1911. He was made president of the Commission. In 1912 he was elected secretary, and on August 12, 1922, he was again elected president and so served until his death.

He originated the move for an art exhibit in the city hall, at that time located on the east side of Broadway, between Second and Third Streets. In the beginning the collection was a small one, but since then many items were added. The exhibit is now housed in the present city hall.

As President of the Central Development Association he was one of the most effective workers for the Union Station. The proposal to build it was made in 1911. The railroad companies objected and a long fight started between them and the State Railroad Commission. The case was finally brought to the United States Supreme Court. The decision was in favor of the proponents and the Union Station was dedicated on May 7, 1939.

In 1920 Blanchard was elected President of the Community Park and Arts Association of Hollywood. His term was 1920-1923. The Association later developed into the Hollywood Bowl Association. On June 11, 1926, the Association passed the following resolution:

“Mrs. Artie Mason Carter and F. W. Blanchard deserve praise above others for the success of the summer symphony concerts and for popularizing this form of outdoor music in Southern California.”

Blanchard was a member of the Municipal Art Commission, 1904-1911, a member of the City Planning Commission, 1909-1911; President of the Music and Arts Commission, 1911-1919 and again, 1925-1928, and for a term served as President of the American Opera Association.

He passed away on September 21, 1928.



## XXXII

## DR. JOSEPH KURTZ

Dr. Joseph Kurtz was born in Oppenheim, Germany, on April 16, 1842. His boyhood days were spent on the banks of the Rhine. He attended school in Germany, and in 1859 he took up the study of medicine. In 1862 he came to the United States. After spending a time in New York and then in Philadelphia he located in Pottsville, Pennsylvania. Here he learned English. He found employment in a drug store and at the same time he continued his study of medicine.

In 1863, he went to Baltimore. He remained there a year as assistant in the Jarvis Hospital. He next went to Chicago, where he conducted a drug store and also engaged in the practice of his profession.

In January, 1866, he married Miss Ida Febert. Four children were born to them—Carl Kurtz, who practiced with his father; William Kurtz, who married R. L. Horton; Christine and Catherine.

In October, 1867, he arrived in San Francisco, where he practiced general medicine and surgery.

In 1868 he came to Los Angeles, where he conducted a drug store and opened an office.

He occupied the chair of Clinical surgery in the medical department of the University of Southern California, of which he was one of the founders, and later he was Professor of Orthopedics.

For fifteen years he was the surgeon for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and he was also Consulting Physician for the Santa Fe Railroad Company; and he served as County Coroner in 1871.

In 1872 he returned to San Francisco for the purpose of pursuing a course of medical study in special subjects.

In 1889 he spent a year in Europe doing post graduate work, and in 1903 he spent a year in Vienna for the same purpose. Later, he gained practical experience while serving on the staff of Bellevue Hospital in New York.

He was a member of the Board of Education, 1874-1879 (Presi-

### *Historical Profiles*

dent in 1878), and he was a member of the same board, 1885-1887 (President in 1886). He was a member of the Health Investigation Committee in 1876; he was on the Board of Freeholders in 1887 and on the Board of Health, 1889-1894.

Dr. Kurtz had a genial, lovable personality and was of a kindly and sentimental nature, but when the occasion required it he could be a bit gruff, in illustration of which I will refer to two personal recollections.

Dr. Kurtz brought me, Mrs. Newmark, and our son and daughter into the world. He gave up his practice early in the first decade of the century. When our daughter was born in 1910, he made an exception and presided at her birth.

Incident number 2:

In my boyhood, before vaccination had been introduced in Los Angeles, diphtheria was a terrible scourge. There was a regular sequence—sore throat; quincy sore throat; diphtheria; funeral. We children sensed the fear that gripped our parents when we had a sore throat. One day, thinking I would get a few days out of school, I went to my mother and said, "Mamma, when I swallow, my throat hurts." My mother immediately rushed me over to the doctor's office and said, "Doctor Kurtz, Marco says that when he swallows his throat hurts." The doctor, being well acquainted with this wile of the children, asked my mother, "Did I tell him to swallow?"

In 1916 Dr. Kurtz sent a photograph of himself to all the children he had brought into the world and beneath it was inscribed "To the children whom I safely brought into the world. On the occasion of my golden wedding. With love, Dr. Joseph Kurtz."

He passed away on June 22, 1924.

\* \* \*

### XXXIII

LOUIS M. COLE

Louis M. Cole was born in Chicago, Illinois, on March 24, 1870.

He spent his boyhood days in Denver, Colorado, where he attended public schools and for one year he attended high school.

The family moved to Chicago in 1886 and while there he took a course in a business college.

In 1887 he went to work as bookkeeper for a firm in Hanford, California, and in 1889 was made manager; in 1893 he occupied the same position for a branch house in Fowler, California, and in 1893 and 1894 he was store manager in a branch in Lemoore, California.

In 1895 and 1896 he was in the general merchandise business in Huron, California.

In 1903 he came to Los Angeles and entered the wholesale produce firm of Simon Levi Company, of which he was treasurer from 1903 to 1916.

On January 6, 1904, he married Miss Frieda Hellman.

In 1916, with a partner, he organized the Royal Packing Company, packers of pimentos and chilis, and he was president or vice-president of a number of other business firms.

Louis M. Cole had a fine record of public service. He was president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce in 1914; he was on the Industrial Commission, 1915-1917; on the Civil Service Commission, 1915-1919; and in 1918 he served as Food Administrator for the City of Los Angeles.

An incident occurred not long before his death that truly reflected his fine character. He was a member of a club that met at the Biltmore Hotel. We had a dining room and a card room. One Saturday afternoon we were playing a game of poker. During the game Louis won a pot of nine dollars. Just as he took in the money he had a heart attack. He was taken home and when he recovered consciousness he gave the nine dollars to the nurse.

At that time there was a social organization called Uplifters Club. The club had several acres of land somewhat north of Santa Monica Canyon. Membership included choice of a lot on which to build a cottage and Louis took advantage of this privilege.

Once a year there was an outing beginning on Thursday and ending on Sunday. On Sunday evening there was a play written by one of the members.

On Sunday evening, September 28, 1930, just as Louis returned to his cottage after the play he suffered another heart attack and so ended his long record of achievement in behalf of his fellow men.

# Book Reviews

*By the Staff*

JOTTINGS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HISTORY. By Marco R. Newmark. (Ward Ritchie Press, Los Angeles.) 1955. Pp. 155; Appendix, index, photos.

The author, a director and past-president of our Society, is well-known to the members of the *Historical Society of Southern California* for his historical writings, which come down to him as an inheritance from his father. In this little volume, Mr. Newmark gives us not only historical sketches of our locale but also of the people at the end of the last century along with happenings of this 20th century. It is a delightful collection of facts told in a manner that invites picking up the book again and again to reacquaint yourself with some event or personality of another day. Mayhap, one you, yourself, will recall to memory. Therein lies its charm.—ALCF

IT'S BEST TO DIVIDE WITH YOUR FRIENDS. By Stuart O'Melveny. (Anderson, Ritchie and Simon, Los Angeles.) 1955. Pp. 33. Photos.

Here is a small but chatty and informative book about an area not usually covered. It is written in a sense as a tribute to the author's father, Henry O'Melveny, who did so much for Southern California and who was one of the founders of the San Gabriel Electric Company which became, through a series of mergers, the Southern California Edison Company.

The author tells his story from certain impressive memories as a child to older days when he fished with appreciative zeal with his father and cronies. He loved the site of the cabin on the banks of the San Gabriel River as much as the elder man. So when the day came to claim the property for the Morris Dam, in order that the City of Pasadena could have a water supply, it was a sad occasion. His humor gives place to pathos when he tells you that his father's daffodils are gone.—ALCF



## *Activities of the Society*

### MEETING

Tuesday, October 25, 1955

Mr. Frank B. Putnam, program chairman, conducted the meeting in the absence of President Fishburn. He introduced the speaker of the evening, Mr. C. M. Crawford, general manager of the *Dominguez Estates Company*. The topic was the historic Dominguez family and its vast holdings. Don Manuel Dominguez, the patriarch of his family, played an important part in our California History under the Spanish, Mexican and American Flags.

Several of the descendants of Don Manuel were present and were introduced to those attending the meeting.

When the talk was over, an enthusiastic membership were invited to refreshments. Hostess Mrs. Edmond Ducommun escorted the following ladies to pour: Mrs. Joseph Lacayo, a direct descendant of Don Manuel Dominguez, and Mrs. Ernest Yorba, a descendant of the Arguello and Olvera families.

### MEETING

Tuesday, November 29, 1955

President John E. Fishburn, Jr., made welcome the members and their guests. He introduced the speaker of the evening, Mr. Edward P. Ripley, grandson of the president of the Santa Fe Railroad, and son of our Director and members, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic C. Ripley. He gave an illustrated talk with colored slides, the projector being handled by his young son Ed who did a very commendable piece of work in his department. The speaker took the listeners

### *Activities of the Society*

over old trails in San Fernando Valley, up steep hillsides and down again. Photos were taken from different angles so that the path upward could be viewed, then taken from a higher spot and pictured so that the path travelled could be seen. Looking back we felt we had made the trek along with the Ripleys.

President Fishburn adjourned the meeting until after the Holidays and all present were invited to partake of refreshments where Mesdames Edward P. Ripley and Giles Hall, Jr., poured with Mrs. Edmond Ducommun, as chairman of the Hostess Committee, seeing that all made their way to the table.

## *Gifts to the Society*

*In each issue of THE QUARTERLY there appears a list of the donors and gifts made currently to the Society.*

*The Society is making an especial effort to build up its collection of historic materials, such as diaries, letters, account books, early newspapers, theatre and other programs, pictures of early-day life in California and costumes. We need your help.*

*Many members having treasured ancestral keepsakes were impelled to give them to the Society because of the realization that in private possession they would, sooner or later, disappear or deteriorate, whereas, in the custody of the Historical Society of Southern California they will be preserved indefinitely.*

MARCO R. NEWMARK,  
*Chairman, Committee on Gifts and Bequests*

MRS. ANNA EVERRET FARR: *Map of the City of Los Angeles* as it appeared in 1871, this is colored and margined with illustrations of historic places and events of that period.

FLOYD L. PARKER: One set of official program of the 10th Olympiad, Los Angeles, U.S.A. A volume of the Fiftieth Anniversary Edition of the *Los Angeles Times*, Published December 4, 1931, to commemorate the great Olympiad held in the City of Los Angeles.

DR. E. R. PASCOE: Presented a historic photograph of Miss Sofia Rimpau and her brother, Mr. James Rimpau. These people are descendants of the Sepulvedas, Avilas and the pioneer Rimpau families. They were the late owners of the Avila Adobe on Olvera Street.

MRS. J. W. PHELPS: Donor of a *Cram's Superior Family Atlas, The World—1902*. It is interesting to note the changes in this world of ours.

MR. SID D. PLATFORD: Donor of a case of about fifty black and white slides of historic spots in Southern California.

MRS. ELEANOR FORSHAY SCHERFE: The donor was daughter of James A. Foshay, Southern California's eminent educator and who, at the turn of the century, served for many years as Superintendent of Los Angeles City Schools. Mrs. Scherfe presented to the Society two large scrap books of priceless mementos—newspaper clippings, programs, invitations all dating from 1883 to 1909. One item of exceptional interest is the personal

### *Gifts to the Society*

invitation to the banquet honoring President William Howard Taft and another highly illuminated invitation is to the banquet honoring Rear Admiral Robley Evans, U.S.N. Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet. There is a photograph of the Mt. Lowe Incline and of the first Santa Monica Beach hotel, these landmarks have long since passed from the scene with only the memory in photograph remain.

SECURITY-FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES: Presented a package gift of fourteen photographs of Los Angeles pioneers.



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*Compiled by Carroll Spear Morrison*

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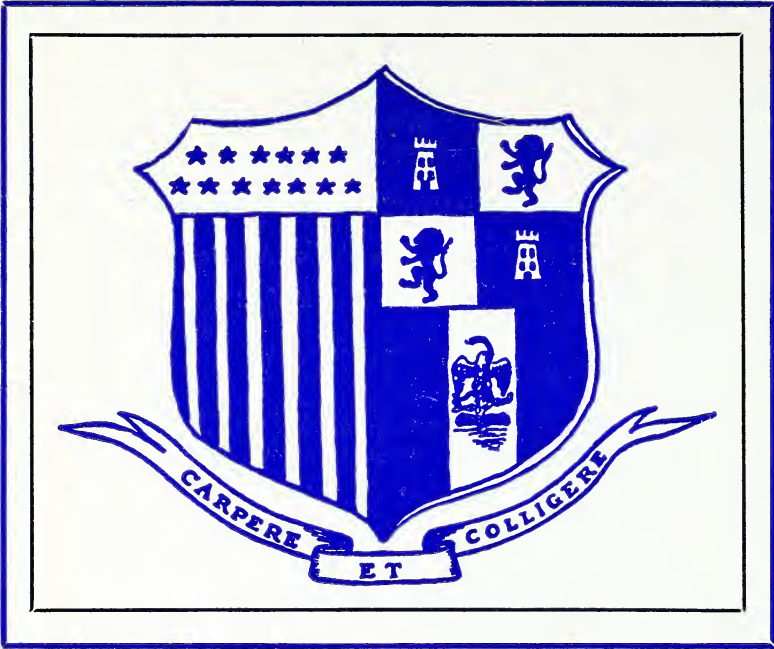
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